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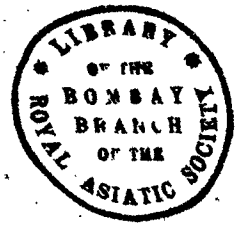
Printers' Pie

A Festival Souvenir of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation, 1906



PRESIDENTS OF ANNIVERSARY FESTIVALS OF THE PRINTERS' PENSION CORPORATION

1828 Lord John Russell, M.P.
1830 Viscount Morpeth, M.P.
1831 The Lord Mayor (Sir John Key, Bart.).
1832 Viscount Mahon, M.P.
1833 Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart., M.P.
1835 The Lord Mayor (H. Winchester).
1836 Right Hon. Earl Stanhope.
1837 Sir Lancelot Shadwell (Vice-Chancellor of England).
1838 Viscount Sandon, M.P.
1839 Earl of Durham.
1840 H.R.H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
1841 Sir J. Easthope, Bart., M.P.
1842 Richard Taylor, Esq., F.L.S.
1843 Charles Dickens, Esq.
1844 Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P.
1845 Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P.
1846 Lord Dudley C. Stuart, M.P.
1847 Luke J. Hansard, Esq.
1848 Marquis of Northampton.
1849 J. A. Roebuck, Esq., M.P.
1850 Frederick Peel, Esq., M.P.
1851 William Ewart, Esq., M.P.
1852 Douglas Jerrold, Esq.
1853 Viscount Mahon, M.P.
1854 A. H. Layard, Esq.
1855 The Lord Mayor (Sir F. G. Moon, Bart.).
1856 Sir Roderick I. Murchison, D.C.L., F.R.S., V.P.G.S., &c.
1857 Duke of Wellington, K.G.
1858 H.R.H. the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.
1859 Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.
1860 Tom Taylor, Esq.
1861 Thomas Chandler Haliburton, Esq., D.C.L., M.P.
1862 Lord Stanley, M.P.
1863 Viscount Enfield, M.P.
1864 Charles Dickens, Esq. (*for the second time*).
1865 Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
1866 Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P.
1867 Earl Russell, K.G. (*for the second time*).
1868 Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster.
1869 Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P.
1870 The Lord Mayor (Robert Besley).
1871 Right Hon. Earl Stanhope.
1872 Lord G. F. Hamilton, M.P.
1873 The Lord Mayor (Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, Bart.).
1874 John Walter, Esq., M.P.
1875 Earl Cadogan.
1876 H.R.H. the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G. (*for the second time*).
1877 (The Caxton Celebration) Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. (*for the second time*).
1878 Right Hon. Earl of Rosebery, K.G.
1879 W. Spottiswoode, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., P.R.S.
1880 The Lord Mayor (Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott).
1881 Right Hon. Earl Spencer.
1882 Sir T. Brassey, K.C.B., M.P.
1883 H.R.H. the late DUKE OF ALBANY.
1884 J. S. Gilliatt, Esq., Governor Bank of England.
1885 The Lord Mayor (Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P.).
1886 Right Hon. Earl Beauchamp.
1887 George Augustus Sala, Esq.
1888 The Lord Mayor (Sir P. De Keyser).
1889 The Lord Mayor (Sir James Whitehead, Bart.).
1890 John Evans, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., &c.
1891 Sir Edward Lawson, Bart., J.P.
1892 Ralph D. M. Littler, Esq., Q.C., C.B.
1893 Hon. W. F. Danvers Smith, M.P.
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1895 H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
1896 His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Edward White Benson).
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1904 His Excellency Joseph H. Choate (American Ambassador).
1905 C. Arthur Pearson, Esq.
1906 Franklin Thomasson, Esq., M.P.

TB-6-28

THE PRE-HISTORIC AGE: THE FIRST BICYCLE

By LAWSON WOOD

Printers' Pie

A Festival Souvenir of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation, 1906

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EDITORIAL.	I have again to acknowledge the assistance given me by my friend, Mr. Arthur Croxton, in seeing the volume through the press.

FOR the fourth year in succession "Printers' Pie" is laid before the public, as savoury a dish, I hope, as in past years; and those who, having gone through the preliminary of paying the necessary shilling, fall to upon the contents, will have as much reason as of old to thank the authors and artists whose generous assistance has supplied me with the materials for the dish. As for the cooking and the cook, they also are as of old.

As this is the fourth year, it might be supposed that all who come to the feast are well acquainted with the object with which the dish is prepared. But to each successive banquet come more and more feasters. This year we cater for 50,000 as against 40,000 in 1905, 25,000 in 1904, and 10,000 in 1903. And for these new guests some explanations are needed.

Candidly then I aim not so much at your delight as at your pockets, though I am glad to hope that none of you will rise unsatisfied from that which we here present to your gratification. The Printers' Pension Corporation, to whose funds go most of the profits of this volume, has now had nearly eighty years of useful life. Founded by working craftsmen in the mystery of printing, it has gone on through all that period from strength to strength, built up with the thrift and enterprise of those for whose benefit it was originally designed. Printing, too, is the handmaid of the arts, and the arts have not been unmindful of the claims upon them of their less picturesque assistant; so the Corporation has been fostered by the generosity of artists, authors, and publishers, and with their assistance we now appeal once again to that wider public to whom the whole trade and all the arts minister.

The Corporation has its own almshouse, and its pensions, and a special feature of its organization is the low ratio which the expenses of collection and working bear to the amount devoted to the purposes of the institution.

Last year, also, in accordance with the intention indicated in the volume of "Printers' Pie" then published, we were able to make a contribution to those deserving institutions the Booksellers' Provident Institution and the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution. This year we hope to devote some of the profits of this volume to the same objects. To the business aptitude and the intelligent co-operation of those engaged in the trades which bring the printers' wares before the public, the printer owes a great debt of gratitude, and, as the public shares the benefit, the public may help to pay the debt. The contribution is some slight mark of the good fellowship which binds together all branches of the allied trades. Long may it continue.

To so much of preface I must add my sincere thanks to those kind friends who have once more provided me with the ingredients for our pie. The work of all those who have helped to make up this volume, whether as contributors, or in connexion with the mechanical side of its preparation, has been a labour of love—a labour not unappreciated by those of their less fortunate comrades whose old age or sickness the profits of this volume will help to cheer or alleviate.

W. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE.

HIS MAJESTY'S PRINTING OFFICE,
6, MIDDLE NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.
May, 1906.

THE HIGHER BURGLARY *

BY W. L. ALDEN

"I DON'T know," said the Colonel, "as I altogether believe in educating women. Anyhow, I'm certain that what folks over our way call the higher education of women is a mistake. It makes girls believe that they are all the same as men, only a sight better, and when a woman gets that notion into her head she makes the worst sort of wife, and the poisonest kind of an old maid.

"There's another thing that I don't hold with, and that is athletics for girls. We run to that considerable in the States nowadays, and there are lots of American girls that could pick up an ordinary man and throw him over their heads. Now that's an accomplishment that ain't very much more useful than the sort of French that girls learn at school. It's mighty seldom that a well-conducted girl wants to throw a man over her head, and the time she spends in training herself up to that point is pretty well wasted. I once had a little experience of girls who went in for that sort of thing, and it confirmed me in my opinion that we can teach girls more than is good for them.

"About ten years ago we had an alarm of burglars in New Berlinopolisville. Every two or three nights some house would be broken into and robbed. The burglars were everlastingly smart. They never woke people up and clubbed them, and they never got drunk on stolen whisky, and shocked the maid-servant by being found lying on the dining-room floor in the morning; and they never did such stupid things as bending up plated spoons and pouring oil into the piano—things that burglars often do when they feel insulted at not finding as much money and as many watches lying around as they expected to find. These burglars went about their business in a quiet way that won them the respect of all nervous people.

"Another remarkable thing was that they had a fancy for good clothes. They always made a point of stealing fashionable bonnets and handsome dresses. And they knew all about plated ware and gilt jewellery. You couldn't fool them into stealing glass diamonds or imitation gold watches; and as for spoons that were plated so well as to take in any ordinary burglar, these burglars wouldn't pay the least attention to them.

"As I said, the burglaries kept on taking place every few nights, until people got into a sort of panic about them. The police couldn't find a trace of the burglars. They sent for the best detectives in Chicago and New York, hoping that some one among them would recognize the style of work of our burglars, and so put them on the track of finding them, but it was a failure. A great New York detective who had once proved that a leading alderman was an honest man—a thing that no other detective had ever succeeded in doing—said that our burglars were a new gang, and that he judged from the delicate way in which they went to work that they

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were Frenchmen. Not that he knew anything about French burglars, but he had to say something, and he thought that it looked well for him to profess a knowledge of Frenchmen's ways.

"His opinion struck the New Berlinopolisville police as a sound one, and they set to work to hunt for Frenchmen, without, however, finding a single one in all the city, except a French dancing master—a mild old gentleman who taught French in the New Berlinopolisville Female University, and was in reality a German from Alsace.

"One night the house of my sister-in-law, who lived about two blocks from me, was robbed, and she sent for me, and begged me to find out the burglars, and have them properly punished. This was a middling big order, but I told her I would do what I could. I asked her if she had any clue to the scoundrels, and she said she had several. In the first place she said that she had caught a glimpse of one of the burglars who was going out of her room with an armful of clothes, and that burglar, so my sister-in-law swore, was neither more nor less than a woman in a short cycling skirt. She wore a mask, and big felt slippers, and she walked so lightly that if it hadn't been that the door creaked as she opened it, my sister-in-law would never have waked up and seen her. That was one clue. Then my sister-in-law handed me a circle of red elastic with a tin clasp, and said that she picked it up in the parlour the morning after the burglars had been in her house.

"'That,' said she, 'proved that the burglar I saw was a woman, let alone the fact that no mere man could rob a house as quietly as mine was robbed. You tell the police that the New Berlinopolisville burglars are women, and then, perhaps, they'll be able to find out something about them.'

"'I don't exactly see, marm,' said I, 'how this piece of elastic proves that it was dropped by a woman. It looks to me like the sort of thing a lawyer uses to put around a bundle of documents, and it would go to show, in my opinion, that the burglars are, what you might call, repentant lawyers, who are trying to lead a comparatively honest life.'

"'I forgot,' said she, 'that you're not a married man. Let me tell you that the elastic circle that you hold in your hand is what ladies use to—well, to keep their hose in place.'

"I dropped it like a hot potato, but on reflection I picked it up again, and put it in my pocket, and told my sister-in-law that I would consult the police, and see what could be done in the matter."

II.

"Now I knew the chief detective, who was a man that most people looked up to with awe and admiration. I don't believe he ever found out anything worth finding out in the whole course of his life, barring the best place to buy whisky; but he had a solemn way of talking about clues, of pretending to know everything about everybody, that imposed on the public, and gave him a great reputation. I called at the office where he was generally to be found, and asked him if he had made any progress in finding out who the burglars were.

"'I could lay my hand on them this minute, if it was judicious to do so,' he replied.

"'I don't mind telling you, now that the public has got hold of the clue, owing to the foolishness of that New York detective in blurting out the truth, that they are Frenchmen, and a wonderfully clever lot.'

"'My sister-in-law's house was broken into last night,' said I, 'and she saw one of the burglars, but the burglar wasn't a Frenchman.'

"'How did she know that?' asked the detective.

"'Because she saw him,' I replied, 'and he was a woman dressed in a cycling skirt. Also, she picked up this garter that the burglar had dropped on the floor of the parlour.'

"'That confirms my theory,' said the detective. 'The burglar was dressed in woman's clothes as a disguise, and, being a Frenchman, and naturally undersized, he easily made your sister-in-law think he was a woman. The fact that he assumed a female disguise shows that he is an unusually clever artist. An ordinary burglar who wanted to disguise himself would have tried to make himself into an old man, or a hunchback, and would never have thought of dressing up like a woman.'

"'But there is the garter,' said I. 'Do you mean to tell me that any male burglar would have worn that?'

"The detective smiled a sad sort of smile, and said, 'My dear sir! The fact that the burglar wore a garter is a sure sign that he was a man. You do not seem to be aware that ladies no longer wear such things as that bit of elastic. Look at the advertising page of any magazine and you will see that at the present day ladies use what are called suspenders. Of course you are not a married man, Colonel, and that excuses your ignorance of the advance that science has made in such matters. Now a burglar who was an artist in his profession, and wanted to disguise himself as a woman, would disguise himself all the way through.

"'If he was a Frenchman, he would naturally be unaware that garters are not worn in this country and he would therefore put them on. I think I could tell you the name of the very man who wore that elastic, but if I did so now it would defeat the ends of justice. The net is closing around the burglars, and we shall have them in good time.'

"'Seems to me,' said I, 'that you'd better nail them before they do any more damage. That would be what I should call common sense.'

"'Possibly it would be,' said the detective, 'but common sense is one thing and the profession of detecting crime is another. The two have nothing in common. There are reasons why we should permit two or three more burglaries to take place in New Berlinopolisville before we arrest the criminals. We are not ready just at present to show our hand.'

"Well! I went away from the police office, feeling as sure as ever that the burglars were women—or that at all events one of them was. However, I told my sister-in-law what the detective had said, and she said it was all fiddlesticks. 'What does he know about women's dress?' said she. 'Of course there are such things as stocking suspenders, and great rubbish they are. I for one would not wear them if I had to go barefoot. That was a woman that was in my room last night,

if I ever saw a woman, and I wish now I had jumped out of bed and grabbed her by the back hair.'

"It did seem improbable that there should be a gang of women burglars operating in our town, but women nowadays do so many things that used to be done only by men, that it wasn't impossible that they might have taken up burglary. Some of them are for ever clamouring about being entitled to all the rights that men have, and when a woman thinks she has a right to be a lawyer, a book agent, or to smoke cigarettes, and drink Manhattan cocktails, she might go a little farther, and demand the right to practise burglary.

"As for the detective's yarn about knowing just who the burglars were, and being able to lay his hand on them, I didn't take the least stock in it. Even if a man is a detective, he must have sense enough to know that when he has fixed a crime on a man it is his business to arrest him at once, and not to permit him to go on and commit two or three more crimes. So I made up my mind to go into the detective business on my own hook, calculating that before very long the burglars would be sure to pay me a visit, as it was pretty well known that I had a good watch and more or less real silver in my house."

III.

"I WENT to a rat-catcher, and gave him an order for fifty rats. He brought them to me in a hamper, with a door that could be opened with a string. I put the hamper on the floor between my bed and the wall, and tucked the end of the string under my pillow, where I could get at it at a minute's notice. Then I waited for the burglars.

"I had to wait for three nights, but that didn't inconvenience me any, for I'm a light sleeper, and I knew that nobody could enter my room, much less move round it, without waking me. I laid my watch on the dressing-table, with the chain twisted round a big candlestick in an accidental sort of way. I left my purse in my trousers pocket, and I had all the silver brought up into my bedroom and put under the bed. I took care to mention down at the post office and at Thompson's saloon that I had the habit of putting my silver under the bed, and I knew that if the burglars were as sharp as they ought to be, they would know that fact before they broke into the house. You can always send word to a burglar by talking in public places. He is sure to get wind of what you say, and act accordingly.

"On the third evening after my interview with the detective I dropped in once more to see him, and asked what progress he had made. He told me that the burglars were a gang of seventeen Frenchmen and one Italian, and that only three of them disguised themselves as women. He said, too, that the leader of them was a notorious criminal, who was considered in France to be the best all-round criminal that they had, not excepting General Mercier and the rest of the General Staff gang. He was to be arrested in a very short time, and the detective assured me that the arrest of that gang of burglars would make the New Berlinopolisville police celebrated all over the States.

"Of course this information didn't

help me any, and I hadn't expected it would. But that night the burglars paid me a visit, and I got all the information I wanted. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and I was waked up by hearing some one meddling with the candlestick and trying to get the watch-chain disentangled. It was bright moonlight, and, besides, the burglar had a dark lantern, so I could see her perfectly well. She—for I was ready to swear she was a woman—was dressed in a light grey cycling skirt, just as my sister-in-law had said, and she wore a nice black lace mask that covered all her face down to her mouth. The minute I saw her I got hold of the string of the door belonging to the box of rats, and pulled it. The door opened, and the rats being uncomfortably crowded and pretty hungry, tumbled out at once. In less than a minute they were running over the floor in all directions, and squeaking as if they were considerably out of temper. The burglar heard them, and, turning round, saw two or three big rats almost under her feet. The yell she let out would have waked even the policeman on that beat, if he had been within hearing, which, naturally, he never was at that time of night.

"Not content with yelling, the burglar jumped on a chair, and from that on to the bureau, though I believe you Britishers called a bureau a chest of drawers, which is about as sensible as calling it a hogshead or a dose of medicine. There she stood on the top of the bureau, holding on by the edge of the looking-glass, and I could see from my bed that her knees were shaking, and she wasn't far off from fainting.

"I judged it was time for me to take part in the proceedings. So I raised up a little, and says I, 'Ma'am, can I be of any service to you?' I always believe in being polite to women, even in my own house, though if I had been a married man perhaps I should have got out of the way of it.

"'Take those awful animals away,' she cried. 'I will do anything if you only will save me.'

"'Just wait a minute,' said I, 'till I get some clothes on. Turn round, if you don't mind, and look at the picture on the wall. I shan't be a minute.'

"'Don't you dare to get out of bed while I am in the room,' yelled the burglar. 'If you do, you are a monster in human form.'

"'All right, ma'am,' said I. 'Perhaps the rats won't hurt you if you keep perfectly still, and don't fall off that bureau. They are pretty hungry, and a rat's bite generally brings on hydrophobia; but of course, if I can't get up, I can't do anything to protect you.'

"The burglar sort of moaned, and then she said, 'I will look at the picture, but do hurry if you have the heart of a man.'

"I got up as quick as I could, and I flatter myself that I can dress in less time than any other man of my age and general character. When I had got my clothes on, I chased those rats with a club, until the last of them had bolted into the passage, and then I helped the burglar to climb down from the bureau, and put her in a chair, and gave her a little whisky.

"'What are you going to do with me?' she asked in a faint voice. 'If

you give me up to the police I shall kill myself.'

"'Just you take that mask off, and then I'll decide,' said I.

"She took off the mask like a lamb, and I saw that she was a mighty pretty girl of about seventeen or eighteen years.

"'Now, miss, said I, 'kindly tell me all about it, and perhaps I'll find a way to let you go in peace.'

"With that she started in and told me that she and two other girls belonged to the Female University, where they teach women the same things as they teach boys, besides a lot of athletics and other nonsense. She and her pals had made up their minds that a woman could do anything that a man could do, and they determined to prove it. They weren't content with studying Greek and Latin and playing football, but they resolved to do a little burglary, just to prove they were every bit as good as men. They wouldn't wear men's clothes while burglaring, for that would have been a concession to the idea that men knew how to dress better than women did, so they stuck to their skirts. Being trained in athletics, they could jump and climb as well as any boys of their age, and having studied burglary carefully from the police reports, and from two or three books describing the ways of burglars, they found no trouble in breaking into houses.

"All the while, they didn't mean to steal. They carried off watches and plate and other valuables from the houses they entered, because that was what male burglars would have done; and they couldn't resist the temptation of carrying off ladies' dresses and things, so as to have the fun of looking them over at their leisure. But they had everything that they had taken nicely put away and labelled, and they calculated after a little while to send the things all back again to their owners with anonymous notes, saying that the burglars had repented, and meant to lead new lives.

"The girl got quite interested in her story, and I could see that she was considerably proud of what she had done. So I thought I ought to give her a lesson.

"'That's a clever story,' said I, 'only you've come to the wrong man if you mean to have it believed. You're a man, for no decent girl such as you pretend to be would be wicked enough to do what you have done. You're trying to work on my sympathies to let you go, but it won't do. You'll come with me to the police office, where you will be searched, and you won't be able to make the police believe that you are a girl.'

"'O, sir! You won't do that!' said the girl. 'I am really and truly a girl, and if you will let me go I promise never to break into another house as long as I live.'

"'Come to think of it,' said I, 'you were scared to death by the rats. That isn't like a man. A real man burglar wouldn't have minded those rats any more than he would have minded so many flies. I begin to think, on reflection, that maybe you are a girl, and, if so, you are the foolishest girl on record. Look here,' I went on, showing her the piece of red elastic that I had in my pocket, 'is that your property?'

"'Yes, it is,' said she, snatching at it. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

"'You're a girl right enough' said I. 'If I did my duty, I should take you to the police; but if you'll give me your name and address and promise never to try burglary again, I'll let you go, and say nothing about it.'

"She kissed my hands, and thanked me till I was tired. Then I took her downstairs, and let her out of the front door, my housekeeper being sound asleep all the time, and nobody but me being the wiser.

'You'll have no trouble with the police in this street,' said I, 'for at this hour the patrol man is always taking a snooze in Thompson's saloon. I'll keep your secret, my dear, so long as you remember that there are some things that a man can do and a woman can't. So, run along home, and go to bed like a good girl.'

"Of course, the name and address she gave me weren't true, though I don't blame her for that. The burglaries in New Berlinopolisville came to a sudden end after that night, and nobody but me ever knew the real facts of the case. The detective told me, a month later, that he had secretly arrested the whole gang of burglars, and had surrendered them to the French Government, that had offered a big reward for them, and I let the detective think that I believed him.

"No, sir; this higher education of women, that teaches them that a woman is as good as a man in everything, is all wrong. You see what it led to in New Berlinopolisville, and I don't doubt that it leads to even worse things elsewhere, for we are an old-fashioned, steady-going people, compared with the people of most of our American towns."

A TABLOID TRAGEDY

BY F. ANSTEY

(Bovrilized from the Best British Bards for Music-Hall purposes.)

A CLASSIC IN A CAPSULE!

NOTICE.—These tabloids are specially recommended by Professor CECIL RALEIGH, M.D. (Melo-farcical Dramatist), each tabloid being warranted to contain all the essential parts of a Five-Act Drama. They take no more than fifteen minutes to act, and will therefore be found a great boon by Playgoers who are in the habit of dining too heavily to digest strong dramatic fare with comfort. As all Poetry, Philosophy, and other innutritious elements have been carefully eliminated from our preparations, we can guarantee that they involve no strain whatever upon the weakest intellect.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle. Moonlight effect.* HAMLET *and* HORATIO *discovered.*

HAMLET. Yes, HORATIO, you were ever my Boyhood's Friend, and, as such, I put it to you whether, seeing that but two brief months have elapsed since the funeral obsequies of my Royal Father, I am not justified in considering my Mother's nuptials with my Uncle CLAUDIUS decidedly premature under the circumstances?

HORATIO (*diplomatically*). I must frankly confess that the Court has gone out of mourning within an unusually short time. And, while we are upon this subject, are you aware that a spirit, bearing a remarkable resemblance to your late lamented father when in full armour, has been recently observed in this locality? I have myself been an eye-witness of the phenomenon, and it would not altogether surprise me were it to appear this evening—in fact, here it comes!

Enter the Ghost of HAMLET's *father to weird music. Exit* HORATIO.

GHOST. HAMLET, I am the spirit of your late father. The report that I was stung to death by a serpent in an orchard was not entirely accurate. The serpent in question was no other than your uncle CLAUDIUS, who poured corrosive sublimate into my ear while I was enjoying a *siesta*. I leave it to you to avenge this unnatural conduct. Farewell! [*Vanishes.*

HAM. (*aside*). Then it *was* my uncle after all! Strange—but I always had my suspicions of him! It now becomes my painful duty to exact amends for the murder of my father. 'Twere best to begin by affecting madness, for thus shall I escape legal responsibility for my actions. (*To* HORATIO, *who re-enters.*) Should you hereafter observe anything at all eccentric in my demeanour, pray do not attach any importance to it!

HOR. I will not, my lord.

[*They walk off together. Change to:—*

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Castle. At back, a curtained arch, behind which is a fit-up stage. On the* R. *hangings of arras.* POLONIUS *and* OPHELIA *discovered.*

POLONIUS. And so, my daughter, you have of late noted a falling-off in the marked attentions paid you by Prince HAMLET? Let me recommend you to bring him to the point by demanding his intentions.

OPHELIA. Father, I will follow your advice to the best of my ability. (*Enter* HAMLET, *feigning madness.*) Am I to understand, my lord, that——

* Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

HAM. You are. I never loved you, and the best thing you can do is to retire to the nearest nunnery. POLONIUS, I know you well—you are a fishmonger, and a tedious old fool. That cloud has the back of a weasel, but is very like a whale.

POL. (*to* OPHELIA). His intellect is obviously deranged. Come away, my child. [*Exit with* OPHELIA, *who weeps.*

HAM. (*to himself*). 'Tis now high time that I set about seriously avenging my father—and yet, after all, is it absolutely certain that the Ghost was telling me the truth? Should I not be acting rashly in placing implicit reliance upon the unsupported assertion of a shadow? If I could but convince myself of my uncle's guilt! (*Enter the* Players.) Ha! who are these? I remember now—they must be the touring company who have been commanded to give a theatrical entertainment in the Castle this evening. An idea occurs to me—what if I——? (*To the* Players.) Welcome, ladies and gentlemen—do you happen to have any piece in your *répertoire* in which one of two brothers murders the other?

FIRST PLAYER. We have, my lord, but we have not performed it for so long that we are become somewhat fluffy in the dialogue.

HAM. No matter. I will write in some extra business. Follow me, and we will run through it together immediately. (*To himself.*) The play will do the trick! Should my uncle be the culprit, his guilty conscience will infallibly cause him to give himself away. Then I shall know where I am!

[*Exit with* Players. *A pause. Then enter* POLONIUS *with* KING *and* QUEEN.

POL. For myself, I have no doubt whatever that HAMLET is in a state closely bordering on lunacy.

KING CLAUDIUS. If so, he must be placed under medical superintendence. It is quite possible that he may be harbouring designs against our person. Should an opportunity occur I shall be obliged by your concealing yourself behind the arras here, so as to overhear his remarks.

POL. I will certainly do so on the first convenient occasion—but I observe that, just now, the private theatricals are about to commence.

[*Flourish of trumpets; enter the* QUEEN *and* Court, *also* HAMLET *and* OPHELIA. *They take their seats for the performance.*

HAM. (*to the* KING). I can promise you an excellent good show—though I cannot of course tell how the piece may happen to strike *you.*

[*The curtains of the arch are drawn. A* Player *is seen dropping poison from a bottle into the ear of a sleeping* Player King.

KING (*rising*). Stop the play. This is not a fit subject for representation on the stage!

[*He goes out hastily. Commotion—amidst which the stage is gradually cleared of everyone except the* QUEEN, HAMLET, *and* POLONIUS.

HAM. (*to himself*). After *this*, I can no longer doubt that the Ghost's account was accurate in every particular. And yet I don't quite see my way to avenge him. (*To the* QUEEN.) Mother, may I request a word with you in private?

POL. (*to himself*). Now is my chance to conceal myself behind the arras!

WHY SHOULD HAMLET DIE?

By HARRY FURNISS

SAY, BILL, DONT YOU WISH YOU 'AD A VOTE?
VOTE FOR THE FRIEND OF THE
"IS YOUR HUSBAND IN FAVOUR OF THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL?"
"'E 'ASN'T THOUGHT 'O THAT. YOU SEE I AINT GOT NO SISTER".
ALL RIGHT ME BOY. DOWN YOU COME FIRST
YES, I SAY DOWN WITH BURNS, BALFOUR, CHAMBERLAIN, ROSBERY C-B, AND EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHINK. YES, D—
"I DONT TALK MUCH. BUT WHEN I DO TALK I TALK"— VOICE— "ROT"
"YES, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE BEEN BEATEN. BUT, WHY HAVE I BEEN BEATEN?" VOICE— "BECAUSE YOU HADN'T ENOUGH VOTES!"
IND ENT AXETOGRIND IS IN FAVOUR OF OLD AGE PENSIONS AND EVERYTHING THAT EVERYONE WANTS
WHY HERE'S OLD DADDIE CHRISTMAS WANTING A PENSION! WELL 'EE DESERVES ONE, DON' 'EE?
JAMES GREIG

ELECTIONEERING REMINISCENCES.

By JAMES GREIG

"You know, Mac, I'm 'arf Scotch."
"A weel, y'oucht to be., You've drunken eneuch o't."

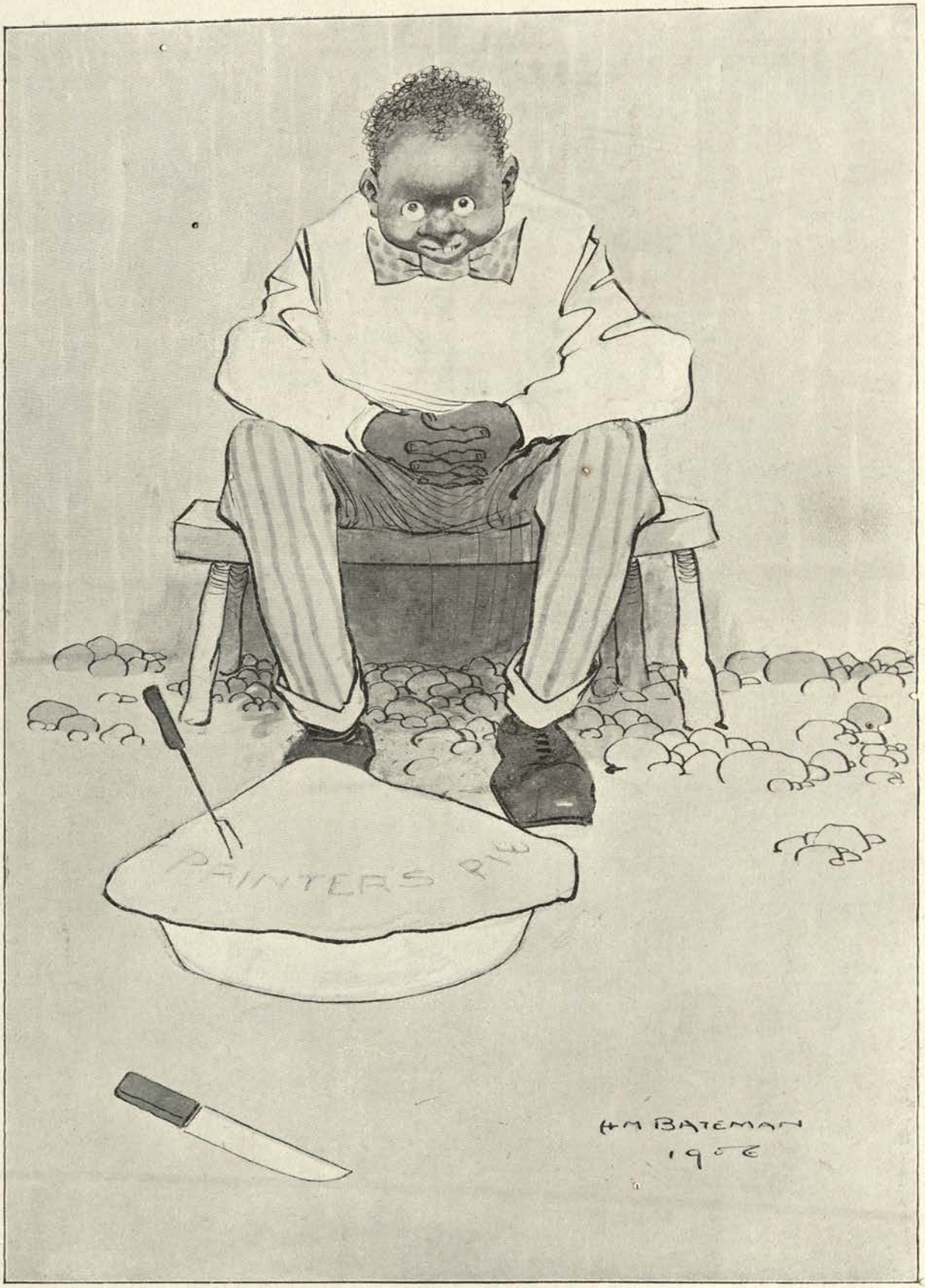
By George Belcher

PIE!

By FRED PEGRAM

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

By G. D. ARMOUR



Pumpkin? No; "Printer's Pie." Lot o' good things in that.

By H. M. BATEMAN

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

By CECIL ALDIN

CONTRASTS.

By LANCE THACKERAY

"THE LITTLE BOOKWORM"

By JOHN HASSALL

(*To* QUEEN.) Madam, will you permit me to retire?

QUEEN (*after* POLONIUS *has retired behind the arras*). Well, HAMLET, what is it *now?*

HAM. I should like to know what could have induced you to marry such a hopeless outsider as my uncle, so utterly inferior as he is to my father in every possible respect. . . . What is that behind the arras? It must be a rat—and a rat is an animal that I cannot endure. (*Draws his sword and thrusts, then parts the hangings, and drags forth the body of* POLONIUS.) Only POLONIUS! *My* mistake entirely. I was under the impression it was the KING. (*To himself.*) So it seems my distasteful task still remains to be performed. But I will do it, some day.

[*Exit. Slight pause, after which:*]

OPHELIA (*enters*). I have but just now encountered my lord HAMLET—his manner was *most* peculiar. (*Sees body of* POLONIUS.) What do I behold? My father! A corpse—and slain by HAMLET's hand! (*She goes mad.*) Ha-ha-ha! he made a good end—We may call it herb-grace o' Sundays! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Good-night, sweet lady! [*Exit.*

QUEEN (*to herself*). I have a strange presentiment which I cannot shake off, as if some evil were impending!

Enter KING, *deeply moved.*

KING. A most regrettable event has just transpired. The lady OPHELIA has rashly terminated her existence in a trout stream.

QUEEN. I am more sorry than surprised at this intelligence. HAMLET has slain her father, so it is but natural that the shock should have turned her brain. [*Exit, depressed.*

KING (*to himself, with remorse*). This is indeed a most unfortunate occurrence! I feel as if my sin were beginning to find me out!

Enter LAERTES, *furious.*

LAERTES. I have just been informed that my father is slain and OPHELIA drowned. Villain! You shall answer to me for this!

KING. It was no fault of mine. HAMLET is the party who is really responsible. But I can show you how you may have your revenge upon him. See, here are foils. I will remove the button from one end and poison the point. (*He does so.*) We will get up a fencing match between you and HAMLET to amuse the QUEEN, and, should you by any chance fail to pink him with the foil, I will drop something into this cup which will effectually settle his business (*poisoning a property flagon*). And now to clear away the corpse of POLONIUS, summon HAMLET, and invite the QUEEN and Court to witness the proceedings! (*The necessary preliminaries are gone through; Enter* QUEEN *and* Court, HAMLET, *and* HORATIO.) HAMLET, LAERTES here is anxious to try his skill at fence with you. I have laid long odds that you will come off best.

HAM. Uncle, I fear that you will lose your money. (*To* LAERTES.) Deeply attached as I was to your unhappy sister, and profoundly upset as I am by so sad a loss, I feel that I cannot, as a gentleman, decline to meet you in a friendly bout with the foils.

[*Music; business of selecting foils, &c. They play.*

QUEEN. Stop! HAMLET is out of breath. Let there be an interval for

refreshments. (*Takes the poisoned flagon.*) HAMLET, I look towards you.

[*She drinks.*

KING (*hastily*). GERTRUDE! Not that! Not *that!* (*To himself.*) Too late! She has already imbibed a dose sufficient to be fatal to ten ordinary horses!

LAERTES (*after securing the unbuttoned foil, aside to* KING). My lord, he will be done for *this* time! (*To* HAMLET.) Come on!

[*They play;* LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET.)

HOR. A hit!

[*In the scuffle they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.

LAERTES. I have received my quietus and am justly punished for my abominable treachery. HAMLET, you have not half an hour to live—the blade was poisoned. It was the KING's idea. Forgive me. [*Dies.*

QUEEN. I am not feeling at all well. I fear the drink must have been doctored by somebody. Oh! [*Dies.*

HAM. (*to* KING). So, traitor, this was *your* fell work, was it? At least, ere I depart to that bourne from which no traveller (with the possible exception of my lamented father) has ever yet been known to return, I will have the sombre satisfaction of dispatching you before me in that direction. Take that—and that! (*Stabs* KING, *who dies.*) Father, dear Father! at last thou art avenged! HORATIO, adieu—if you love me, keep this scandalous affair from getting into the local papers. [*Dies.*

HOR. (*to himself*). 'Twill be no easy matter to hush up such a series of Appalling Catastrophes in High Life! But I will see what I can do with the Editor of the *Court Circular.*

(*Curtain.*)

LAUGHTER'S SONG

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T.

PASS a purse for Printers' Pie,
Crusty? No—you know, and I,
Laughs, not sighs, will raise it high:—
He's a muff who pipes his eye!
Ha, Ha, Ha! and Hi, Hi, Hi!

What's a Laugh? a He, or She?
How to know, or how to see,
Passes wit of you or me.
Laugh is Laughter, you'll agree!
Ha, Ha, Ha! and He, He, He!

Music's all a tra-la-la,
Pomp is all for King or Shah,
Wealth's as far as sun or star,
Laughter's yours, whate'er you are!
Ha, Ha, Ha! and Ha, Ha, Ha!

You may know to hoe or sow—
Hope for seed to spread and grow—
Laugh, and learn in weal and woe
Laughter makes the money flow:
Ha, Ha, Ha! and Ho, Ho, Ho!

Laughter comes all hearts to free:
Man's one common tongue to be—
Sorrow, if she will not flee,
Bows the head and bends the knee.
Ha, Ha, Ha! and He, He, He!

Nature loves a laugh, Ha, Ha!
Maidens laugh where lovers are;
Who can youth from laughter bar?
Age may find 'tis never far!
Ha, Ha, Ha! and Ha, Ha, Ha!

Laughter's heard where rippling flow
Ocean's tides, and Rivers know
How the breezes laugh, and go
Where the loftiest forests grow.
Ha, Ha, Ha! and Ho, Ho, Ho!

TO

A SCOLDING THROSTLE

BY ALFRED AUSTIN: POET LAUREATE

FOR shame! Your last stave is
So harsh, it did grate:
Why, musical mavis,
Thus scold you your mate?

Ha! That, that is better,
My wise little bird.
Far stronger love's fetter,
Than masterful word.

For thus 'tis with tender
And fair female kind:
They will not surrender
To rough-speaking hind.

If you yearn not to lose them,
Just hark how begins
The Singer who woos them,
Enraptures, and wins.

THE LADY OF THE LAND.

(Adapted from Sir John Mandeville)

BY M. E. BRADDON

WE were three voyagers in one ship,
Bertrand, Godfrey, and I;
And we lay off one of the Grecian Isles,
Under a summer sky.

Oh, red are the stars in that far-off land,
And darkly blue the sea;
But to touch the shore of that Grecian Isle
Hath ill befallen me.

"And oh, beware that unholy place,"
Did Godfrey say to me;
"For many a knight as brave as thou
Hath perished in yon sea.

"But to have seen a strange creature there
Those men did meet their doom;
Nor priest, nor funeral bell had they,
Nor sacred oil, nor tomb."

"What kind of creature be this?" quoth I,
"Whom but to see be death?"
Then Godfrey, making the holy sign,
Answered under his breath:

"Of noble race and name is she;
Of lineage old and grand;
And these Islanders have surnamed her
The Lady of the Land.

"And erst she was a lovely maid,
Sweet voic'd as mermaid's song:
And now a Dragon's shape she hath,
A hundred fathoms long.

"And in a loathsome cave lies she,
And there shall stay, I wis,
Till a Christian knight shall ransom her
With brave and Christian kiss."

"Good sooth," I cried, "that knight am I,
To set that virgin free
From the horrid shape that she doth wear
By some foul sorcery."

Then Sir Godfrey shook his head amain:
"Many have vowed that vow;
Many good knights and true," quoth he:
"Where be those champions now?

"Bravely they went to that maiden's bower,
Bravely they call'd her name;
But when they did see her horrid face,
They fled, *sans* knightly shame.

"And each she followed along the rock,
Whither he fain would flee;
And each she seized in her ravening mouth,
And cast him in the sea.

"And 'Oh,' she cried, 'is there ne'er a knight,
In all these goodly ships
I watch afar from my cavern-door,
Will kiss me on the lips?'"

Then out spake I: "By all the gold
Ever was carried in ships,
I will go straight to this hapless maid
And kiss her on the lips."

The sun was red in the stormy west—
Oh, red like blood was he—
When I did climb the perilous steep
That frowneth over the sea.

And redder he shone as I came a-nigh
The cave where she did dwell;
Without that cavern 'twas red as blood,
Within 'twas black as hell.

Boldly I entered that darksome cave,
But Dragon none saw there,
Only a maid with an angel's face
Combing her amber hair.

Under the light of a silver lamp
She sat and combed her hair;
Silent I watched her, in sore amaze
Because she was so fair.

Then sudden she looked in her glass
And saw me standing there:
"Oh, who art thou, young man," quoth she,
"That watch me comb my hair?"

Then straight knelt I upon my knee,
And grasped her by the hand;
"Who art thou, sweet?" cried I.
Quoth she,
"The Lady of the Land.

And dost thou love me, dear?" asked she.
"Better than life," quoth I.
"Then hither come thou to-morrow eve,
And kiss me tenderly.

"And thou must wait at my cavern-door
Till I come forth to thee;
But oh, dear champion, thou must not fear
The creature thou shalt see!

"For tho' I come in Dragon's shape,
No such Dragon am I;
But only a maid that the angry gods
Have used despitefully.

"And I will be thine own true wife,
And love thee long and dear,
If thou do but kiss my ghastly mouth,
And never shrink for fear.

"Great store of treasure, and all this Isle,
The harbour and the ships,
Shall be thine for aye if thou wilt dare
To kiss me on the lips."

My troth I swore by all the saints,
And fain had kissed her then;
But she thrust me forth from her cavern-door
Till I should come again.

So when the morrow's sun went down,
That darksome cave sought I;
And there came a thing with two great eyne
That glared exceedingly.

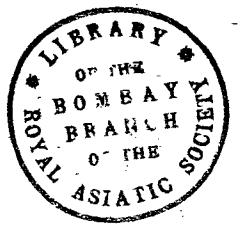
Gramercy! 'twas a ghostly sight;
To flee had I good cause,
When she came forth from the cavern-door,
Clashing her bony jaws.

Then a sudden fear laid hold on me,
And changed my blood to ice,
Aghast, I fled from that hideous thing,
Adown the precipice.

And the creature followed close behind
With eyne of crimson fire;
But I fled amain till I reached my ship,
And oh, my fears were dire!

And when she saw that I did fly,
The creature sooth did wail:
But I got me back to the ship anon,
And at daybreak we set sail.

And since that time, by day or night,
Nor rest, nor sleep, know I;
And my comrades look me in the face
And say I soon shall die.



A PURVEYOR OF PRINTERS' PIE

East Harding Street, E.C., 4 p.m.

BY J. M. BULLOCH

"The principal object proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as possible in a selection of language really used by men."—Wordsworth's preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798.

THE hours may pass on weary wings,
But "IV" mellifluously tinkles,
For, certain as the sun, it brings
The Man with Winkles.

A figure somewhat sparsely clad—
His overcoat in seedy crinkles:
He scouts the dietetic fad
Which vetoes Winkles.

Though, ere he goes, perchance the cheek
With indigestion's anguish pinkles,
Yet custom bids us eat the leek
(Or rather, Winkles).

And what although the great Savoy
May flaunt its culinary wrinkles,
Is there on earth a greater joy
Than Tea and Winkles?

He's undismayed, save when a guest
Breaks wildly forth in football jinkles,
And kicks the ball (a rag at best)
Among his Winkles.

Then is he wroth, and with a spice
Of picturesque invective sprinkles
His raucous statement of the price
Of Shrimps and Winkles.

MORAL

So you, who scan in gilded tint
A menu as the midnight twinkles,
May add some pepper to the Printer's Pie of Winkles.

"THE WORM'S" YOUNG MAN

BY G. B. BURGIN

Author of "The Shutters of Silence," &c., &c., &c.

I.

"AND if you don't 'urry up wi' them boots of mine, so's I can look respeccable like at the 'Fur and Feathers,' some of your feathers 'll be flyin', my gal," remarked Uncle Barnaby, with ferocious emphasis.

"The Worm" blinked her pretty eyes at Uncle Barnaby. "Father's and mother's, and Johnnie's and Sarah's, and yourn!" she said, wearily. "There's allers some as wants polishin'."

"You'll want polishin', too, my gal," shouted Uncle Barnaby, severely; "and, wot's more, you'll get polished. Wot are you 'ere for?"

"I dunno," said "The Worm," dully. "I've offen asked myself, but I can't find out. I ain't got a young man yet, though I'm turned eighteen. If I 'ad got a young man, I'd have something to live for. Aunt Sally's the only one as ever thought of me."

"Your Aunt Sally's dead," said Uncle Barnaby, "which serves her just right for worryin' about you. Ought to have bin dead long ago. She wos allers a handful. Never would give me nothing for beer when I—when I was thirsty. I—I'm thirsty now."

Uncle Barnaby stretched out his right foot majestically. "Put it on, my gal, and don't lace it too tight. I wants to shine at both ends at the 'Fur and Feathers' to-night."

"The Worm" bent down and obediently put on Uncle Barnaby's boot, twisting his foot as she did so.

"Wot d'you mean by it?" Uncle Barnaby demanded, with sudden ferocity, catching up a stick by his side. "W'y, I've a good mind to give you a lacin' down myself, just to keep my 'and in."

"Ho! You wait till I gets a young man," said "The Worm," as she seized a convenient brick, and met his gaze unflinchingly, "and he'll tork to you."

Appalled by the unsympathetic hardness of the brick, Uncle Barnaby drew back and reluctantly consented to wait.

His niece polished her mother's boots, and watched the family set out through the brickfield, Uncle Barnaby leading the way.

"The Worm" watched the straggling procession crossing the field, then sank down on the sill of the mean wooden shanty in which she lived, and wept bitterly. The last thing she saw was the waving glory of Sister Sarah's blue feather as her young man tickled her with a straw.

"Miss Elizabeth Jane Worboise, I presume?" inquired a bland voice.

Elizabeth Jane pulled down her apron. "They mostly calls me 'The Worm,'" she said, in passionless tones, "'cos I ain't got a young man to look arter me. Wos you wantin' me, sir?"

"I am a solicitor—Mr. Poindexter, of High Barnet—and I want a little talk with you," said the man of law, as he drew some papers from his

pocket. "I have driven out to inform you, Miss Worboise, that you are the residuary legatee of your aunt, the late Miss Sally Worboise."

"Then Uncle Barnaby didn't sneak *all* Aunt Sally's money?" asked "The Worm," incredulously.

"No; the gentleman in question did not—er—'sneak' all of it," said Mr. Poindexter. "In fact, I have the amount—all that was left of it—with me now."

"How much?" asked "The Worm," with the financial directness of one accustomed to poverty.

"Ten pounds, after paying all expenses," said Mr. Poindexter. "I have brought it with me in nice new sovereigns, Miss Worboise. I have also brought you a Savings-Bank book, in case you should think it safer to invest it."

As "The Worm" held out her hand for the money, the expression of her pretty face was wonderful to behold. "Ten—golden—sov—rins! Ah-h-h! Now I'll get a young man."

"No wonder it seems a large sum to you, Miss Worboise. Would you like to come with me to High Barnet (my carriage is waiting at the end of the field there) and put it in the Post Office before the gentleman you mentioned has a chance of 'sneaking' it?"

"Would I like! Can I start now?" asked "The Worm," eagerly.

Mr. Poindexter looked at her somewhat primitive costume. "Perhaps you had better change your—your apron," he said, kindly, "and—and wash your face a little."

The lawyer escorted his hastily-renovated and re-costumed pretty young client across the field, and heaved a sigh of relief as the carriage drove off without any of Miss Worboise's relations appearing on the scene. When the carriage drew up opposite the Post Office, he gave "The Worm" a Savings-Bank book and ten pounds wrapped in tissue paper, and left her on the doorstep.

"The Worm," tightly clutching the money with both hands, watched Mr. Poindexter until he was well out of sight. Had he looked back, he would have noticed that she did not go into the Post Office, but turned away from it and ran down the hill toward High Barnet station. When she reached the steep path leading to the station, she threw the Savings-Bank book into the ornamental shrubbery which occupies the site of the old racecourse, and, entering the station, boldly demanded a ticket for "London town."

"Come into a fortune, 'miss?" jocularly asked a handsome young porter, as she moved away from the ticket office.

"The Worm" painfully clutched her change. "Fortune! No. I'm goin' for a 'oliday. London's a big place, ain't it, if you ain't got a young man to look arter you?"

The porter nodded appreciatively, for "The Worm" was a remarkably pretty girl, in spite of the way in which she had been knocked about by her relations. "Look here, miss, your train doesn't go for ten minutes. Come inside, and I'll give you my sister's address in Holloway, and run up to tea this evening, if you're quite sure you haven't got a young man."

"Quite," said "The Worm," gratefully. "I'm as sure of it as I'm sure Uncle Barnaby 'll get drunk at the

'Fur and Feathers' to-night. I've bin wantin' a really nice young man for a long time to look arter me and —and my property."

She sat down on a trunk and gazed entranced at the good-looking porter whilst he printed his sister's name and address in large letters on a luggage label.

"If you can't read writing, you may be able to make out printing," he said. "My sister takes in lodgers. She'll see you don't come to no harm. Tell her you're a partiklar friend of mine and I'm coming up to tea. I'll bring you some shrimps and oranges, if you like."

Elizabeth Jane nodded. A handsome young man! Shrimps and oranges! The world was opening before her in a succession of beautiful vistas. She was "going on the spree," and she meant to buy herself the very biggest hat, with the largest feathers, in all London. No more being punched and knocked about by Mr. Worboise, senior, and Uncle Barnaby, when they had nothing better to do. She meant to spend that ten pounds, every penny of it. With a last glance at the young porter, she got into the train, and he looked after her with a sheepish grin which meant a wedding ring in the near future.

II.

A FORTNIGHT later, Uncle Barnaby awoke one morning with his customary Sabbath headache. From the little kitchen below came the familiar sound of someone hissing, as if rubbing down a horse. He started in surprise. "D'you hear that, Bill?" he cried, to his brother in the next room. "Sounds as if your unnat'ral gal had come back."

Bill roused himself. "And I'm mighty glad of it," he said, with a twinge of parental remorse. "She's wuth all the rest of you put together. There ain't nobody as 'll stand being knocked about like 'er."

At that moment "The Worm," looking conspicuously pretty, her hair neatly twisted in a knot, entered the room, carrying a foaming pot of beer. "Here's your beer, father," she said, in a matter-of-fact way. "I thought you'd be wanting it by now."

Bill raised himself on one elbow, and regarded her with surly admiration as he drained the quart pot in gulps. "You've saved my life, Lizzie. That's wot you've done. Saved my life."

Uncle Barnaby, hastily shuffling into his trousers, the braces of which hung down his back in graceful festoons, entered the room, and looked at the empty quart pot with real anguish. "My own dear gal, come back to her own dear Uncle Barnaby. Ain't you got no coppers about you?"

"Quite the lady," said her mother, sitting up in bed and looking at "The Worm's" neat print gown. "Quite the lady, s'elp me. Wos you wanting anything—miss?"

"The Worm" looked down upon them all from the lofty standpoint of foreign travel, and the consciousness of a sweetheart and her new hat and feathers. "I've got a young man," she said; "and, now I've come back, Lawyer Poindexter's took me for under-'ousemaid."

"My gal, you're a-gettin' on." This from Uncle Barnaby, whose thirst increased with every passing moment. "Never forget your own dear Uncle Barnaby when you're a-gettin' on.

Sure you ain't got the price of 'arf a pint about you?"

"Not a mag," said "The Worm," opening her hands to show that they were empty. "Aunt Sally left me her ten pounds, and I went to London and blew the lot. My young man and his sister didn't try to stop me. They said I deserved it. He's coming next Sunday to tell you what he thinks of you, Uncle Barnaby."

"She went to London and blew the lot! Ten pounds! If I could only get at your Aunt Sally," said Uncle Barnaby, with subdued bitterness, "I should just like to give her a little something for herself—with a good, strong brick — none of your slack-baked uns. She was always a deceivin' kind of ihena, was your Aunt Sally."

"It's no use your looking about for things to shy at me," said Elizabeth Jane. "Lawyer Poindexter's thought of all that. If any one of you touches me, he'll make you answer for it. So will Mr. Simmons—my—my young man."

Bill began to laugh uproariously. "She's done us all blind," he said. "Done us all proper. My gal, I'm proud of you. Where've you put all the fine things you've brought back?"

"They're at Lawyer Poindexter's," said "The Worm," "where you can't touch 'em, none of you."

"I'm proud of you," said Bill. "If you'd brought me some baccy, I'd be prouder still."

"Here's 'arf a pound, father."

"Not a mossle for me?" wistfully inquired Uncle Barnaby. "Not a teeny, weeny mossle for your Uncle Barnaby wot loves you so?"

"Not a teeny, weeny, weeniest mossle," said "The Worm," firmly. "I allers told you I'd turn some day, Uncle Barnaby. You take my tip—if you don't want your looks spoiled—and keep out of Mr. Simmons' way. He's very strong, and he wants to *tork* to you if he can get you in a quiet corner of the brickfield all by himself."

"Oo's Simmons? I don't know 'im, and I don't want to, neither. Tork to *me!* Does he! I won't have nothin' to do with him. The unnat'ralness of it! Me wot loved you so!" mourned Uncle Barnaby. "Not even a screw of baccy, Elizabeth Jane?"

"Not even a screw," said "The Worm," firmly. "When I turn, I stay turned, Uncle Barnaby. Good-bye, mother. I'll come over next Sunday with Mr. Simmons, and you'd better look your nicest. I don't want him to despise my fam'ly—at least, part of it. Uncle Barnaby don't matter. You never can see his face for the dirt on it—which is a mercy, any way."

Unmoved by Uncle Barnaby's wails, she went downstairs. When, however, she saw his old boots on the kitchen floor, the force of habit was too much for her. She picked them up, polished them, and wended her way across the brickfields, singing merrily; for she knew that Mr. Simmons loved her, and the burdens of a lonely life were lifted from her soul.

After breakfast, "Elizabeth" went up to her pretty little attic, took the cartwheel-shaped hat out of its box, and ecstatically smoothed its beautiful feathers. Then she kissed it, put it reverently away, and went down to the kitchen to begin her new life.

THE SONG OF THE MOTOR MACHINE

BY GERALD CAMPBELL

Backwards and forwards, and forwards and back,
Marking its lengthening, narrowing track,
Making the cricket-ground level and green,
This is the Song of the Motor Machine.

Hark to me, cricketers, hark to my whirr,
Hark to my mellow machinery's purr,
Hark to me murmuring all the long day,
Busily working, that you may go play.

Work at your playing then—like a machine,
Regular, little by little, and keen;
Nerves made of iron, and sinews of steel,
Shoulder to shoulder, and wheel within wheel.

Shoulder to shoulder, you'll get at the heart of it,
Wheel within wheel is the whole and the part of it.
Play with one mind and one end and one aim,
Playing together and playing the game.

Play it with judgment and play it with skill,
Play with good temper, but play with a will,
Play it with courtesy, play it with pluck,
Play it with something that's better than luck.

If you'd be honest, steal nothing but runs;
If you want wins, then take care of the "ones;"
Don't count your centuries ere they are hatched,
Don't drop your catches until they are catched.

Play the game, aiming to make a good fight of it;
Play—never mind if you're beaten in spite of it;
Keen in the contest and straight in the strife—
That is the motto for cricket and life.

Nearer and clearer the stir and the whirr of it;
Farther and fainter the thrum and the hum of it;
Backwards and forwards, now white and now green,
That is the Song of the Motor Machine.

FATA MORGANA

BY MARIE CORELLI

I HAVE dreamed of Love—
Not the gossamer love of a poet's song,
That shreds away into shame and wrong—
But a love that is faithful, pure, and strong!

I have dreamed of Love—
Not the fickle love of a summer's day,
Or the mood of a moment passing away—
But a love that will last for ever and aye!

I have dreamed of Love—
Not the quick, false fire of a passionate breath,
That is quenched in the ashes of broken faith—
But a love that will triumph over death!

Will my dream come true?
Nay, that I know not! Enough for me
God's visioned Light in my soul to see,
And to pray that such a Love may be!

THE PERSISTENT PRIVATE

BY LT.-COLONEL NEWNHAM-DAVIS

IT was the 1st of April, 1920. The Inspector-General of Recruiting stood with his back to the grate in his office at Whitehall and chatted with the Colonel, his right-hand man, over the difficulties of transport in removing the flower of the Afghan army to South Africa. Since the Chinese had guaranteed the safety of the Indian frontier, the Amir had felt that his occupation was gone, and it was only by the happy thought of the Secretary of State for India that the Afghans were induced to guarantee the peace of South Africa, and Golam Hyder, at the head of 80,000 men, was about to replace the Papuan levies, who had not proved entirely satisfactory.

"Got us out of rather a nasty hole, certainly," said the General. "But I don't like that condition that every time-expired man should be given a free trip to Mecca on his way home."

"I daresay Cook & Co. will do it reasonably for us. When they took all the Indian Native armies under Scindhia to guarantee our frontier in the Soudan, it was a very cheap job," answered his subordinate.

Into the room came bustling the Adjutant-General, laughing heartily. "There is something in your line down below. A man has turned up who says he wants to enlist as a Private in the line."

"No!" said the Inspector-General of Recruiting. Then he remembered what day it was, and added, "I'm not made an April fool so easily."

"It's solemn truth. He's in one of the waiting-rooms, and they are all looking at him. The Director-General A.M.S. says he is perfectly sane."

The Inspector of Recruiting and his subordinate trotted downstairs and found most of the high War Office officials gazing at an embarrassed lad, who stood in the midst of a waiting-room fingering his cap.

"I've explained to him," the Director of Military Training told them, "that the rank of Private has vanished, that our home army consists of a reserve of constables and gentlemen volunteers, and that to meet the wishes of the Military Trade Union the Household Troops consist in the lower ranks entirely of Corporals and Sergeants."

"I want to 'list as a Private of the line," interjected the bashful would-be recruit.

"Leave him to me," the Head of the Recruiting whispered. "Now, my lad, you don't really want to be a Private. We've no regular home army now, because we are all of the blue sea school, and we have no foreign service army, because Japan, China, Afghanistan, Siam, and Thibet have guaranteed the safety of our borders. What you want to do is to go to college, and then come to us as one of our electrical anti-raid experts."

"I ain't no scholard, and I want to 'list as a Private of the line," murmured the poor fellow.

"Let me have a go," quoth the Director-General of Military Intelligence. "A fine fellow like you ought to be swaggering about London with

plenty of gold on your cap. We'll make you a Corporal of the Guards to-morrow."

"I don't want to be no Corporal of the Guards, I want to be a Private of the line."

The Chief of the General Staff had entered, and appreciated at once the gravity of the situation. "If the man is physically and mentally fit, we have no right to refuse him, though heaven knows what the Labour Members may have to say to it. Do you persist, my man, in your determination to enlist as a Private?"

"Aye, sir, I do."

"Then once again we must raise a regiment of the line, for the existence of a Private necessitates the full complement of Corporals, Sergeants, Subalterns, Captains, Majors, and a Lieut.-Colonel." He turned to the recruit. "You, sir, are now the Army. You are the representative of the men who fought under Marlborough and Wellington, Clive and Moore. In your single self are centred all the traditions of a thousand years of victory; in your keeping is the glory of the banner of old England. Be worthy of this great charge."

"Gimme a shilling and a pot of beer, and let me go to barracks," said the British Army.

AN ENGLISH ROSE

BY LEWIS BAUMER.

Presented by W. H. Smith & Son,
55 Fetter Lane, E.C.

Duty First.

Her Ladyship (*who is giving a Servants' Ball*—*to Butler*). "We shall begin with a square dance, and I shall want you, Wilkins, to be my partner."

Wilkins. "Certainly, m'Lady; and afterwards I presoom we may dance with 'oom we like?"

Contributed by
BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., LTD.
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Parson. "Good morning, Mrs. Stubbins. Is your husband at home?"

Mrs. Stubbins. "'E's 'ome, Sir; but 'e's a-bed."

Parson. "How is it he didn't come to church on Sunday? You know we must have our hearts in the right place."

Mrs. Stubbins. "Lor, Sir, 'is 'eart's all right. It's 'is Trowziz!"

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Election Canvasser. "What does your husband think of the Fiscal Question, Mrs. Hodge?"

Mrs. Hodge. "Well, Sir, when 'e's a talking to a Protectionist 'e's a Free Trader, and when 'e's talking to a Free Trader 'e's a Protectionist, and when 'e's a talking to me 'e's a raving lunatic!"

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Things not always what they seem.

Sportsman (*feeling slightly mixed, but holding manfully to what he supposes to be his horse*). "Steady, mare! Steady, old girl! Whoa!"

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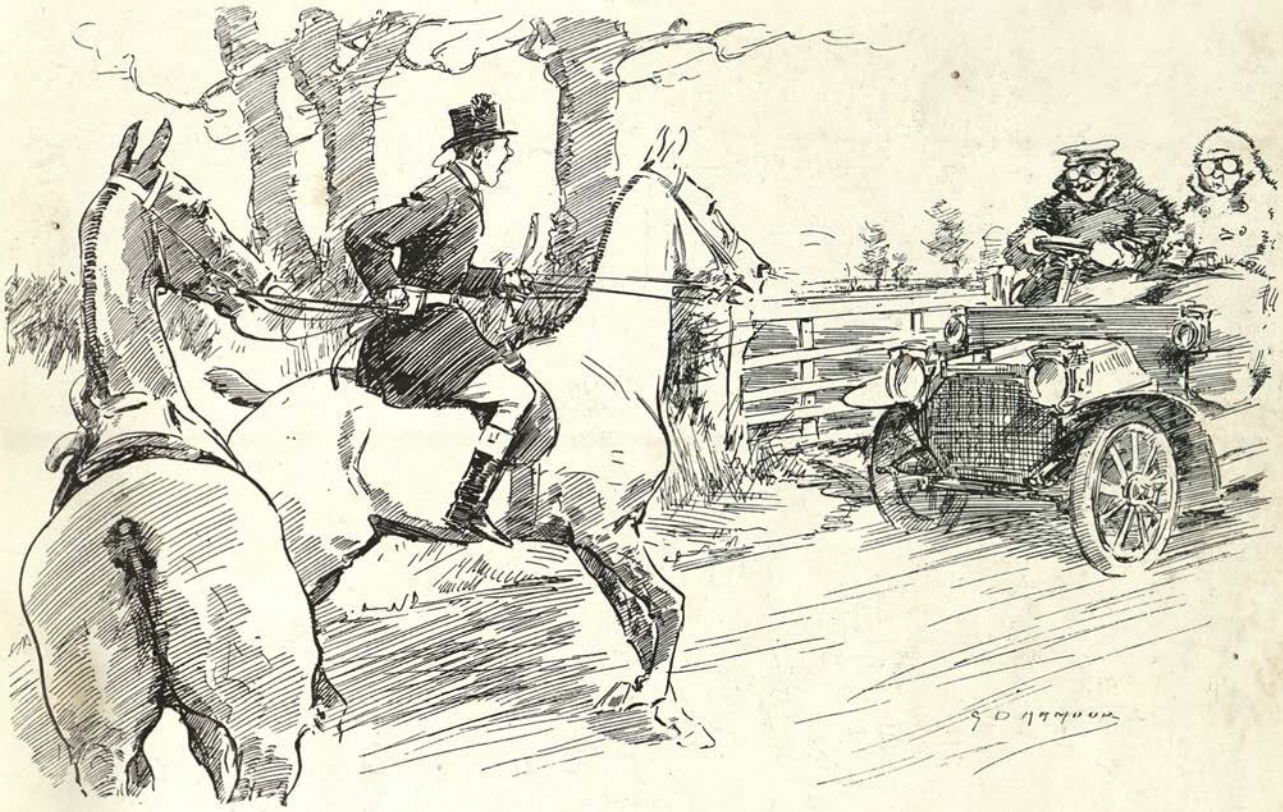

"As Others see us."

Obliging Motorist. "Shall I stop the Engine?"

Groom. "Never mind that, Sir. But if you Gents wouldn't mind just gettin' out and 'idin' behind the Car for a minute,—the 'orses think it's a Menagery comin'."

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Onlooker. "An' 'twere only t'other day as Jarge said 'e didn't know nothing about Home Rule!"

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The Drama.

"'Ere, I say, 'Liza, we've seen this 'ere play before!"

"No, we ain't." [*Wordy argument follows.*

"Why, don't you remember, same time as Bill took us to the 'Pig an' Whistle,' an' we 'ad stewed eels for supper?" "Oh lor! Yes, that takes me back to it!"

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Mother. "Now, dear, say your grace, and run along to the nursery."

Mabel (*who has just been refused a second mince-pie*). "Thank God for a *fairly* good dinner!"

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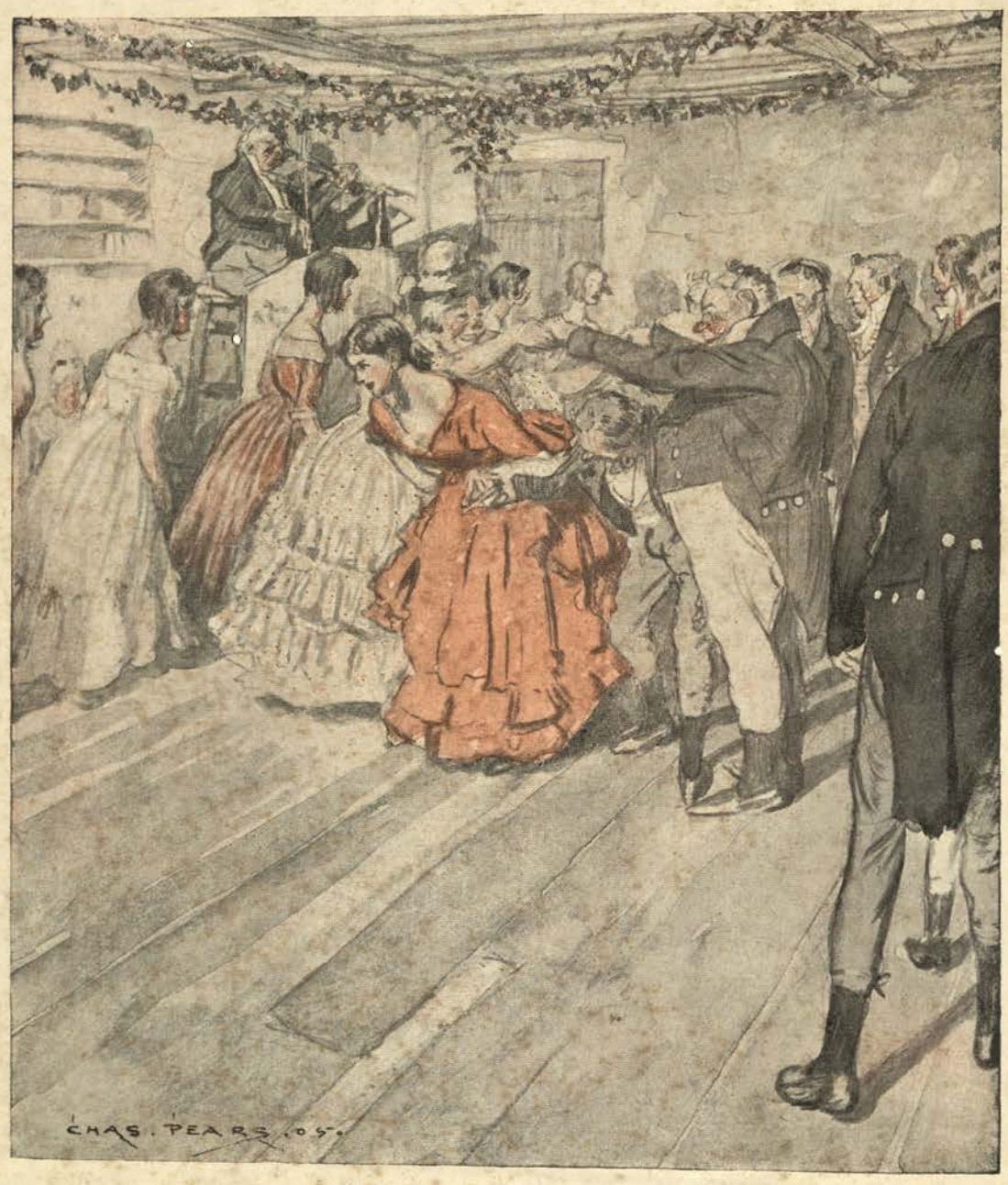

MR. FEZZIWIG'S BALL.

From Dickens's "Christmas Carol."

Published by Sisley's Ltd.

THE PASSIONATE PRINTER TO HIS LOVE

(With apologies to the Shade of Christopher Marlowe)

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

COME live with me and be my Dear;
And till that happy bond shall lapse,
I'll set your Poutings in *Brevier*,*
Your Praises in the largest CAPS.

There's *Diamond*—'tis for your Eyes;
There's *Ruby*—that will match your Lips;
Pearl, for your Teeth; and *Minion*-size
To suit your dainty Finger-tips.

In *Nonpareil* I'll put your Face;
In *Rubric* shall your Blushes rise;
There is no *Bourgeois* in *your* Case;
Your *Forme* can never need "*Revise*."

Your Cheek seems "*Ready for the Press*"
Your Laugh as *Clarendon* is clear;
There's more distinction in your Dress
Than in the oldest *Elzevir*.

So with me live, and with me die;
And may no "FINIS" e'er intrude
To break into mere "*Printers' Pie*"
The Type of our Beatitude!

(ERRATUM.—If my suit you flout,
And choose some happier youth to wed,
'Tis but to cross AMANDA out,
And read another name instead.)

* Pronounced "Bre-veer" (*Printers' Vocabulary*).

A SEA BREEZE

BY ATHOL FORBES

"WELL, wot's up now?" interrogated the skipper of the *Rising Sun*, bound fromNewcastle to Yarmouth, as Nat Vincent, A.B., entered the cabin. "Carn't I get my vittles in peace, but I must have the whole crew in upon me like a lot o' sharks. 'Pon my word, wot are things comin' to?"

The intruder backed to the foot of the companion, and then thrust only his head and shoulders through the doorway, as a sort of concession to the skipper's complaint.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I wants to know where I am to sleep, if I hev' to be allowed to close my eyes in slumber."

"Ain't the fo'cas'le good enough?"

"No," replied Nat, bluntly, "it ain't."

The captain stopped in the act of cutting a piece of bread, held between his thumb and the blade of his pocket-knife, and stared at him.

"I suppose you would like furnished apartments o' the Garden o' Eden style, or Buckingham Palace, or—"

"I don't want no blasphemy," said the man, sulkily.

"Wot's the matter with the fo'cas'le, then?" blazed the captain.

"The salt water is comin' through the deck seams just above my bunk, and seeing that I have been enjoying rather bad health lately, I don't see why I should take rheumatics. I ain't signed on for them, or it might be different."

Captain Cutting made a gesture of impatience; his mouth being too full to admit of a reply just then, he expressed his views by sawing the air with his knife.

"If you could lend me an umberella I might manage for a time if I kept my oilskins on," went on the man, with the patient calmness of a martyr enjoying his part.

"Where did you sleep the larst two nights?" asked his chief, still continuing his eating.

"Why, on top of that new 'and we shipped afore we left 'ome. He didn't seem to mind so long as he were ill, but now that 'e's got better o' 'is sea-sickness 'e objects, and I am sorry to say he uses 'orrid language as I could not repeat."

"I carn't 'elp 'is language," said the captain, waving his fork, and deciding the question on the side issue.

"No, but you can 'elp the decks not being properly caulked."

Cutting leaned back in his chair and picked his teeth with the smaller blade of his penknife, while he thought out the situation, and Vincent moved his weight from one leg to another to await the reply. Nat, with all his faults, was a good seaman; besides, Cutting did not like changing his men.

"There's the sail locker, if you like to turn in there—next to the mate's berth," said the captain at length.

"That'll do, sir," replied Vincent, trying to look grateful.

"Ar'right," grunted the skipper, who wanted his after-dinner nap, and whose eyelids dropped as soon as his subordinate left the cabin.

"'Ow's old Bandy-legs now?"

asked the carpenter, who had got the rough end of the skipper's tongue that morning, and the others gathered round Vincent, anxious to know what his visit to the cabin had meant. Such visits are not usual at sea.

"Oh, 'e's all right," said Nat, jerking his head in the direction of the cuddy. "'E just wants 'umourin' a bit, so I went down to put things straight. 'E'll come right in time. I'm a man o' peace, as you know—never could stand rows—so I just went and talked to the old man about that nonsense o' yours."

"Oh, indeed, very good of yer," remarked the carpenter, taking a long breath and then shutting his mouth with a snap.

"'E says as 'ow he'll sack the whole lot of us—but of course he don't mean it, of course 'e don't; I know 'im."

"Sack us!" replied the men with sudden heat, "what the—who the—"

"Never mind," said their tormentor, posing as an example of Christian patience and forbearance; "don't use profaneness. The old man is all right when he is treated properly. P'r'aps 'e's a bit worried now, but 'e'll come round, never fear."

"Well, to think of all we 'ave done for that old scamp, and then for 'im to go and talk ahind our backs," continued Pegs. "Sack us! By the Lord Harry, when we gets ashore I'll put him on 'is club, see if I don't, behavin' this way to 'is friends. Didn't I 'old 'is 'ead when the doctor lanced that last gumboil of his?"

"'E says you larfed the whole time," put in Nat, who was thoroughly satisfied with the commotion he had caused, and meant to keep it up.

"Fancy the old devil to say that, 'cos I happened to just smile encouragin'-like when he was 'ollering 'ard; fancy his sayin' that!" The carpenter clicked his tongue and looked vicious.

"You men don't understand him," continued Vincent, "nor the magnitoode of 'is kind 'eart. When people sulks with 'im, it's only nat'ral that he should get into a temper, 'cos 'e's sociableness itself 'e is, and he can't stand them as sulks."

"What may you be alloodin' to?" demanded Pegs.

"No man in pertickler, except what I am sayin' the skipper is kind-'earted. Why, when I talked to 'im just now, no cat could hev been kinder to its kitten than 'e was to me, bless 'im."

"Pity you don't go and live aft," said Bob Cooper, with a sneer.

There was a loud guffaw from the others at this thrust.

"You wouldn't be missed for'ard," he added, following up his success.

"I know you don't mean it," replied Vincent, pleased with the drift of the conversation; "but I hev sometimes thought of living aft."

A jeering laugh greeted this announcement.

"Yes, you go on—try it on. It would be a real treat to see the old man take a running kick at your southern end, blowed if it wouldn't. Just let us know when you are goin', that's all."

"Don't dare me, Bob," said Vincent, quietly, as if holding himself in check.

"'Ear 'im," cried the cook. "It'd take a lot to make you dare that."

"Nonsense! The skipper may be

a 'ard swearer, but 'e's got a soft 'eart, an' would not willingly hurt a fly."

"Don't talk such bloomin' rot," snapped the carpenter. "You've said as much agin him as anyone else."

"I may 'ave; but I didn't understand 'im then. I does now."

"Well, you test 'is kindness by goin' aft with your beddin', and I'll bet my new accordion against your old concertina that you comes up the companion-way quicker than you goes down," said Bob.

"You don't mean it," answered Nat, good naturedly. "The old man would like to have me aft, I know that, and so do you, and you don't mean what you say."

"Don't I," he persisted. "Try me."

"Well then, I don't want to rob you," was the taunting reply.

"No robbin' about it. Come, be a man o' your word. Say you will or you won't—then we shall know."

Vincent, as if in deep thought, gazed skywards.

"Very well, then, just for a little sport I will, though on principle I'm agin bettin' and gamblin'. You are all witnesses that I am driven to it."

"I believe the wily old devil is gettin' at you. Better be careful, Bob," said the carpenter, who was chewing a big piece of cavendish.

"Not I," growled Vincent, "but I carn't see an innercent man slanderfied. The skipper would like us all round 'is table, like olive branches in the 'Oly Land, if he had 'is own way and the cuddy was big enough. You don't know the depths o' that man's feelings. No one but me does."

"Mr. Mate," shouted Cooper, "will you come and witness a bargain?"

"Don't bring outsiders into it," grumbled Vincent.

"No, you are afraid of losing that measlie old wind-jam o' yours."

The mate called a hand to take the wheel and came forward.

"Don't be a fool, Vincent," he said, after listening to both sides. "The skipper will murder you if you try any of those tricks."

"I won't let him withdraw now," announced Cooper, "not me."

"Don't you—let 'im be murdered, it'll do him good," said the carpenter.

Nat knocked the ashes out of his pipe in a casual sort of way.

"There won't be no rumpus, bless you. The skipper is too fond of me. Of course it may be my takin' manner 'as something to do with it," he went on, with provoking calmness. "Ever since I were a boy no man or woman 'as been able to resist me when I lays myself out to be nice-like. My pore mother used to say that my smoile would sooth the savagest breast."

This speech was followed by a contortion of his visage and a display of large tobacco-stained teeth, which combination Nat intended as a sample of what he could do if put to it. Any further remarks were precluded by the appearance of the skipper, who had finished his nap.

"Carn't you find nothing to do there, or shall I come and 'elp you?" he roared.

The cook immediately fled to the galley, and the others, with the exception of Pegs, ducked for the fo'cas'le, where the conversation was resumed. After tea, Vincent began to gather up his belongings, to the intense amusement of the remainder of the crew.

"P'r'aps I 'ad better just mention it to the skipper first," he said, stopping in the midst of his task. "It would only be perlite."

The carpenter, who had been called to witness the preparations, and who looked down through the hoodway, thought that the surprise would be more delightful to everyone concerned if he dispensed with this preliminary and just walked straight aft with his bedding.

"No, it's not right to take people unawares," replied Nat. "Not with luggage," using his teeth to pull taut a piece of rope yarn that he had wound round the mattress. "That's where you spoil things."

The mate, who was at the wheel, winked at the carpenter.

Then Vincent went aft and disappeared down the companion-way, and three grinning faces watched for the result from the shelter of the scuttle for'ard. The cook shut the lower half of the galley door as a protection to himself should missiles fly about, and to keep Nat out should he rush there for protection. No one spoke a word as they listened for the explosion which they felt must inevitably follow.

Presently Vincent emerged from the cabin, and with his usual slow, crab-like walk came for'ard to his companions.

"Well," jerked out the carpenter, puzzled and disappointed. "Well, wot did 'e say?"

"Say?" repeated Nat, with great deliberation. "Why, the old man could not say anythink, could not say enough. 'Is 'eart was too full for that, so 'e simply shook my 'and."

"Then 'ow do you know he's goin' to let you stay aft?" he was at once asked.

"'Cos I read the welcome in his face. Just give me a lift with this 'ere beddin' o' mine, Bob. You might take 'old as I pass it up."

"Go to 'ell!" was the response.

The new hand just recovering from sea-sickness was more obliging, and soon the mattress, bound up with rope yarn, was thrown up to the deck.

"Isn't there a box for this 'ere accordion? I may as well take it now," inquired the triumphant Vincent. "All right, don't bother. I've found it," he said, reappearing with it under his arm.

The crew gazed with open-mouthed amazement as Nat and his helper lugged the various things aft.

"He ain't out of the wood yet," muttered the carpenter, biting the stem of his pipe in his anger, while waiting for the sequel. "'Old on, you'll see," he said to the disconsolate Bob, whose eyes followed his beloved accordion with a yearning, sorrowful gaze. "Cheer up."

When the skipper appeared on deck a minute or two after, they held their breath for the thunderbolt to fall.

"Cook!" he bawled, "you can bring Nat's grub aft ontil further notice. D'ye 'ear?" he demanded, as no reply was forthcoming, for the men simply gaped with astonishment.

"Yes, sir," answered the cook, after a pause, but in the security of the galley he added some expressions which had better be omitted from this narrative.

Bob's pipe dropped from his mouth, which appeared to open and shut mechanically.

"Wot do you think o' that now?" he gasped, turning to the carpenter.

"It's downright witchcraft an' nothink else, s'elp me."

Pegs scratched his head and kicked savagely at some imaginary foe, while trying to find an expression strong enough.

"There—there ain't a word for it," he whispered, huskily. "The old man must have suddenly gone into his dotage."

"I paid seventeen and six for that accordion," said Bob, with unusual solemnity—"seventeen and six. I can show you the bill with 'paid' written on it."

For the remainder of the voyage, Nat Vincent, for reasons not altogether unconnected with his health, avoided the fore part of the ship.

When he played on the accordion, which he generally did as the shades of night began to gather, his face wore a smile that might have been carved out of mahogany, so fixed was it, and he did not seem to mind the profane expressions which at times punctuated the dulcet strains with remarkable clearness and more than ordinary emphasis.

THE RE-INCARNATION OF AUNT LOOBY

BY TOM GALLON

"GIVE me my boots," said Aunt Looby, "so as I can shake the dust off 'em, and leave this 'ouse for ever!"

Aunt Looby did not remove her comfortably slippered feet from the fender, although she said the above remarkable words with much viciousness. Little Mrs. Cudlipp bent her head lower over her needlework, and muttered something under her breath. Mr. Cudlipp coughed, and interposed a gentle "Hush!"

"What did you say, Polly Cudlipp?" snapped Aunt Looby, removing her feet from the fender.

Little Mrs. Cudlipp looked up with a scarlet face. "I said I'd be very pleased to get the boots," she retorted.

Aunt Looby rose, and solemnly shook out her skirts. "I'm not going to stop where I ain't wanted," she said, in her deep voice. "There's nobody in the world I belong to, and nobody belongs to me, except my poor nephew there—a mere worm of a man, or 'e wouldn't be put on by 'is wife. I've got a little money put by, as well you know, and it might 'ave gone to you both when I was called away—"

"Aunt, listen to reason," pleaded Mr. Cudlipp. "Don't be rash."

"But now I shall leave it elsewhere, and I shall go and make away with myself," continued Aunt Looby, without noticing the interruption. "Get me my boots!"

Amid a painful silence Polly Cudlipp went off quickly and got the boots; Aunt Looby, disdaining a weak offer of help from her nephew, struggled, with much groaning and complaining, to get the boots on. She was a large person, much given to hearty meals and heavy slumber.

"I suppose you'll take your belongings, Aunt Looby?" demanded Mrs. Cudlipp, "or shall I send them on?"

"I shan't want 'em where I'm going," said Aunt Looby, plaintively. "I'm not even sure I shall want a bonnet, though perhaps more respectable to enter another sphere in. I 'aven't decided which way I shall take my life yet, but I shall do it. I've often said I would, but my patience is ended; you'll be sorry when I'm gone."

"Of course we shall, Aunt Looby," said Mr. Cudlipp, frantically motioning to his wife to do something to stop the old lady. "Better change your mind."

"Aunt never changes her mind," retorted Mrs. Cudlipp, making for the door. "I'll fetch your bonnet, aunt," she ejaculated, as she disappeared.

"There's an eagerness about Polly that is indelicate," said Aunt Looby, gloomily.

The bonnet was brought, put on, and the strings tied. In the act of tying them, Aunt Looby uttered her last solemn words in that house.

"Mark my words," she said, wagging her large head at them—"mark my words—I'll haunt you. I've told you often what I believe in about spirits, and about souls entering into other people what least expects them; and that's what I'm going to do. I'm going away now—but I shall come back in another shape. What it may

'appen to be I can't say yet—but I warn you, you'd better be precious kind to anything that comes unexpected, and seems to want to make its 'ome 'ere—even if it's a stray cat."

"Don't go, Aunt Looby," pleaded Mr. Cudlipp.

"I'll open the door for you, Aunt Looby," said Mrs. Cudlipp.

Thus it happened that Aunt Looby, after nearly five years' comfortable sojourn at No. 2, Inkerman Terrace, shook the dust of it from her feet and went out into the world. She had often threatened to do so—had often declared that in such an event she would come back in some more terrible shape, and make the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Cudlipp even more awful than she had done in her own life. And in the course of those five years she had managed, at all events in one case, to drive home her curious beliefs.

That case was Mr. Cudlipp. Truth to tell, before his marriage Mr. Cudlipp had been entirely under the dominion of his aunt, and had accepted her strange opinions as absolute truth, never for a moment to be gainsaid. With the advent of Polly conditions had changed a little, and Aunt Looby had necessarily been compelled to take second place; nevertheless, she remained a very important feature in the household, and from the first, of course, it had been war to the knife between Aunt Looby and Mr. Cudlipp's wife.

"You've done it now, my dear," said John Cudlipp, staring blankly at his wife as the front door slammed. "Wouldn't it be well if I was to run after 'er?"

"Don't you dare!" exclaimed Polly. "At last we have our own place to ourselves, and Aunt Looby is very well out of it—in spite of her bit of money."

"But when she's dead—and comes back in some other shape," suggested John Cudlipp. "She's got a nasty temper—and she'll come back in some way that'll be bad for us."

"Don't be silly!" exclaimed Polly. "In the first place, she won't drown herself—or kill herself in any way; and in the second place, she won't come back."

"You don't know aunt," said John Cudlipp.

The day ended and another began, and there was no sign of Aunt Looby; John took to studying the inquests in the papers with a horrible persistency. On the third morning he made a discovery, and gloomily pointed out a paragraph to his wife. That paragraph suggested that the body of a remarkably stout elderly woman had been fished out of the river near Blackwall; there were no marks of identification; it merely stated that the head was large, and the expression of face stern.

"That's Aunt Looby," said Polly, in a subdued tone. "She's done it after all."

"I knew she would," groaned John Cudlipp. "After this we may expect her at any minute."

"You surely don't think, John—you wouldn't suggest—"

"I do think—and I do suggest," said Mr. Cudlipp, with an apprehensive glance at the door. "If she's had strength of mind enough to do this," he tapped the paper as he spoke, "she'll have strength of mind enough to do the other. The only thing that worries me is—what form is she going to take?"

For the whole of that day they lived in terror. Mrs. Cudlipp glanced out of the window into the narrow street more than once, and shivered at the mere sight of a stray cat making for the door, or a homeless dog wandering along with glances to right and left; but the day wore itself away, and nothing happened. Mr. John Cudlipp came home nervously, and drank his tea in silence. Only one remark did he make as he set down his cup and saucer; and that remark seemed to voice what was in the minds of Polly and himself.

"There's something 'anging over us, Polly," he said.

Even as he spoke the words a resounding knock sounded at the front door. It was like no other knock they had ever heard: it seemed to echo through the house. Polly Cudlipp suddenly burst into hysterical tears, and Mr. Cudlipp felt his hair rising. He moved nervously to the door.

"Don't let It in!" almost screamed Mrs. Cudlipp.

A second and more imperative knock at the door caused John Cudlipp to jump, and to make a desperate dash for it. He threw open the door just as Polly peered out from the door of the little sitting-room; and there, in the little forecourt of the house, stood a female. She nodded affably; indeed, she may be said to have winked knowingly upon Mr. Cudlipp; then she advanced into the little passage.

"Well, dears—'ere I am, you see," she ejaculated, looking from Mr. Cudlipp to his wife.

"We—we've been expectin' you," faltered John Cudlipp, flattening himself against the wall to allow his uncanny visitor to pass.

"Come in—dear 'Aunt Looby," said Polly, backing away into the little sitting-room, and keeping a scared face turned to the visitor. "You've chose a nice shape."

"Shape?" The woman stared from one to the other, and laughed a little sheepishly. "I dunno' what you mean."

"Of course it ain't to be expected that you know exactly what's inside of you," said Mrs. Cudlipp, soothingly. "Come and sit down and make yourself at home. The old chair's waitin' for you."

The stranger glanced round with a look of comical dismay; but finally sank into Aunt Looby's chair, and put her feet on the fender (quite in the Aunt Looby fashion) and laughed comfortably.

"I didn't know I was goin' to be treated like this 'ere," she ejaculated. "On'y 'ope it'll last—that's all."

"'Ave you come far?" asked Polly Cudlipp.

"'Ighgate," retorted the other. "I thought you knew."

"But you was last 'eard of at Blackwall," said Mr. Cudlipp.

"I was never near the place in my life," retorted the woman. "I should like to know," she added, suspiciously, "what you really take me for?"

"We know what you are, though you don't perhaps know it yourself," said Mr. Cudlipp, with an encouraging smile. "You're our poor Aunt Looby, come back in another shape."

"There's some mistake," said the stranger, getting up. "I can't say as I likes the look of you at all—neither of yer. There's been allusions made to the shape of me—most uncalled for;

and I've likewise been called out of my name. If it comes to that," she added, bridling, "I don't know w'y I ever come to yer precious Inkerman Terrace at all."

"You didn't come of your own free will, dear," said Polly Cudlipp, soothingly. "You was pushed, in a manner of speakin'. There's only one fault we've got to find with you, Aunt Looby; you've come back a deal younger than you went away, and you'll probably live a deal longer than you might 'ave done. But you 'aven't got a bad face—come to look at yer."

The stranger had just begun a heated retort when there came another knock at the door. It was a timid knock—a knock with an air of hesitation about it. Mr. Cudlipp glanced at his wife, and sighed: Polly Cudlipp began to tremble.

"Perhaps I'd better go and see what it is," said John, sidling towards the door. "I shall always be afraid to open the door after this. Don't you move, dear," he added, with a reassuring smile to the bewildered visitor.

"Your 'usband's a deal too familiar," she snapped, turning to Polly as the door closed.

Meanwhile, John Cudlipp had slowly opened the door, getting as much behind it as he could in the process. After a moment a massive figure entered, and stalked down the passage; John, peering from behind the door, uttered a scream, tore madly out of the house, and raced hatless down the road. Aunt Looby, after a wondering stare, opened the door of the little sitting-room and went in. Polly raised her hands and emitted shriek after shriek, until Aunt Looby, losing patience, seized her by the shoulders and fairly shook her.

"What's the matter with you, Polly Cudlipp?" she demanded.

"You—you're alive?" stammered Polly, staring at her.

"Of course I am," said Aunt Looby. "I've changed my mind—for the first time in my life. I've decided to forgive you—and to live for your sakes."

"Then 'oo are *you?*" asked Polly Cudlipp, turning to the visitor.

"I'd 'ave you to know that my name is Corinna Peters—the lady you've engaged as general—fourteen a year, an' all found."

"But I don't keep one," stammered Polly, a light breaking in upon her. "You've come to the wrong 'ouse."

"Wrong 'ouse?" Miss Peters glanced from one to the other, and smiled. "I thought there was summink funny about you. Ain't this No. 3, Inkerman Terrace?"

"No—we're No. 2," said Mrs. Cudlipp.

"I seem to have been wastin' my society on you for nothink then," said Miss Peters, making for the door. "I'll wish you good evenin'."

When Mr. Cudlipp crept back to the house under cover of the darkness, and let himself in some two hours later, Polly Cudlipp met him in the little passage, and with a finger on her lip drew him into the sitting-room. Aunt Looby lay comfortably in her chair, with her slippered feet on the fender; she was fast asleep.

"After all, Polly," said Mr. Cudlipp, with a sigh, "she looks more 'ome-like than the other one."

TOLERANCE AND THE SENSE OF HUMOUR

BY SARAH GRAND

THE more one knows of life, the more does one feel satisfied that the great factor necessary for the promotion of harmony in social intercourse is tolerance, tolerance tempered by the sense of humour. Tolerance is the outcome of sympathetic insight. And as to humour, "I dare not tell you," Tennyson wrote to his future wife, "how high I rate humour, which is generally most fruitful in the highest and most solemn human spirits. Dante is full of it; Shakespeare, Cervantes, and all the greatest have been pregnant with this glorious power. You will even find it in the gospel of Christ."

Conservatism is the canker of Society. We allow that variety is wholesome, yet we are always apt to be intolerant of others in any matter in which they differ from ourselves. Our love of tolerance extends, for the most part, only to the tolerance which we expect to have accorded to ourselves—only as far, that is to say, as the *I* of egotism can reach. You may know all the true churches. You may have been in a good many of them. They all talk about love and peace, and good will towards men. But not one of the true churches can abide another. Yet, as Shelley said, "Belief is involuntary; a man should neither be praised nor blamed for his belief." There are people in the country who still believe in that city lady who met a cow one day, and, being too paralysed to run, cried out with a loud voice: "Lie down, sir; lie down!" But why should they not be looked upon leniently, those people? You cannot say that no good end is answered if their ideas be laughable. Laughter is a good end in itself. Laughter is the oxygen of the mind.

A young writer lost seven years' time because she submitted her first book to an adviser who had no sense of humour. The adviser was a great man, and his publisher would have published the book, but the great man said "No"; and the somewhat fatuous reason he gave was that he did not like the title, and could not bear queer people like the heroine, however nice. But the real reason was afterwards made apparent by a passage in the manuscript which the great man had heavily scored, and against which he had written "No! no!" In that passage the girl had said that nothing does good like happy laughter, and that *Punch* was a benefactor of his species in so far as he had taught us to laugh without bitterness. "No! no!" said the great man, still smarting, perhaps, from some sally of *Punch's* at his own expense. So that young writer's career was spoilt for seven long years, for the book, when at last she got it out, made her name.

Now, the probability is that that distinguished man, who has not long gone from us, would have had a happier old age himself, in spite of a singular delusion from which he suffered, if he had cultivated the saving sense of humour in his youth. His delusion was that he was the devil, horns and hoofs and tail and all, just as they pictured him in the middle ages. But

he was not a happy devil. On the contrary, he lived in an agony of apprehension for fear that, when he entered or left a room, someone should shut the door on his tail.

Life would be greatly improved in the living, and the harmony of social intercourse better promoted, if people did not so often forget to remember that nothing is worth disputing about bitterly; that we are each of us entitled to our own point of view; that differences of opinion should be interesting, not irritating. It might surprise you to meet a man who thinks that Milton was nothing but a bore with a big drum. But why should he not think so if he likes? Doubtless for him there is some sort of satisfaction in the thought, and Milton's mighty measure rolls on untroubled. You may not like an opinion, but if it be a surprising opinion, be glad of the surprise. The surprises of life do us good; they shake us up out of ourselves; they give our jaded minds a fillip much needed now that we have reason to fear that there will soon be nothing left for us to be surprised at.

A large-minded man or woman of the world will consider another person's point of view with interest; to a small mind a difference of opinion is always an item of irritation. This is because large-minded men and women of the world have seen too much and learnt too much to be conceited; they know how little they know, and are more anxious to arrive at the truth than to prove themselves right. Tastes not only differ, but they should differ, else must we come to a standstill. Imagination is kept active by differences of taste. Monotony is stultifying.

The sense of humour we have always with us; tolerance is much more rare. A humorous man will even be intolerant of another man whose sense of humour differs from his own. It is very difficult to calculate just exactly how things will strike people. Public speakers have found it a chastening and improving, not to say a disconcerting experience, to find that a whole audience is shaking its head in solemn acceptance of the assurance that many a poor young man has had to work for his living because his father-in-law had neglected to amass a fortune.

In dealing with our fellow creatures, there is one thing which it is very important not to lose sight of, and that is that a person may have the sense of humour without being good-humoured. Men and women are always apt to be taken in, to their own undoing, by one of those people with a fat, jolly laugh, the outcome, not of good nature, but of a depth of selfishness that cannot be plumbed—the laugh of one who refuses to feel anything but his own animal satisfaction, who makes out of all things capital for the gratification of his own egotism.

But you may easily detect him by the things at which he laughs. If he be moved to repulsive mirth by the misfortunes of others; if he see something ridiculous, something funny, where a better nature would see something to pity, you would do well to strike him off your visiting list—or, at all events, only keep him on it for when you want a buffoon at your dinner-parties.

THE LIZARD *

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE

IT is not in the least expected that the general public will believe the statements which will be made in this paper. They are written to catch the eye of Mr. Wilfred Cecil Cording (or Cordy) if he still lives, or in the event of his death, to carry some news of his last movements to any of his still existing friends and relatives. Further details may be had from me (by any of these interested people) at Poste Restante, Kettlewell, Wharfedale, Yorkshire. My name is M'Cray, and I am sufficiently well known there for letters to be forwarded to wherever I may be at the moment.

The matters in question happened two years ago on the last day of August. I had a small high-ground shoot near Kettlewell, but that morning all the upper parts of the hill were thick with dense mist, and shooting was out of the question. However, I had been going it pretty hard since the twelfth, and was not sorry for an off day, the more so as there was a newly-found cave in the neighbourhood which I was anxious to explore thoroughly. Incidentally I may mention that cave-hunting and shooting were then my two chief amusements.

It was my keeper who brought me news to the Race Horses Inn about the impossibility of shooting, and I suggested to him that he should come with me to inspect the cave. He made some sort of excuse—I forget what—and I did not press the matter further. He was a Kettlewell native, and the dalesmen up there look upon the local caves with more awe than respect. They will not own up to believing in bogles, but I fancy their creed runs that way. I used to have a contempt for their qualms, but latterly I have somehow or another learned to respect them.

I had taken unwilling helpers cave-hunting with me before, and found them such a nuisance that I had made up my mind not to be bothered with them again; so, as I say, I did not press for the keeper's society; but took candles, matches in a bottle, some magnesium wire, a small coil of rope, and a large flask of whisky, and set off alone.

The clouds above were wet, and a fine rain fell persistently. I tramped off along one of the three main roads that lead from the village; but which road it was had better remain hidden for the present. And in time I got off this road and cut over the moor.

What I was looking for was a fresh scar on the hillside, caused by a roof-fall in one of the countless caves which honeycomb this limestone district; and although I had got my bearings pretty accurately, the fog was so thick up there that I had to take a good dozen casts before I hit upon the place.

I had not seen it since the 4th of August, when I first stumbled across it by accident whilst I was going over the hill to see how the birds promised for the following twelfth; and I was a good deal annoyed to find by the boot-marks that quite a lot of people had visited it in the interval. However,

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I hoped that the larger part of these were made by shepherds, and perhaps by my own keepers, and, remembering their qualms, trusted that I might find the interior still untampered with.

The cave was easy enough to enter. There was a funnel-shaped slide of peat-earth and mud and clay to start with, well pitted with bootmarks; and then there was a tumbled scree of boulders, slanting inwards, down which I crawled face uppermost till the light behind me dwindled. The way was getting pretty murky, so I lit up a candle to avoid accidents, stepped knee-deep into a lively stream of water, and went briskly ahead. It was an ordinary enough limestone cave so far, with inferior stalactites, and a good deal of wet everywhere. It did not appear to have been disturbed, and I moved along cheerfully.

Presently I got a bit of a shock. The roof above began to droop downwards, slowly but relentlessly. It seemed as though my way was soon going to be blocked. However, the water beneath deepened, and so I waded along to inspect as far on as possible. It was a cold job, for the water was icy, but then I am a bit of an enthusiast about cave-hunting, and it takes more than a trifle of discomfort to stop me.

The roof came down, and down, till I was forced into the water up to my chin, and the air too was none of the best. I was beginning to feel disappointed: it looked as if I had got wet through to the bone with freezing cold cave-water for no adequate result.

However, there is no accounting for the freaks of caves. Just when I fancied I was at the end of my tether, up went the roof again; I was able to stand erect once more; and a dozen yards farther on I came out on to dry rock, and was able to have a rest and a drop of whisky. The roof had quite disappeared to candle-light overhead, so I burned a foot of magnesium wire for a better inspection. It really was a magnificent cave.

But I did not stop to make any accurate measurements or drawings then; and, for reasons which will appear, I have not been near to do so since. I was too cold to care for prolonged admiration, and I wanted to (so to speak) annex the whole of the cave's main contours before I took my departure. I was first man in, and wished to be able to describe the whole of my find. There is a certain keen emulation about these matters amongst cave-hunters.

So I walked on over the flat floor of rock, stepping over and through pools, and round boulders, and dodging round stalactites which hung from the unseen roof above, and slipping between slimy palings of stalagmite which sprouted from the floor. And then I came to a regular big subterranean tarn which stretched right across the cavern.

Spaces were big here, and the candle did little to show them. It burned brightly enough, and that pleased me: one has to be very careful in cave-hunting about foul air, because once overcome by that, it means certain death if one is alone. The air in this cave, however, did not altogether pass muster; there was something new about it, and anything new in cave smells is always suspicious. It wasn't the smell of peat, or iron, or sandstone, or limestone, or fungus, though all

these are common enough in caves; it was a sort of faint musky smell; and I had got an idea that it was in flavour rather sickly. It is hard to define these things; but that smell, although it might very possibly lead to a new discovery, somehow did not cheer me. In fact at times, when I inhaled a deeper breath of it than usual, it came very near to making my flesh creep.

However, hesitations of this kind are not business. I nipped off another foot of magnesium wire, lit it at the candle, and held the flaming end high above my head. Before me the water of the tarn lay motionless as a mirror of black glass; the roof was a groined and fretted dome, far overhead; and at the further side was a beach of white tumbled limestone.

I pitched a stone into the black water, and the mirror woke (I was pleased to think) for the first time during a million years into ripples. Yes, it's worth even a year of hard cave-hunting to do a thing like that.

The stone sank with a luscious *plop*. The water was very deep. But I was wet to the neck already, and didn't mind a swim. So with a lump of clay I stuck one candle in my cap; set up a couple more on the dry rock as a lighthouse to guide my return; lowered myself into the black water, and struck out. The smell of musk oppressed me, and I fancied it was growing more prounounced. So I didn't dawdle. Roughly, I guessed the pool to be some five-and-thirty yards across.

I landed amongst the white, broken limestone on the further side with a shiver and a scramble, and there was no doubt about the smell of musk now; it was strong enough to make me cough. But when I had stood up, got the candle in my hand again, and peered about through the dark, a thrill came through me as I thought I guessed at the cause. A dozen yards further on amongst the tumbled stone was a broken 'cast,' where some monstrous uncouth animal had been entombed in the forgotten ages of the past, and mouldered away and left only the outer shell of its form and shape. For ages this too had endured; indeed it had only been violated by the eroding touch of the water or some earth tremor within the last few days —perhaps at the same time that the 'slip' was made in the moor far above, which made an entrance to the caves.

The 'cast' was half full of splintered rubbish, but even as it was I could see the contour of its sides in many places, and with care the debris could be scooped out, and a workman could with plaster of Paris make an exact model of this beast which had been lost to the world's knowledge for so many weary millions of years. It had been some sort of a lizard or crocodile, and in fancy I was beginning to picture its restored shape posed in the National Museum with my name underneath as discoverer, when my eye fell on something amongst the rubble which brought me to earth with a jar. I stooped and picked it up. It was a common white-handled penknife, of the variety sold by stationers for a shilling. On one side of it was the name of Wilfred Cecil Cording (or Cordy), scratched apparently with a nail. The work was neat enough to start with, but the engraver had wearied with his job; and

the 'Cecil' was slipshod, and the surname too scratchy to be certain about.

On the hot impulse of the moment I threw the knife far from me into the black water, and swore. It is more than a bit unpleasant for an explorer who has made a big discovery to find that he has been forestalled. But since then I have more than once regretted the hard things I said against Cording (if that is his name) in the heat of my first passion. If the man is alive I apologize to him. If, as I strongly suspect, he came to a horrible end there in the cave, I tender my regrets to his relatives.

I looked upon the cast of the saurian now, with the warmth of discovery quite gone. I was conscious of cold, and moreover the musky smell of the place was vastly unpleasant. And I think I should straightway have gone back to daylight and a change of clothes down in Kettlewell, but for one thing. I seemed somehow or other to trace on the rock beneath me the outline of another cast. It was hazy, as a thing of the kind would be if seen through the medium of sparsely transparent limestone, and by the light of a solitary paraffin-wax candle. I kicked at it petulantly.

Some flakes of stone shelled off, and I distinctly heard a more extensive crack.

I kicked again, harder—with all my might in fact. More flakes shelled away, and there was a volley of cracks this time. It did not feel like kicking against stone. It was like kicking against something that gave. And I could have sworn that the musky smell increased. I felt a curious glow coming over me, that was part fright, part excitement, part (I fancy) nausea; but I plucked up my courage, and held my breath, and kicked again, and again, and again. The laminæ of limestone flew up in tinkling showers. There was no doubt about there being something springy underneath now, and that it was the dead carcass of another lizard I hadn't a doubt. Here was luck—here was a find. Here was I, the discoverer of the body of a prehistoric beast preserved in the limestone down through all the ages, just as mammoths have been preserved in Siberian ice.

The quarrying of my boot-heel was too slow for me. I stuck my candle by its clay socket to a rock, and picked up a handy boulder and beat away the sheets of stone with that; and all the time I toiled the springiness of the carcass beneath distinctly helped me. The smell of musk nearly made me sick, but I stuck to the work. There was no doubt about it now. More than once I barked my knuckles against the harsh, scaly skin of the beast itself—against the skin of this anachronism which ought to have perished body and bones ten million years ago. I remember wondering whether they would make me a baronet for the discovery. They do make scientific baronets nowadays for the bigger finds.

Then of a sudden I got a start: I could have sworn the dead flesh moved beneath me.

But I shouted aloud at myself in contempt. "Pah!" I said, "ten million years; the ghost is rather stale by this!" And I set to work afresh, beating away the stone which covered the beast from my sight.

But again I got a start, and this

THE PROGRESS OF STEAM.

Alken's Illustration of Modern Prophecy

A VIEW IN WHITE CHAPEL ROAD 1830.

London, Pub.d Feb.y 20. 1828, by S. & J. Fuller, at their Sporting Gallery, 34. Rathbone Place.

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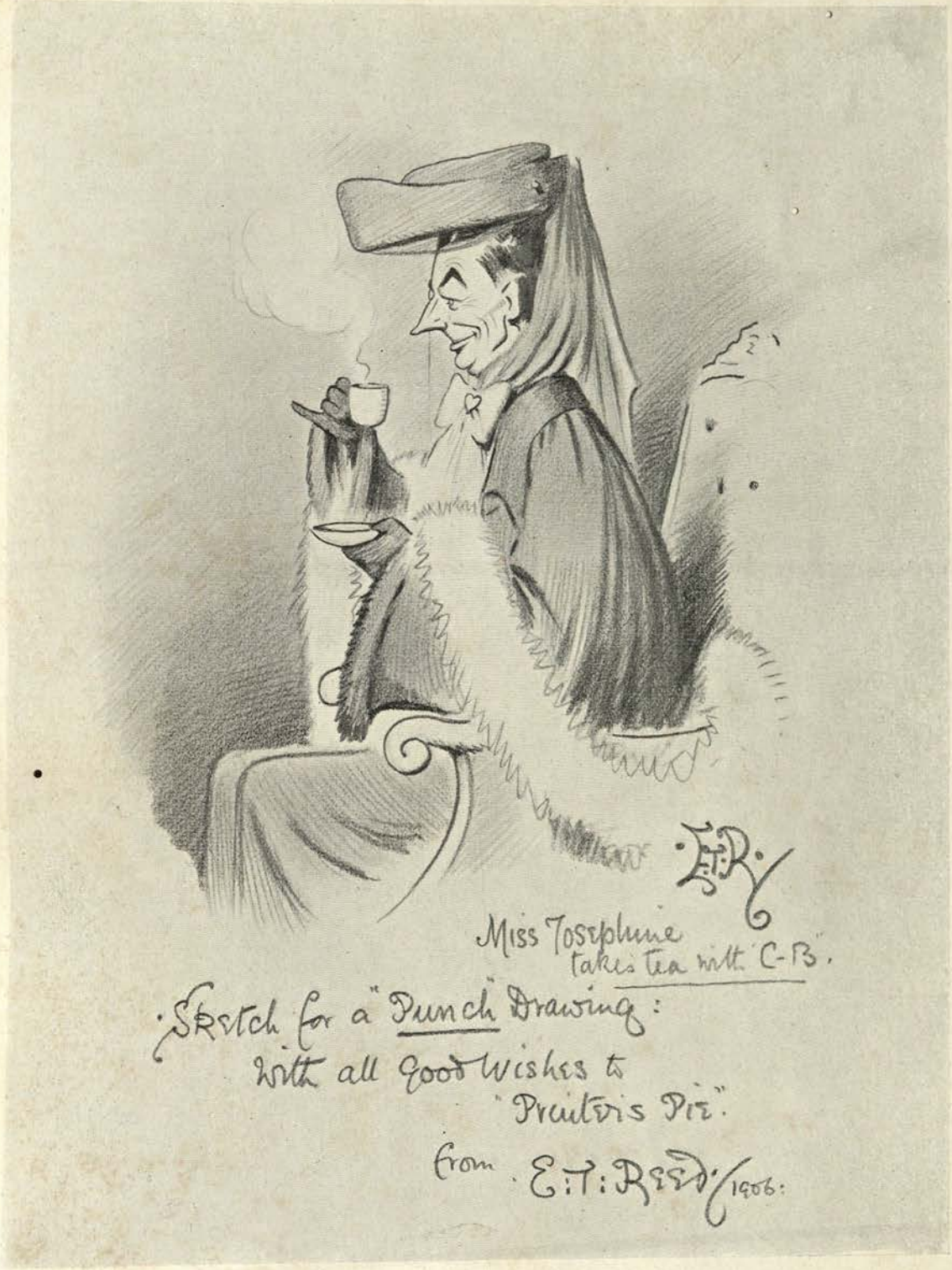


MISS JOSEPHINE

By E. T. REED

MISS PINK: "I believe you were trying to cut me just now."
MR. BANGS: "I'd be cutting a pretty figure to do that, wouldn't I?"

By TOM BROWNE

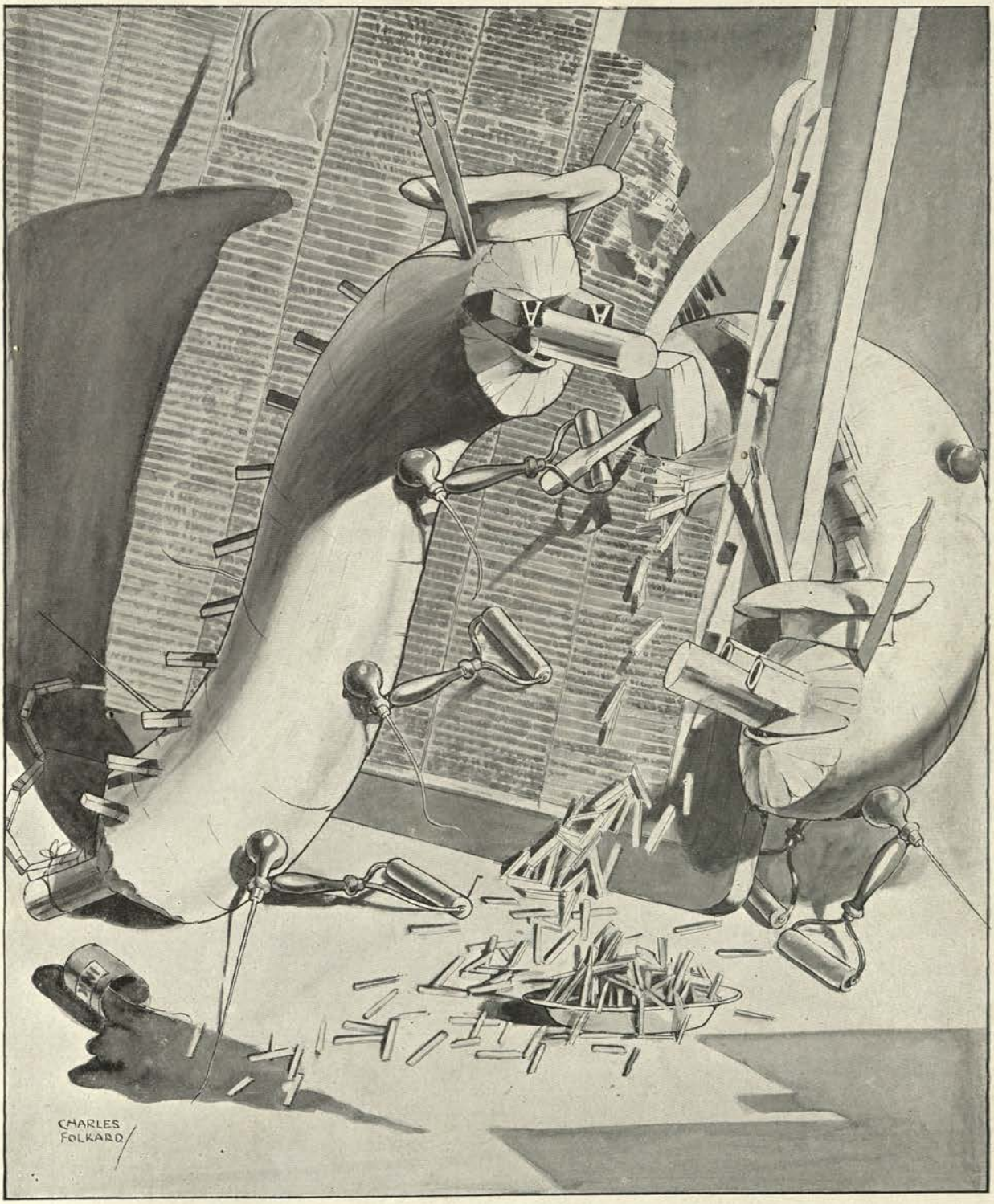
ANOTHER MOTOR SMASH

"She was pinned underneath the car and was unconscious to the end. Dreadful, wasn't it?"
"Awful to think of. Didn't even have time to put her writing desk in order."

By F. H. Townsend

"YOU DARE!"

By STARR WOOD



THE QUEERIT

"When you see the rolling Queerit,
Try to squash him, if you can;
You'll know him by his vowel eyes;
A-hunting is his plan.
Pack away your little pages,
Or he'll catch one by-and-by;
And, with the proceeds of the *chase,*
He'll make a 'Printer's Pie.'"

By CHARLES FOLKARD

THE END OF THE SEASON

"Will you elope with me?"

"I t'ant now, but if I turn out again after tea I will!"

By STARR WOOD

BRIDGET (on being presented with her mistress's last season's hat): "Oh, thank ye mum! That's jest the one my Bill likes me in best!"

By MONTRAVEL

BOOK TITLES IN PICTURES

"The Mighty Atom." By Marie Corelli.

By H. M. Bateman

CONSOLING

NERVOUS FRIEND: "Your chauffeur seems to drive very recklessly."

SMITH: "Yes. He doesn't care what happens when he's the worse for drink!"

By Dudley Buxton

LOAFER: "'Ullo, Lockhart!"

By WILL OWEN

A DISAPPOINTMENT

"She was disappointed in love."
"Ah, jilted?"
"No, she married him."

By PENRHYN STANLAWS

MORE THAN ACQUAINTANCES

VISITOR: "And do you know Lord Brassie?"
CADDIE: "Aye, and mony a tip I've had frae him."
VISITOR: "And the Marquis of Puttington?"
CADDIE: "Fine that."
VISITOR: "And Lord Nibloch?"
CADDIE: "Mon! me and him wears the same cloes!"

By DAVID WILSON

THE HIDDEN TREASURE CRAZE

POLICEMAN: "Now then, what's your little game down there?"
MR. SIKES: "It's all right, guv'nor, I'm only looking for this 'ere 'idden treasure."

By H. M. Brock

DOUBTFUL

LEVY: "'Ave a thigar, old man?"
ISAACS: "Vot's the matter vid id?"

By WILL OWEN

THE CRISIS

THE VICAR: "I am just going in to read to old Muggins. Is he worse?"
THE DOCTOR *(gravely)*: "He needs your help more than mine."
THE VICAR: "Poor old fellow! Is it as bad as that?"
THE DOCTOR: "Yes, he's suffering from insomnia."

By H. M. BROCK

PITY THE POOR

OLD LADY: "My poor man! Where did you learn that hymn tune?"
MELODIOUS MIKE: "You see, lady, I used to play the 'Amonia in church, but I 'ad to give it up 'cos I lost me breath; and now I plays the Vinolia."

By A. G. PIRKIS

SAVED

DRIVER OF RUNAWAY MOTOR: "Thank goodness! Here's something soft to run into at last."

By FRANK CHESWORTH

time it was a more solid one. After I had delivered my blow, and whilst I was raising my weapon for another, a splinter of stone broke away as if pressed up from below, flipped up in the air, and tinkled back to a standstill. My blood chilled, and for a moment the loneliness of that unknown cave oppressed me. But I told myself that I was an old hand; that this was childishness; and, in fact, pulled myself together. I refused to accept the hint. I deliberately put the candle so as to throw a better light, swallowed back my tremors, and battered afresh at the laminated rock.

Twice more I was given warnings, and disregarded them in the name of what I was pleased to call cold common reason; but the third time I dropped the battering stone as though it burnt me, and darted back with the most horrible shock of terror which (I make bold to say) any man could endure and still retain his senses.

There was no doubt about it—the beast was actually moving.

Yes, moving and alive. It was writhing and straining, and struggling to leave its rocky bed, where it had lain quiet through all those countless cycles of time, and I watched it in a very petrifaction of terror. Its efforts threw up whole baskets full of splintered stone at a time. I could see the muscles of its back ripple at each effort. I could see the exposed part of its body grow in size every time it wrenched at the walls of that semi-eternal prison.

Then, as I looked, it doubled up its back like a bucking horse, and drew out its stumpy head and long feelers, giving out the while a thin, small scream like a hurt child; and then with another effort it pulled out its long tail and stood upon the debris of the limestone, panting with a new-found life.

I gazed upon it with a sickly fascination. Its body was about the bigness of two horses. Its head was curiously short, but the mouth opened back almost to the forearm; and sprouting from the nose were two enormous feelers, or antennæ, each at least six feet long, and tipped with fleshy tendrils like fingers, which opened and shut tremulously. Its four legs were jointless, and ended in mere club feet, or callosities; its tail was long, supple, and fringed on the top with a sawlike row of scales. In colour it was a bright grass-green, all except the feelers, which were of a vivid blue. But mere words go poorly for a description, and the beast was outside the vocabulary of to-day. It conveyed somehow or other a horrible sense of deformity, which made one physically ill to look upon it.

But worst of all was the musky smell. That increased till it became almost unendurable, and though I half-strangled myself to suppress a sound, I had to yield at last and give my feelings vent.

The beast heard me. I could not see that it had any ears, but anyway it distinctly heard me. Worse, it hobbled round clumsily with its jointless legs, and waved its feelers in my direction. I could not make out that it had any eyes; anyway they did not show distinct from the rough skin of its head; its sensitiveness seemed to lie in those fathom-long feelers and in the fleshy fingers which twitched and grappled at the end of them.

Then it opened its great jaws, which hinged, as I said, down by the forearm, and yawned cavernously, and came towards me. It seemed to have no trace of fear or hesitation. It hobbled clumsily on, exhibiting its monstrous deformity in every movement, and preceded always by those hateful feelers, which seemed to be endued with an impish activity.

For awhile I stayed in my place, too paralysed by horror of this awful thing I had dragged up from the forgotten dead to move or breathe. But then one of its livid blue feelers—a hard armoured thing like a lobster's—touched me, and the fleshy fingers at the end of it pawed my face and burned me like nettles. I leaped into movement again. The beast was hungry after its fast of ten million years; it was trying to make me its prey; those fearful jaws——

I turned and ran.

It followed me. In the feeble light of the one solitary candle I could see it following accurately in my track, with the waving feelers and their twitching fingers preceding it. It had pace too. Its gait, with those clumsy, jointless legs, reminded one of a barrel-bellied sofa suddenly endowed with life, and careering over rough ground. But it distinctly had pace. And what was worse, the pace increased. At first it had the rust of those eternal ages to work out of its cankered joints; but the stiffness passed away, and presently it was following me with a speed equal to my own.

If this huge green beast had shown anger, or eagerness, or any of those things, it would have been less horrible; but it was absolutely unemotional in its hunt, and this helped to paralyse me; and in the end, when it drove me into a *cul de sac* amongst the rocks, I was very near surrendering myself through sheer terror to what seemed the inevitable. I wondered dully whether there had been another beast entombed beside it, and whether that had eaten the man who owned the penknife—Cordy or Cording his name was.

But the idea warmed me up. I had a stout knife in my own pocket, and after some fumbling got it out and opened the blade. The feelers with their fringe of fumbling fingers were close to me. I slashed at them viciously, and felt my knife grate against their armour. I might as well have hacked at an iron rail.

Still, the attempt did me good. There is an animal love for fighting stowed away in the bottom of all of us somewhere, and mine woke then. I don't know that I expected to win; but I did intend to do the largest possible amount of damage before I was caught. I made a rush, stepped with one foot on the beast's creeping back, and leaped astern of him; and the beast gave its thin, small scream, and turned quickly in chase after me.

The pace was getting terrific. We doubled, and turned, and sprawled, and leapt amongst the slimy boulders, and every time we came to close quarters I stabbed at the beast with my knife, but without ever finding a joint in its armour. The tough skin gave to the weight of the blows, it is true, but it was like stabbing with a stick upon leather.

It was clear, though, that this could not go on. The beast grew in strength and activity, and probably in dumb

anger, though actually it was as unemotional as ever; but I was every moment growing more blown, and more bruised, and more exhausted.

At last I tripped and fell. The beast with its clumsy waddle shot past me before it could pull up, and in desperation I threw one arm and my knees around its grass-green tail, and with my spare hand drove the knife with the full of my force into the underneath of its body.

That woke it at last. It writhed, and it plunged, and it bucked with a frenzy that I had never seen before, and its scream grew in piercingness till it was strong as the whistle of a steam engine. But still I hung doggedly on to my place, and planted my vicious blows. The great beast doubled and tried to reach me; it flung its livid blue feelers backwards in vain efforts? I was beyond its clutch. And then, with my weight still on its back, it gave over dancing about the floor of the cavern, and set off at its hobbling gait directly for the water.

Not till it reached the brink did I slip off; but I saw it plunge in; I saw it swim strongly with its tail; and then I saw it dive and disappear for good.

And what next? I took to the water too, and swam as I had never swam before—swam for dear life, to the opposite side. I knew that if I waited to cool my thoughts I should never pluck up courage for the attempt. It was then or not at all. I had to risk the horrors of that passage, or stay where I was and starve—and be eaten.

How I got across I do not know. How I landed I cannot tell. How I got down the windings of the cave and through that water alley is more than I can say. And whether the beast followed me I do not know either. I got to daylight again somehow, staggering like a drunken man. I struggled down off the moor, and on to the village, and noted how the people ran from me. At the Race Horses the landlord cried out as though I had been the plague. It seemed that the musky smell that I brought with me was unendurable, though by this time the mere detail of a smell was far beneath my notice. But I was stripped from my stinking clothes and washed and put to bed, and the doctor came from Grassington and gave me an opiate; and when twelve hours later wakefulness came to me again, I had the sense to hold my tongue. All the village wanted to know from whence came that hateful odour of musk, but I said stupidly I did not know. I said "I must have fallen into something."

And there the matter ends for the present. I go no more cave-hunting, and I offer no help to those who do. But if the man who owned that white-handled penknife is alive I should like to compare experiences with him; and if, as I strongly suspect, he is dead, these pages may be of interest to his relatives. He was not known in Kettlewell or any of the other villages where I inquired, but he could very well have come over the hills from Pateley Bridge way. Cording was the name scratched on the knife, or Cordy—I could not be sure which; and, as I have said, mine is M'Cray, and I can be heard of at the Kettlewell Post Office, though I have given up the shooting on the moor near there. Somehow the air of the district sickens me. There seems to be a taint in it.

THE CHAUFFEUR *

BY E. V. LUCAS

I.

Mrs. Adrian Armyne to her sister.
(Extract.)

WE have found a most delightful chauffeur, a Frenchman named ACHILLE LE BON, who speaks English perfectly, although with a fascinating accent, and is altogether most friendly and useful. He is continually doing little things for me, and it is nice too to have some one to talk French with. ADRIAN's conversational French has always been very rusty. You remember how in that little shop at Avignon in 1880 he said "*Quel est le dommage?*" for "What is the price?"

II.

Mr. Adrian Armyne to the Conservative Agent at Wilchester.

MR. ADRIAN ARMYNE presents his compliments to Mr. BASHFORD, and greatly regrets what must look very like a slight in his absence from the chair at last night's meeting, but circumstances over which he had no control caused him to miss the way in his motor-car, and afterwards to break down at a spot where it was impossible to get any other vehicle. Mr. ARMYNE cannot too emphatically express his regret at the occurrence, and his hope that trust in his good faith as a worker in the cause of Fiscal Reform may not be permanently shattered.

III.

Sir Vernon Boyce to Mr. Armyne.

DEAR ARMYNE,—I think you ought to know that I came across your Frenchman with a gun in the Lower Spinney this morning, evidently intending to get what he could. He explained to me that he distinctly understood you to say that he was at liberty to shoot there. How such a misunderstanding can have arisen I cannot guess, but he is now clearly informed as to divisions of land and other matters which apparently are different in France. It is all right, but I think you ought to keep an eye on him.

Yours sincerely,
VERNON BOYCE.

IV.

Mrs. Armyne to her sister.
(Extract.)

ACHILLE is certainly very useful, although his mercurial French nature makes him a little too careless about time, and once or twice he has been nowhere to be found at important junctures. For instance, we completely missed Lord TANCASTER's wedding the other day. Not that that mattered very much, especially as we had sent a silver inkstand; but ADRIAN is rather annoyed. ACHILLE plays the mandoline charmingly (we hear him at night in the servants' hall); and he has been teaching me *repoussé* work.

V.

Mrs. Armyne to Mrs. Jack Lyon.

DEAR MRS. LYON,—My husband and myself are deeply distressed to have put out your table last evening, but it

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was one of those accidents that occur now and then, and which there is no foreseeing or remedying. The fact is that we were all ready to go, and had ordered the car, when it transpired that ACHILLE, our chauffeur, had been called to London by telegram, and had left in so great a hurry that he had no time to warn us. By the time we could have sent to the village and got a carriage your dinner would have been over, and so we decided not to go at all. ACHILLE has not yet returned, which makes us fear the poor fellow, who has relatives in Soho, may have found real trouble.

Yours sincerely,
EMILY ARMYNE.

VI.

Mr. Armyne to Achille Le Bon.

DEAR ACHILLE,—I am very sorry to have to tell you that it has been made necessary for us to ask you to go. This is not on account of any dissatisfaction that we have with you, but merely that Mrs. ARMYNE has heard of the son of an old housekeeper of her father's who wishes for a post as chauffeur, and she feels it only right that he should be given a trial. You will, I am sure, see how the case stands. Perhaps we had better say that a month's notice begins from to-day, but you may leave as much earlier as you like. I shall, of course, be only too pleased to do all I can to find you another situation. I should have told you this in person, but had to go to town, and now write because I think it would be wrong not to let you have as early an intimation of Mrs. ARMYNE's decision as possible.

I am, Yours faithfully,
ADRIAN ARMYNE.

VII.

Mr. Armyne to Achille Le Bon.
(By hand.)

DEAR ACHILLE,— I am afraid that a letter which was posted to you from London when I was last there, a month ago, cannot have reached you. Letters are sometimes lost, and this must be one of them. In it I had to inform you that Mrs. ARMYNE, having made arrangements for an English chauffeur who has claims on her consideration (being the son of an old housekeeper of her father's, who was in his service for many years, and quite one of the family), it was made necessary for us, much against our will, for we esteem you very highly, to ask you to go. As that letter miscarried I must now repeat the month's notice that I then was forced to give, and the permission for you to leave at any time within the month if you like.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
ADRIAN ARMYNE.

VIII.

Mr. Armyne to his nephew Sidney Burnet. (*Extract.*)

There seems to be nothing for it but to sell our car. This is a great blow to us, but we cannot go on as we are, apparently owning a car, but in reality being owned by a chauffeur.

IX.

Sidney Burnet to Mr. Armyne.

DEAR UNCLE,—Don't sell the car. The thing to do is to pretend to sell it, get rid of your NAPOLEON, and then have it back. Why not say I have

bought it? I will come over one day soon and drive it home. Say Thursday morning.

Your affectionate nephew,

SIDNEY.

X.

Mr. Armyne to Mr. Sidney Burnet.

MY DEAR SIDNEY,—Your plan seems to me to be ingenious, but your aunt is opposed to it. She says that ACHILLE might find it out. Suppose, for example, he came back for something he had forgotten and saw the car in the coach-house again? What should we do? Another objection is that poor JOB is ill, and ACHILLE remarked to me the other day that before he took to engineering he was a gardener. From what I know of him this means that, unless JOB gets better, ACHILLE, if your plan is carried through, will ask to be retained in JOB's place—probably offering to do the work without any wages, which will make it impossible for me to refuse: Heaven having omitted no single piece of ordnance from his battery!—and this will mean that we shall never see asparagus or strawberries again. Don't you think that we might go to town, and you could ride over to "Highcroft" and give ACHILLE notice yourself for me, and pay him off? We will go to town to-morrow and you might see ACHILLE on Monday.

Your affectionate uncle.

XI.

Sidney Burnet to Mr. Armyne.

DEAR UNCLE,—I went over and sacked ACHILLE to-day as arranged, but he replied that he could take notice only from you; and that from what Aunt EMILY had said to him just before you went away he is sure there has been some mistake. As to notice from you, I'm afraid the beggar's right. He seems to have taken advantage of your absence to build a really rather clever pergola leading from Aunt EMILY's sitting-room to the rose walk, as a surprise for Mrs. ARMYNE, he said. He has also re-painted all your bookshelves and mended that pair of library steps. With the dispatch of this bulletin I retire from the position of discharger of French barnacles.

Your affectionate nephew,

SIDNEY.

XII.

Mrs. Jack Lyon to a friend a few months later. (*Extract.*)

You remember the ARMYNES? In despair at ever getting rid of their chauffeur, who certainly led them a fearful dance, although he was rather a dear creature, the poor things let their house for a year and decided to travel. I have just heard from BELLA, from Florence, that she met them toiling up the hill to Fiesole the other day, and behind them, carrying Mrs. ARMYNE's easel, was—who do you think? The chauffeur!

OUR WAITER AT MULLIGAN'S

His Second Appearance: By Permission of Mr. Punch

BY HENRY W. LUCY

I WON'T mention where Mulligan's is to be found. This sheet is not connected with the advertisement department. But I'll tell you about the waiter.

We were driving through a remote district in the West of Ireland. The horses broke down at a point an hour distant from our destination. Mulligan's stood by the wayside. It was not an attractive hostelry, but it was *aut* Mulligan's *aut nullus*. So we engaged beds for seven at Mulligan's.

When first we came upon our waiter he was spreading the table for luncheon. The meal was confected of some tasty odds and ends of salt bacon, tempered by thin cuts of tinned tongue. But the magnificent manner with which the covers were laid, the air with which the banquet was served!

Some sixty winters had sprinkled snow on our waiter's massive head. Calling in Art to redress the balance with Nature, "restoratives" had evidently been applied. In places the dye had caught on; in others the effort was not wholly successful. The general result was a little patchy. However, we were too hungry to be critical.

Our waiter was arrayed in a dress suit which probably belonged to Malachi when he wore the collar of gold he won from the proud invader. The trousers were shiny about the knees, and a little short over the ankles, displaying to fuller advantage the patent leather (cracked) shoes. The waistcoat had an obstreperous habit of rising above the collar of the coat at the back of the neck, apparently trying to overtake the black tie which overlapped the shirt collar. The dress coat was curiously embroidered with relics of mustard, deposits of pepper, memories of otherwise forgotten gravies and rich sauces.

These are trifles. It was the bearing of our waiter, his voice, his gestures, the bend of his head and the wave of his hand when he spoke, that impressed the casual wayfarer. In repose—as when, with noiseless footfall, he glided around the table frowning at importunate flies—he recalled Mr. Turveydrop. Aroused, when asked if anything was going to follow the odds and ends of bacon—he, for a terrible moment, realized one's impressions of John Kemble. When he had occasion to leave the room he didn't walk out like an ordinary waiter. He made an exit.

"Got any potatoes?" asked the Commodore.

Mr. Turveydrop-Kemble regarded him for a moment with reflective gaze, as if wondering why anyone could have made him a Baronet. Then, flinging open the door with his left hand, he pointed to the indeterminate distance with his right, and as he passed off the stage, said in a deep voice, "I go to inquire."

After due interval he returned, carefully closed the door, and, striding up to the Commodore, stood for a moment mastering his emotion.

"I thought," he declaimed, in tone of deep resignation, "that potatoes were going. I find they are not."

"In fact, they're gone," said the Commodore, flippantly.

Mr. Turveydrop-Kemble (tragedy now predominant) mutely bowed his head. He had spoken his part at a particular cue. There was nothing more in "the book," and, like all leading actors, he abhorred gag—by others.

"Now what can you give us for dinner?" said the Commodore, leaning back in his chair and folding up somebody else's serviette. (We all had some one else's napkin. By taking thought, one or two of the party managed to find a comparatively clean inch on the one dealt out to them.)

Some bits of cheese, apparently broken up by a hammer earlier used in the coal-cellar, followed the odds and ends of bacon. The Commodore, kindest-hearted of men, anxious not to hurt anyone's feelings, assumed the satisfied air of one who had lunched off a plate of turtle soup, half-a-dozen oysters, and a young grouse.

"We don't want much for dinner," he continued, affably. "Soup, fish, and a joint, you know."

Mr. Turveydrop-Kemble, standing by his chair in the attitude of chief mourner, eyed him sidewise with compassionate glance.

"We can't promise you fish," he said, with a tear in his voice. "We have it on the premises, it is true. But I can't recommend it—at least, not to you."

This with a gracious wave of the hand comprehending the company. Apparently to meet local taste they keep fish at Mulligan's till it becomes odorous.

"You shall have ox-tail soup," he added, appropriately changing from the Kemble to the Turveydrop manner.

"Ah," said the Commodore, feebly smacking his lips. "And what joint?"

"Duck," Mr. Turveydrop-Kemble decisively answered. "And" (here he almost ogled one of the ladies) "for a third course, apple tart."

He was better than his word. When we sat down to the banquet we found that roast beef had been added to the menu. It was thrilling to hear him, relapsing into the Kemble character, breathe into the ears of the guests the hollow whisper, "Roast duck or beef."

When all were served he resumed the place of chief mourner by the Commodore's chair. With hands clasped before him, head slightly bent, he watched, and evidently listened. Some one who had visited a waterfall in the afternoon observed that the volume of water was slight.

"Excuse me breaking into your conversation," said Mr. Turveydrop-Kemble, his patent leather shoes instinctively falling into the third position. "But in view of recent dry weather, you must not accept the present condition of the Falls as nomadic."

It was interesting company. But taking into account the size of the bedrooms and some other matters, the Commodore at breakfast asked for his bill. Our waiter had begun a fresh morning in sprightliest Turveydrop manner. He plumped down to the infinite gloomiest depths of Kemble.

"Excuse me asking," he murmured, passing his hand across his suddenly furrowed brow. "I hope nothing has

arisen within these premises to inoculate this abrupt decision. There has, I trust, been no incivility nor any assault?"

This last suggestion was a little startling. Evidently assault from some unknown quarter was one of the ordinary conditions of life at Mulligan's.

The Commodore assured him that we had never been better treated in our lives. Also, he tipped him on a scale that momentarily took away his breath. But nothing could arouse him from the fit of depression into which he had fallen.

As we drove away I noticed that, with his quick appreciation of a situation, he had, as it were, gone into mourning. Ordinary people in such cases use black-edged writing paper. As Mr. Turveydrop-Kemble sadly waved farewell with his hand I observed that it was black-edged at the finger-nails.

WHAT TO SAY

BY BARRY PAIN

Introductory.

IT is a well-known fact that if we only talked about subjects with which we were acquainted we should most of us go down to the grave in a dishonoured silence. There are occasions when politeness calls us to speak on some subject that demands the knowledge of an expert. Our modesty and ignorance are powerless against our good-natured wish to do what is expected of us. We speak, and we become supremely ridiculous. These occasions cannot be avoided. What are we to say when Smith will show us his new motor-car, or when Robinson will ask us to inspect his Academy pictures? What is wanted is a simple guide written by an ignoramus for ignoramuses—written, that is to say, by a man who has learned by long experience how best to avoid an exposure of his own ignorance. Here are a few typical cases.

Motor Cars.

When you are asked to come and have a look at the new motor car, much will depend upon whether the asker is a lady, or a male owner, or the driver. If it is the driver your right course is to say that you would have enjoyed it, but you have not the time. If it is a lady, confine your remarks entirely to the body of the car. Speak of the colour of the paint, the comfort and elegance of the upholstery, and the ingenuity of the electric-light fitting. This is all that she cares about, and you can easily make her happy without showing your own hand. With the male owner an exactly opposite course must be taken. On no account must you say anything whatever about the body. Should he by chance, in a moment of forgetfulness, say anything about it himself, snub him, and tell him that kind of thing does not matter. Then he will respect you. Ask to see the engines. As they are being exposed to view say, "Anything special about your carburetter?" There is always something special about the carburetter. When he has finished his mis-statements on the subject, you observe, "Sounds ingenious." Look long and carefully at the car's interior and for some moments say no other word. Then get up brusquely and ask him if he would mind starting her. If he can start her, say, "Excellent! Couldn't want anything better." If he cannot start her, say, "I was afraid so," and leave hurriedly.

Pictures.

The distance at which you stand from the picture should be double the height of the frame. Your best adjective will be "Interesting." Avoid "Beautiful," which carries no conviction with it. If it looks half-finished refer to strength and cleverness. If it is considerably over-cooked, "Scholarly" is the useful word. Never show the slightest interest in the title, or in any story which the picture might be supposed to suggest. Hold up one hand as if you were trying to see the picture with one particular passage in it omitted. Do not stay too long.

Books.

If you are not talking to an author, nothing that you can possibly say about any book will sound foolish. If you are talking to an author the probability is that nothing which you can possibly say will sound anything else. If it is his own book, your best course will be to say that you simply cannot discuss it, that you never knew any other book which had quite the same effect on you. After this he may try to press the subject further, but he has had quite as much as is good for him.

Music.

This is a case for pure bluff. When the great violinist has made his bow and retired, you observe that you don't like the way the man does his hair. This has nothing whatever to do with the music, but sounds as if you could say a good deal about it if you liked. Probably, if you had spoken about the music, it would have sounded as if you were not even competent to give an opinion on his hair.

Babies.

It is not safe to do more than to be struck by the likeness, and to say what intelligent eyes the beast has got. If you call it "he," it will be "she." If you call it "she," it will be "he." If you call it "It," the mother will be mad. Perhaps this is a case where it is better to sink the politeness. But if unavoidable, try "The little darling!" This pleases mamma, and does not give you away on the sex question.

Steamships.

The probability is, if you know nothing about them, that you will not want to talk much, and will have good reasons for withdrawing yourself from the conversation.

"WHO'S WHO?"

(Dedicated with homage to all Printers)

BY MAX PEMBERTON

WHO never skips my glowing page?
Who keeps his head when battles rage?
Whose brow is calm when thunders roar?
Like Oliver, who asks for more?
Who cares not what the colour be
Of Beauty's eyes, so blue to me?
My Printer.

Who, *virginibus puerisque*, knows
That "d—n" 's taboo in decent prose?
Who "bluster" from my hero's lips
Makes "blast her" in corrected slips?
Who reads my scrawl for "Paradise"
And gleans of it a "penny ice"?
My Printer.

Who chose to make Belinda fair
A pleasing chestnut dye her *heir?*
Who sent my maiden aunt to—well,
My pen had written "Camberwell"?
Who said the Bishop's wife was "thick"
When I had really wished for "*chic*"?
My Printer.

Who's callous at my lady's kiss,
And sets it up "*a lingering hiss*"?
Who, when Amadis dusts his knees,
Unkindly mentions them as "fleas"?
Who spoiled my passage on the Ghats
By spying out the word as "rats"?
My Printer.

CONFIRMATION

BY MOSTYN T. PIGOTT

WITH THUMBNAIL ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. RAVEN HILL

"JUST BECAUSE MY FACE HAD SWELLED UP OWING TO AN ACHING TOOTH."

ROSALIND,
do you remember
How I
asked you to be
mine?
'Twas the sixth of
last September
When it pleased
you to decline.

Zephyrs rustled all the rushes
'Neath the sunset's after-glow,
As, with most becoming blushes,
You distinctly answered, "No!"

Hardly had the word been spoken,
Than a flash through my inside
Told me that my heart was broken,
Since you would not be my bride.

Then I fell upon my knees on
Herbage that was far from dry,
Begging you to tell the reason
For your pitiless reply.

Rosalind, you did not tarry;
How my heart went pit-a-pat
When you said, "I couldn't marry
One who had a face like that!"

Then my tears in anguish welled up—
Blighted was my buoyant youth,
Just because my face had swelled up
Owing to an aching tooth.

So I pleaded, "Dearest dear, hear
One who sadly needs a friend!
Is there any dentist near here
You can strongly recommend?"

You, in tones no whit
sententious,
Said, "You might
try Mr. Baynes.
He is very conscien-
tious,
He, you'll find,
will spare no
pains."

"MR. BAYNES SHIRKED NO ENDEAVOUR."

Mr. Baynes shirked
no endeavour,
Dragging me
around the
room,
Till my face was worse than ever—
Hopeless now appears my doom.

Spasms through my frame are tearing,
Nor will quit me, I expect:
When you spoke of pains unsparing,
You were perfectly correct!

HOW I WROTE "THE INVASION OF 1910"

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX

THE writing of "The Invasion of 1910" was certainly a considerable undertaking. For three years I had been busy collecting data from all sources, making careful inquiry into the real condition of our Army and Navy, and obtaining the opinions of many experts, both French and German, as well as English. From the very outset, however, whenever I expressed my intention of writing a really serious and technical forecast, I was always discouraged by experts, who, one and all, urged me to stick to writing novels, and leave such matters as national defence to the United Service Institution and such-like associations.

One day, in conversation with Lord Roberts—who had very kindly written an appreciation of my "Great War," published in 1893—I mentioned my desire to write a work which should illustrate England's weakness, with the object of stimulating the country to a sense of its unpreparedness. He at once gave me warm encouragement, and from that moment I set out with a fixed determination to overcome the thousand-and-one obstacles that stood in my path.

The task, I already knew, was a colossal one. Many forecasts had been written, but all of them were fantastic fiction. I sat in my study at Florence and pondered. To do the book properly meant the reconnoitring of the whole of England from the Tyne down to the Thames, and the collection of masses of important detail, before I put pen to paper. Yet, if the thing was worth doing, it was worth doing well. So a few days later I packed my traps, returned to England, and the next six months I spent in my 40 h.p. motor car in constant travel up and down every by-road between Newcastle and London, and eastward to the coast. Days, weeks, months passed. The difficulties were enormous. Through seven weeks on end I never slept in the same bed twice, travelling daily in all weathers—sun, rain, frost, snow, hail—in fact my chauffeur, Phillips, and I had samples of everything. But, happily, we one day each bought a set of yellow fishermen's oilskins in King's Lynn, and hereafter kept ourselves fairly dry.

Every town, every village, nay, every insignificant hamlet, I carefully noted in my books and marked on the ordnance maps. The resources, provision-shops, telegraphs, telephones, state of the roads, contours, positions—all were carefully put down for future reference. Often I was accompanied by one or two of the highest experts in strategy, who marked out the most probable places for battles, and gave me the benefit of their technical knowledge.

Hardened traveller that I am after fifteen years as a special newspaper correspondent on the Continent, and journeying in search of local colour for my novels, I shall never forget those months spent motoring in rural England. Sometimes we found ourselves in the big cities, and able to dine decently; at others, we spent the nights in obscure villages, and our

lunches consisted of bread and cheese and ale. Many quaint out-of-the-world places we visited, especially those isolated spots on the bleak East coast, points that constitute 'the back-door to England." Whole weeks of this hard travelling were, however, often thrown away; for, having examined the country, we frequently found that owing to tactical difficulties inland, an enemy would never risk a landing. The Yorkshire and Lincolnshire coasts, for instance, we disregarded, save at one point—Grimsby—though we devoted some weeks to their careful consideration upon the spot. The golden autumn days in rural Norfolk and Suffolk were delightful, but the winter in Lancashire and Yorkshire, with whole weeks of rain, was truly unpleasant. Yet we pushed on, day by day, through all weathers; my 40 h.p. Napier throbbing away over nine thousand miles of all kinds of roads without having to stop one single moment on account of the engine.

Probably no car ever had such a severe test; certainly no car ever emerged from a test with less damage; for at the end of the run we re-entered London with the engine running actually better than when we left.

Our adventures during those long weeks of travel were many, and sometimes amusing. One wintry evening, just as darkness had set in, we entered the little town of Thetford, and near the railway station I espied a likely inn for tea. We pulled up, and, descending, I entered the private parlour, walked to the bell, and rang it. Next second I saw that the room was wrecked, furniture and ornaments broken, table overturned, coals strewn about the floor, and the window smashed. In response to my ring the fat landlady hurried in breathless, and in answer to my inquiry, said: "Oh! sir, I've just had such a fright! Two gentlemen met here on family affairs, quarrelled, and started to break up my furniture! Mine! I've given them both in charge, an' they're now at the station, sir!"

My man and I laughed at the amusing episode, and subsequently had our tea amid the wreck.

Probably many readers of PRINTERS' PIE are motorists, and to such I would advise that if they want a good road upon which to try a new car—a straight, level road upon which there are, up to the present, no police traps—they should stay the night at the Saracen's Head, at Lincoln, and then run from there up to New Holland. Bar two or three arched bridges, this practically unknown road is one of the most perfect and level for motoring, if not the most perfect, in England.

But to return to the "Invasion." The collection of material was a colossal task. The examination in detail of the whole of eastern England was in itself a huge work; the copious notes soon grew to gigantic proportions, and volumes of pencilled memoranda the result was.

From the Ordnance maps we prepared war maps for ourselves covered with strange hieroglyphics, and upon them marked all the information which we were daily gathering. People wondered why I was prying about. Many local people had to be interviewed in the various large towns, in order to obtain some idea of the crisis in trade likely to arise if an

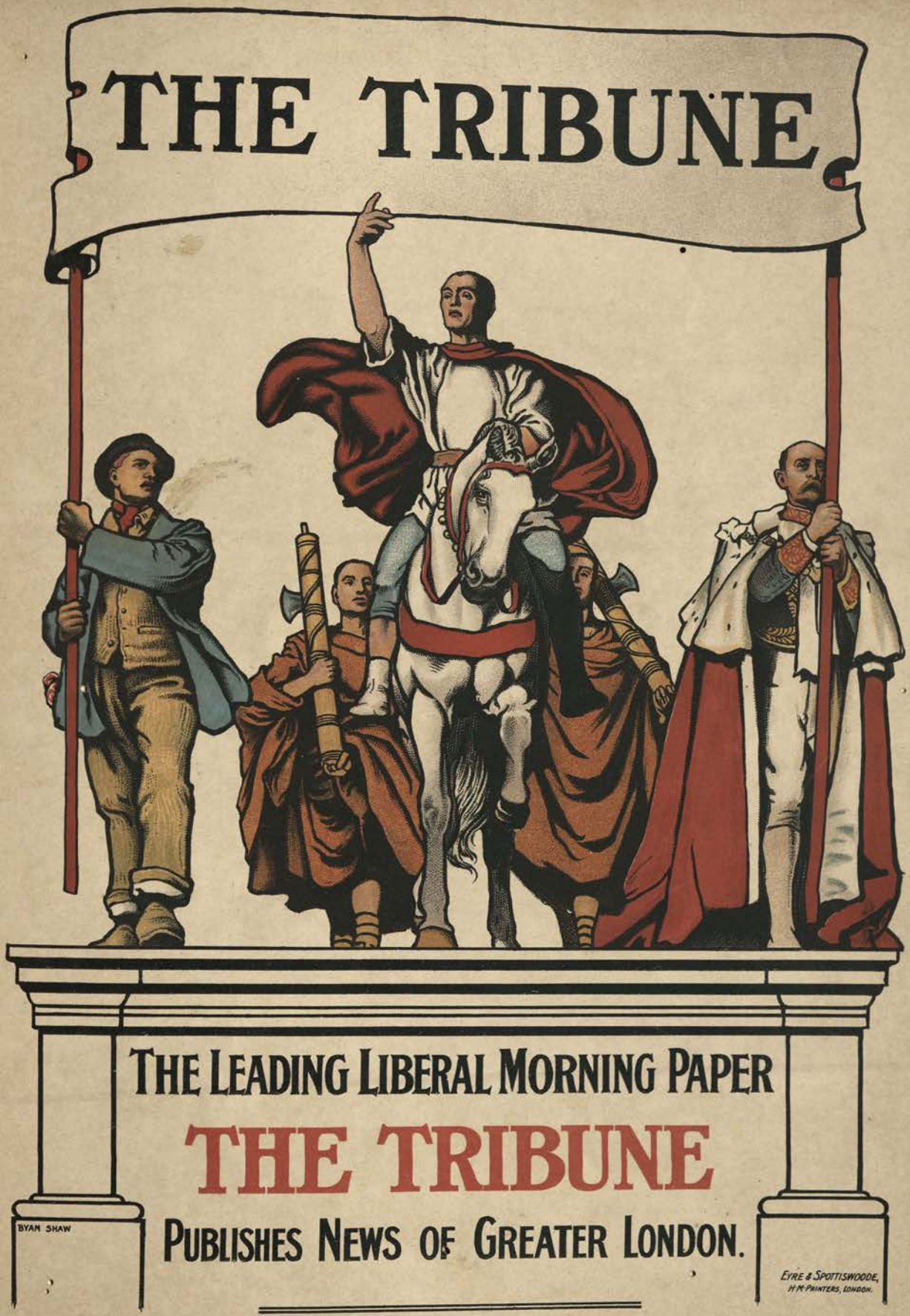
invasion occurred. Manufacturers, financiers, wholesale dealers, and men carrying on various businesses were duly questioned, and their ideas and suggestions carefully chronicled. Some of the very highest authorities upon banking and trade were consulted, and as all did not, of course, agree, it was necessary to strike a medium line in prognostication. Opinions differed all over the country, thus rendering my task far greater than it would have been had I only consulted one expert in every branch. I, however, was anxious to get at the bedrock of truth, and did my utmost towards this end.

Then came the actual writing, which took many months — every written fact being again placed before experts and duly authenticated. The strategy was submitted to the first strategists of the day, and the plan of campaign received the commendation of perhaps the first soldier in Europe. With the naval portion of the novel I was assisted by my friend Mr. H. W. Wilson, the well-known writer upon naval matters; while with the military part I had the assistance of certain renowned officers whose names I am not at liberty, for obvious reasons, to divulge here.

The maps and plans were drawn, the story written, and the day came for the publication of the opening chapter in the *Daily Mail*, when, as a bolt from the blue, the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, thought fit, in the House of Commons, to actually condemn my work unread! He could not have perused it, as the manuscript was locked up in my safe; and that being so, I wrote asking for an explanation, whereupon he made me two shuffling replies.

And after publication? Well, it created the utmost alarm and consternation in Germany—where it is now being read in German with avidity. It is translated into French, Spanish, Norwegian, and Italian; it is being commented on, I believe, in every town and village in this country, and it has resulted in my receiving no fewer than seven distinct threats to murder me from irate Germans. From my German publishers I hear that it is now regarded in every military mess throughout the German Empire as a text-book upon the coming invasion of England; and in Hanover and in Düsseldorf the military authorities the other day held an examination upon the general scheme as I have propounded it. To those who have condemned me for giving away any military secrets —and they are many—I would like to say that I have betrayed no single piece of confidential information.

That I have shown England's weakness and her utter unpreparedness for war, I admit. But was not that the very purpose for which the book was written?



DESIGNED BY BYAM SHAW FOR THE TRIBUNE.

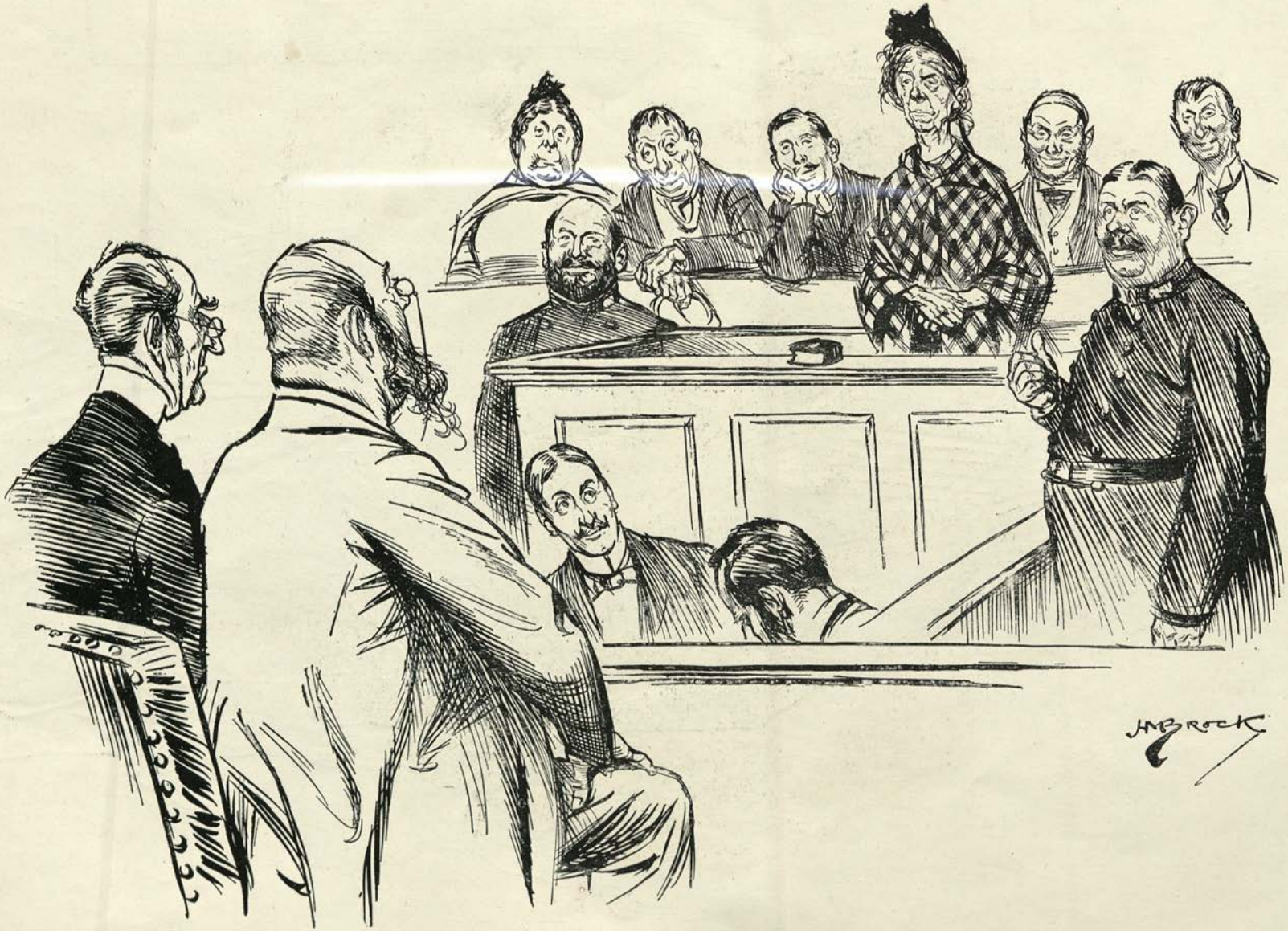
SHAKE HANDS, OL' MAN—I'M HALF SCOTCH MYSELF . . . OTHER HALF SORA—WARER!

AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER BOILING HIS "BILLY."

Drawn by
REGINALD SAVAGE
and LESLIE WILLSON.

MUCH OF THE COUNTRY IN THE NORTH ISLAND OF N.Z. IS VOLCANIC. VIEW OF A SETTLER'S RESIDENCE IN THIS DISTRICT.

Drawn by REGINALD SAVAGE and LESLIE WILLSON.



POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

SCENE: *A Police Court. Woman before magistrate for misbehaviour.*

MAGISTRATE: "Well, officer. What's this?"

POLICE OFFICE: "If you please, your worship, I found this 'ere woman in the street using *unseen* language.'

Drawn by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

Presented by
The Proprietors of
"PICTORIAL COMEDY."

LOGIC.

He: "You love me, I know." *She:* "And how do you know?" *He:* "Why, I love you; therefore I am in love. All the world loves a lover, and you are all in this world to me."

Drawn by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

Presented by
The Proprietors of
"PICTORIAL COMEDY."

Drawn by
R. M. CROSBY.

ABOVE BOARD AND BELOW.

Presented by
The Proprietors of
"PICTORIAL COMEDY."

Map of the World, as Seen by Him.

Drawn by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

Presented by
The Proprietors of
"PICTORIAL COMEDY."

JUST FOUR MEN IN THE SAME BOAT

(With apologies and acknowledgments to Edgar Wallace, author of "The Four Just Men")

BY FRANK RICHARDSON

Chapter I.

"PSHAW," said Smith.

"Pooh," said Brown.

"Bah," said Jones.

"Tut," said Robinson.

Chapter II.

These ominous words had sealed the fate of Guiseppe di Fedini, the Home Secretary. The four monosyllables spoken by the four patriots were his death-warrant.

Yet, on the faces of these stern Englishmen, almost the last representatives of their race in Merrie England, could be detected no sign of emotion. They stared at one another as though the words they had uttered possessed no extraordinary significance.

Robinson, the second tallest of the group (though this fact was not noticeable as he was seated at one of the tables at the Café Petromobile) toyed unostentatiously with his off-side whisker. Robinson, in spite of being the owner of a superb set of chinchilla face-fins, did not appear unduly proud of his natural ivy. He behaved like an ordinary man.

The four men put their heads close together.

Jones spoke, but spoke in a low whisper that scarcely disturbed the whiskers of Robinson.

"When is it to be?" he queried.

Smith answered, "I have already warned all the Cabinet, and have written in our names, the names of 'Just Four Men,' to Lord Mount Moses, to Sir Henry Kleingelder, to Francisco Hijo de Ricardo, informing them that we shall never allow the Home Secretary to move the first reading of the Aborigines Abolition Bill."

At the mention of the monstrous measure the faces of the patriots clouded. The aliens, who had acquired supreme power in the country, proposed to export compulsorily any person convicted of being of purely English extraction.

These four men, with all the craft and experience at their command, had worked hard in their efforts to terrify the Government. Five Home Secretaries had already attempted to bring in this Bill. Five Home Secretaries, after due notice given, commanding them in the name of "Just Four Men" to abandon the measure, had mysteriously died.

England had throbbed with horror at these strange deaths, but none the less was the Government of England determined to exterminate the English.

Then Smith drew a note-book from his pocket. Carefully he wrote on one of its pages: "We allow you until tomorrow afternoon to reconsider your decision in the matter of the Aborigines Abolition Bill. If, by six o'clock, no announcement is made in the papers that you withdraw this measure, you will die by eight o'clock in the evening. Farewell. (Signed) 'Just Four Men.'"

"That will do," he said, handing

the note-book to the others. "Won't it?"

"Perfectly," they replied.

"Then I will post it to di Fedini to-night. You will have everything in readiness?" he whispered to Robinson, who wagged his whiskers affirmatively.

"You are quite sure," inquired Brown, "that you can kill him by eight?"

"I shall kill him on the stroke of eight. Have I ever failed?" he asked, proudly.

"Never," replied the other three.

Then they went out into the night.

Chapter XXVII.

(The intermediate chapters are just as bright and brainy as the previous samples, but I am leaving them out because I hate work, especially in the cause of Charity.)

Never had such a scene been witnessed as that which occurred at 7.30 the following evening outside 44, Downing Street. All the policemen in the kingdom were gathered about the building or inside it. At eight o'clock it had been arranged that Guiseppe di Fedini should go from there to the House of Commons to move the first reading of one of the most popular Bills that had ever been introduced in the Lower House.

His secretary entered, and found the great man standing at a table wan and trembling, but firm of purpose. In appearance he recalled a well-known and extraordinarily popular restaurateur in the Strand, who is now no longer with us, but for the fact that he wore a couple of enormous black "Let-us-pray" whiskers. Yet he was not a bad man, and spoke fairly good English . . . . for an English Minister.

The secretary, Jacob Mosenbag, an enterprising young alien with astrachan hair and a great future, made his report.

"Sir," he said, "in the room above you there is one policeman to every square yard. That is also the case in the hall underneath us. Outside this door there are forty detectives. It would be absolutely impossible for anybody to approach within a hundred yards of the building."

"That's good," he answered, in a grim voice, yet his hands shook.

"But, sir, it would be useless for me to conceal from you the fact that the Scotland Yard men are even now very nervous. You see, these Four Men have never failed to redeem their terrible promises."

"Yes, yes," shivered the Minister.

The young man proceeded.

"There is one additional precaution which I think you might take, sir," and he pointed to a large fire-proof safe. "This safe," he said, "has been thoroughly sterilized. It is empty. If you would get into it at three minutes to eight and remain in it until the hour has struck—"

Di Fedini interposed with horror.

"You would make lockment up of me in the safe?"

"I would lock you up in the safe, and I would have the room full of policemen. Directly eight o'clock strikes I will unlock the safe."

"But to be buried alive must be worse than death, ver, ver much worse!"

"It is a *branch* of death," admitted his secretary, grimly.

After a great deal of persuasion, di Fedini, in the presence of a roomful of police, entered the safe.

Big Ben boomed out eight strokes.

The secretary turned the key in the lock.

Then he stepped back in horror.

In the safe lay a lifeless body. But not the body of the Home Secretary.

As two detectives drew forth the corpse Jacob Mosenbag fainted.

Gone were the huge black whiskers of Guiseppe di Fedini. The dead man was not a distinguished foreigner, but an ordinary commonplace Englishman in grey chinchilla whiskers. Whiskers, did I say? I was wrong. The left whisker alone remained. Of the right whisker only a stubbly fragment existed, as though the thing had been frozen and then broken off.

Hastily one of the detectives examined the clothing. In the breast pocket of the gent's navy-blue reefer was found "Rowl and Berkeley, 418, New Bond Street." And underneath, the name "Frederick Robinson."

A post-mortem revealed no possible cause of death.

* * * *

The body of the Home Secretary, in perfect condition except for the loss of a whisker, was found in one of the lifts of the Baker-loo Railway at Oxford Circus at precisely five minutes past eight on the night of the tragedy at Downing Street.

APPENDIX.

WHO KILLED MR. GUISEPPE DI FEDINI AND MR. FREDERICK ROBINSON?
HOW WERE THEY KILLED?
£500 (Five Hundred Pounds) PRIZE OFFERED.

In the foregoing pages I have told a story of absorbing interest, in a style which, I submit, at once places me in the foremost rank of living writers—of this sort of thing. So far I have done well. Now I am non-plussed. This is where you can help. To anybody furnishing me with the best solution of this mystery I will immediately forward a cheque for £500, crossed "Not presentable.'

INSTRUCTIONS.

1. The prize will not be divided.
2. I will myself adjudicate on the prize award, and my decision will be final.
3. My decision will be final or semi-final.
4. Readers may send in as many solutions as they wish, but each explanation must be accompanied by a copy of "Printers' Pie."
5. Solutions may be accompanied by Postal Orders addressed to the "Lunacy Department, C/o 'Printers' Pie.'"
6. The reader who sends the greatest number of Postal Orders will have the greatest chance of winning the prize.
7. In order that all competitors, their children and grandchildren, may have a fair chance, no date will be fixed for the closing of the competition.

MY FRIEND BORRODAILE

BY W. PETT RIDGE

I ONCE wrote to the *Morning Post* a letter concerning the attitude of the newspaper in regard to a matter of public importance (the spelling of my name), and I expressed myself on that occasion with so much emphasis that the letter never appeared. Either the editor was afraid to print it, or else I forgot to post the letter. In this, my second contribution to the literature of the country, I shall endeavour to state my grievance in moderate terms, for I am aware of no other plan of bringing the case before the public without disclosing my identity. Lest anyone should feel doubtful concerning my position in society, let me say at once that I am a member of a good club, and that in the Suggestions Book there you will find my name appearing as often as any. I have occasionally made the same recommendation twice over.

My own idea was Eastbourne; I therefore suggested Hastings, and my wife and her sisters immediately decided on Eastbourne. (One has not been a Master in the Chancery Division for nothing, I promise you.) We were driving from the station along Terminus Road in the hotel omnibus, when a golfing cap was raised, and I acknowledged the salutation.

"Really couldn't tell you," I replied. "The face is quite familiar, but—fact is, I meet a good many people."

"And forget the names of all," remarked one of my sisters-in-law.

"Pardon me, Ethel; no. Distinctly no. Items of importance find a place here. Matters of no account I do not store."

"What is the name of the hotel we are going to?" demanded my wife, pointing a finger at me.

It happened that for the moment this had escaped me. I remembered it, however, directly that the omnibus pulled up and the porter opened the door.

"Ah, yes," said one of the sisters, "you saw it on his cap."

The question was raised again during dinner, and I assured them that the name of the friend I had seen in the town would presently come upon me as a flash; that it was useless for me to worry and to pester my memory, for this plan had never answered satisfactorily in the past; that so soon as the information arrived it should be at once communicated to them. If you have no experience of women-folk, you will say that my reply settled the matter; on the other hand, if you know what it is to be the one man in a party of four, you will recognize that here was one of those insignificant questions on which the female mind delights to concentrate over coffee. It came to this: that my increasing tendency to forget names could only be the prelude to a gradual unhinging.

"Everard!" I cried. "Mary, forgive me for interrupting, but the name is Everard." I found justification for the adventurous guess in the general look of relief which appeared.

"And what is he?" asked my wife.

I had put my hand to the plough; I dared not look back.

"Just a man about town," I answered. "His uncle left him some money."

"Much?"

"Don't think I ever heard the precise amount, Ethel."

"Then we can't blame you for forgetting that," agreed my sister-in-law, handsomely.

"Is he married?"

I shook my head, negatively.

"Perhaps," she went on, in hopeful tones, "we may run across him again."

"I rather fancy," I said, "that he goes back to town this evening. Not sure, but I think so."

They induced me to put on another waistcoat, wrap a scarf about my neck, turn up the collar of my overcoat, and take them for a brisk walk up and down the front. They were remarking that there appeared to be not a single soul in the place known to them, and my wife was blaming me for obstinacy in insisting on coming to Eastbourne, when Mary nudged me, saying, "There's your friend; we'll walk on," and I had to go across to the pier gates and speak to him.

"This is a small world," I said, heartily. "What are you doing down here? Come along and let me introduce you to my wife and her sisters." I took his arm. "You won't be annoyed, I hope, at what I am going to say. I've known you for a great many years, but your name—"

"Borrodaile," he replied.

"I wasn't so very far out. If I'd had another guess—How did you leave all our friends and acquaintances in town?"

"They seemed very well," he replied. "I've been slightly indisposed, and I thought I'd take a week down here."

"You're wise! I've been on the point, several times, of advising you to do so."

He spoke to my wife by name, and declared it an honour to have the opportunity of meeting her. This reassured me (although, mind you, I knew his face as I know the back of my own hand), and he walked on with them whilst I endeavoured to re-light my cigar. By the time I caught them up my friend was on excellent terms; they were listening to the end of an anecdote from him with an attention which, I regret to say, they but rarely give to stories of mine; as I joined the party they made a gesture, imposing silence upon me.

"That's capital," they cried, with enthusiasm. "That's the best one we've heard for years. *Do* go on, Mr. Borrodaile, please."

"We so seldom hear a really good story," declared my wife.

"What a budget you must possess," said the other ladies. "Where do you get them from?"

He answered briefly.

"Ah, those clubs!" said my wife, archly. "If only we knew what went on inside the walls!"

I must admit that Borrodaile gave a very true and a most diverting account of the average evening to be found in St. James's Street. Now and again he appealed to me, in a very proper way, for corroboration, and I felt bound to give this; he showed caution in mentioning no names, but I was alert enough to identify the men to whom he was referring. I cannot recall an occasion when I have seen my wife so

much amused ; I cannot remember to have heard her sisters laugh on any previous occasion. Walking up and down the Parade they begged that he would smoke, and I had to offer him a cigar from a case that I usually keep for my own use ; one of another brand would have fitted the occasion just as well, and the extravagance may have brought depression. It was left for me to make the first suggestion that we should return to the hotel. He took off his cap and made an announcement.

"No !" cried the ladies.

"To-morrow morning," he replied, firmly, "I must get back. Duty calls me."

"That settles it," they conceded, with regret.

"Mr. Borrodaile," said my wife, "you probably know our town address ; if not, my husband will give it to you. Come and see us as soon as you possibly can."

"Promise !" urged the others.

They talked of nobody but Borrodaile during the remainder of our stay, and for hours they discussed such a minor detail as the fact that he had omitted to shake hands with me on saying good-bye; they put upon this the absurd interpretation that he and I were not good friends, that we had had in the past a dispute of some kind; I found myself compelled to assure them that I valued the friendship of no man more than that of Borrodaile. On our return, I had to give them my word that the first time I met him at the club I would bring him home, and on going there I asked the morning-room waiter—a young man, but reliable—to give me the list.

"Frederick !" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know anyone in the club named—what's the name again?—Borrodaile ?"

"Only me, sir."

"Bless my soul !" I said, staring at him. "Knew I'd seen you somewhere."

* * * *

I have had to take an extreme course, one which I did not adopt without hesitation. I have had to kill Borrodaile. I have had to tell them at home that Borrodaile was crossing to Hamilton Place, and in stepping back to avoid a Victoria omnibus, came in the way of a reckless motor car and—A new trouble is to decide what to do with the wreath which my wife and her sisters have ordered.

HIGH AND LOW

BY ADRIAN ROSS

A MARCHIONESS in her own right
Was very fair and tall;
She fell in love with a Pygmy mite
Who sang at a music hall;
She fondly planned to give her hand,
And her ancestral home
To a little Pyg-Pyg-Pygmy at the Hip-Hip-Hippodrome!

She bent her lofty brow
And breathed the loving vow,
And he replied with Pygmy pride,
"Yow, yow, yagger, yagger yow—
Oh-ee!
Yow, yow, yagger, yagger yow!"

Said she, "If you will marry me,
You'll meet with great rewards;
You'll be a peer of high degree,
And sit in the House of Lords!
The best of booms at Drawing-rooms,
Beneath the royal dome,
Is a noble Pyg-Pyg-Pygmy from the Hip-Hip-Hippodrome."

But he would not allow
Her offer anyhow;
He shook his head and sternly said,
"Yow, yow, yagger, yagger yow—
Oh-ee!
Yow, yow, yagger, yagger yow!"

Said she, "Alas for passion's dreams!
No more I dare to woo;
For you don't care to be great, it seems,
And I cannot be like you!
A Marchioness could hardly dress
In feathers and a comb,
Like a little Pyg-Pyg-Pygmy at the Hip-Hip-Hippodrome.

To fate's decree I bow,
Farewell for ever now!"
He sadly sighed as he replied,
"Yow, yow, yagger, yagger yow—
Oh-ee!
Yow, yow, yagger, yagger yow!"

A TRAGI-COMEDY

BY DORA SIGERSON

'TWAS on a gloomy afternoon
When all the world was out of tune,
And lover's lot amiss,
When Chloe, waiting by the stream,
Awoke from love's too pleasant dream,
Of half Elysian bliss.

The cause, the same that shook the skies,
And closed the gates of Paradise
On one presumptuous soul.
A jealous heart beat in her breast,
And thrust her out from happiness,
All weeping in her dole.

What stayed her lover's laggard feet?
The trysting hour had gone too fleet,
She vowed him all untrue.
Her frisking spaniel to her side
She held, and would not be denied
For all that he could do.

"Poor beast!" quoth she, "Alas! I go
To seek my death the waves below,
Since love's a foolish dream.
I shall not leave thee here alone,
To make thy sad and piteous moan."
She flung him in the stream.

Loosed from her hand, the spaniel sank,
Then scrambled whining to the bank,
And did refuse to drown.
He shook his silken coat of spray,
Then, all forgiving, leaped to play,—
She chid him with a frown.

"Ungrateful beast!" she sore did cry,
"Since all alone I now must die,
And leave thee lost behind.
Go seek a lady to whose heart
Has come no pang of Cupid's dart,
To be a mistress kind.

"Nor find the lover for a friend,
Who brought to this most cruel end
A maid who held him true.
Begone! Nor add another tear,
For this poor heart that held thee dear;
Thou art most faithless too!"

Then Chloe to the gloomy skies
Did turn her blue and tear-dimmed eyes,
In passion and despair.
"If there were one who loved me well,
And who for me, what else befell,
Would greatly do and dare;

"Who with no selfish passions rife,
Would hold me dearer than his life,
Without a hope of gain:
Then kindly Heavens intercede,
And send, to stay a cruel deed,
This most unselfish swain."

There came from out the gloomy skies
No answer to her doleful cries,
Fool was she so to dream.
Her silken locks of golden hair
She wound across her face all fair,
And flung her in the stream.

But stay! A champion to her side,
Has plunged within the shallow tide,
In answer to her moan,
The spaniel in the water's strife,
Did for this most beloved life
Nigh sacrifice his own.

Where grew the reeds all high and rank,
Beyond the bending of the bank,
He brought her to the shore.
There where her lover with his net,
Did in his fishing all forget
The trysting hour was o'er.

He to her side right quickly ran—
With swift invention of a man,
  A tale did soon supply.
Of all—but truth—did he relate,
That kept his eager feet so late ;
  To leave her was to die.

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her chin,
His cloak he wrapped her body in,
  And knelt him at her side.
He swore, as men are apt to do,
That were she dead he'd follow too
  And drown within the tide.

And then, because a smile did break
About the dimples in her cheek,
  He chid her cruelty.
In fine, his anger all awoke,
With this he played the master-stroke,
  And found his conscience free.

That she should deem him false, untrue,
Who loved, as never others do,
  His dear, his only dove.
He said—as such are prone to say—
"Through all his years for one brief day,
  He hath no other love."

And she for this fond faith would give
No sweet return, not even live,
  But fling her in the tide!
And here his voice did fail and break,
He trembled on the words he spake,
  And turned his face aside.

Because a tear stood in his eye,
She did herself accuse and cry,
  As all poor women will.
Her crime he promised to forgive
Since for no other did he live ;
  O'er all he loved her still.

Did she his story quite believe
Or hold him guiltless to deceive,
  Because she wanted to ?
I do not know, but only this—
The quarrel ended in a kiss,
  As may all others do.

As for the champion—Heaven sent,
With their sweet joy was he content,
  Although he was forgot?
The teasing fly that flitted past
He snapped and slew upon the grass,
  All happy with his lot.

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THE MARQUISES OF MALTRAVERS

BY GEO. R. SIMS

THE Marchioness of Maltravers kissed her baby boy and entered her electric brougham.

A quarter of an hour later she was addressing a crowded meeting of working-class women, for the Marchioness was a leader of Society and a Socialist.

"It was a very beautiful speech, my lady," said a poor, pinched, thinly-clad woman, as she helped the Marchioness on with her sables, "but what do you know about our sufferings? You talk, but your baby will grow up surrounded by luxury. I've got a baby at home in my one room, and he won't even have enough to eat. Your baby is born to wealth, and mine is doomed to poverty. But neither of them has done anything to deserve either. Is that Justice?"

"Certainly not," replied the Marchioness. "I take your point. Come round this evening to Berkeley Square, and have your baby with you. I will take it and bring it up as my own, and you shall have my baby and bring it up as yours. Is that fair?"

"Quite fair, my lady," replied the poor woman. "Exchange is no robbery."

That night the heir of the house of Maltravers cried bitterly in a slum garret, and the dock labourer, who supposed that it was his offspring making the disturbance—one baby is very like another to a dock labourer—informed his wife that if she didn't keep the brat quiet he'd do for it.

But the slum baby lay in a costly cradle attended by an upper and an under nurse, and when it whimpered its bottle was brought to it on a silver tray by a powdered footman. The Marquis saw his baby so seldom that he didn't notice any difference.

The years, with that slavish adherence to convention which is their distinguishing characteristic, passed on, and the Marquis of Maltravers having been gathered to his fathers while attempting to motor to the summit of the highest of the Himalayas, the dock labourer's son resigned his commission in the Guards and took his seat in the House of Lords.

In the meantime, Jim Jaggers—that was the name by which the Marchioness's son was known—had profited by the School Board education, had obtained an Oxford scholarship, had become a social reformer, had been elected a County Councillor and a Member of Parliament, was idolized by the masses and respected by the classes, and everybody said there was no reason why one day he should not be Prime Minister.

The dock labourer had fallen down the hold of a big vessel long before this, and his club money had been drawn by his widow.

James Jaggers did his duty by his supposed mother. As he advanced in life she advanced with him, and when he was given a seat in the Cabinet with a salary of £5,000 a year, they went to live at the Savoy in order that she might be saved the trouble of housekeeping.

The Marchioness was proud of her boy; she subscribed to a Press Cutting Agency, which sent her daily

everything that appeared about the Right Hon. James Jaggers, and she stuck the cuttings in a book. There were over twenty volumes of the press notices of Mr. James Jaggers in the library at Berkeley Square.

Mrs. Jaggers had accepted the prosperity that came to her as Jim Jaggers improved his position, and by doing a little washing in the sitting-room with the door locked she managed to support life at the Savoy, but she was always in a state of nervous anxiety about the Marquis of Maltravers. He was so reckless and foolhardy.

She went to Sandown Park once to see him ride his own horse in a military steeplechase, and when he was thrown at the last hurdle she would have fainted if he hadn't got up again at once and walked limping back to the paddock.

It was after that the Marquis began to cause her the greatest anxiety. It was supposed that he had injured his head in the fall. At any rate he became very eccentric. He used to dress up in shabby clothes, tie a blue-birdseye handkerchief round his throat instead of putting on a collar, and go and loll against public house bars, smoking a short clay pipe and drinking a great deal more than was good for him.

He was unmarried, and nobody seemed to have any influence over him. The Marchioness did not trouble about his proceedings. She was always occupied in sticking the press notices of the Right Hon. James Jaggers into a book. When she wasn't doing that she was in the Ladies' Gallery watching the young Cabinet Minister and listening to him.

Mrs. Jaggers read of the young nobleman's eccentricities in an evening paper which incidentally mentioned the public house he "used."

She took to walking up and down on the opposite side of the way that she might watch him go in. She waited, no matter what the weather was, till he came out, and then, if he was unsteady in his gait, she would follow him for fear anything should happen to him.

One day, listening outside the public house, she heard a great noise. The next minute the Marquis was flung out by the potman. The Marquis wanted to fight, and a policeman was seen coming round the corner.

Maternal instinct conquered the conventionalities. Mrs. Jaggers caught the Marquis by the arm and led him away. She was beautifully dressed, and the crowd said "Hulloh! that's his mother." They meant the Marchioness.

Her anxiety about her son preyed upon the poor woman's health, and luxury gave her no pleasure. The Right Hon. James Jaggers bored her; she couldn't understand what he talked about, and she began to hate him for being so superior to her own boy.

She went round to Berkeley Square and saw the Marchioness.

"My lady," she said, "you are not doing your duty by my boy—he wants a mother's love."

"Are you doing your duty by *my* boy?" exclaimed the Marchioness. "What home have you made for him? He is living at the Savoy. I long to take him in my arms and tell him how proud I am of him. I don't suppose you ever take him in your arms and kiss him."

"Do you kiss my boy?"

"No—I confess I do not."

"Then look here, my lady—suppose we end the experiment. Let me take my poor boy—the Marquis—home and look after him, and you can have Jim and his politics—I'm sick of 'em."

Both the young men were astonished when the facts were communicated to them by a Bishop who was a distant relative of the Marchioness.

The re-exchange of sons was effected with as little publicity as possible, but the American papers got hold of a garbled version of the romantic affair.

Mrs. Jaggers, with the money she had saved out of the allowance her adopted son had made her, took a four-roomed flat near the Elephant and Castle, and her son gladly shared it with her and accepted the £1 a day for life generously offered by the new Marquis, whose only regret was that he had to go to the House of Lords after the Committee of Privileges had satisfied themselves of his genuineness.

"I never could understand, my dear mother," he said, as they left the gilded chamber together after the opening of Parliament by the King, "how I could have inherited my refined instincts from a dock labourer."

* * * *

Jim Jaggers—the real Jim Jaggers—finds his own warm-hearted loving mother an agreeable change from the stately indifference of the Marchioness.

He uses the Gentleman and Porter in the Old Kent Road, and is very popular. He is much improved, as he finds he can get a good deal of enjoyment out of leaning against a wall with his hands in his pockets.

"This is just the sort of life that suits me," said Jim to his mother. And because he is happy he does not seek relief in excess.

Every night at closing time his mother waits outside the Gentleman and Porter for him, and takes him safely home.

Jim is likely to be a great comfort to her in her old age. The Marquis would have been too absorbed in his own career to bring himself down to her level of happiness.

HIS DEVIOUS WAY

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

HE had a strange vocabulary,
Flowers of invective, lurid, very.

He'd call a person "horrid cat,"
Or "head" whose adjective is "fat."

Or wretch, or beast, or pig—at four!
He will not say them—nevermore.

Forgiven, good Toby thought what name
To call his mother without blame;

Being somewhat lonely in his mind
For all those naughty words resigned.

A little baa-lamb? No one could
Object to that, nor call it rude.

A little moo-cow? Mother smiled:
Could bear the pet-name from her child.

From cow to horse the step is easy:
Mother allowed it, being busy.

And also passed "a cart-and-horse,"
Though inappropriate, of course.

So scarcely could be glum or vext
When donkey and his cart came next.

Then—since the best of friends must part—
He takes the donkey from the cart.

And so, arrived at last, the monkey
In triumph calls his mother—Donkey!

A POSTCARD FROM MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL

Far End,
East Preston,
Worthing.

DEAR SIR,

Here is something for your next Number :—

THE ACUTE CRITIC.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Devouring his "Printers' Pie."
Wherever his thumb
Stuck in was a plum,
So he said "What a good mag. to buy."

Yours faithfully,
ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

WHAT WE OWE TO THE PRINTER, AND WHY THE PRINTERS' PENSION CORPORATION DESERVES SUPPORT

BY THE LATE DR. FARRAR, *Dean of Canterbury*

ONLY consider what national advantages have accrued to us from the art of printing. How vast is the force which has been added to the advance of truth! Thanks to the printed page, it is not the blood-stained conquerors, not the despotic kings, who rule the world; it is the knowledge of the wise. The shout of popular ignorance is less powerful than the pen of the pale-featured sage. Books are the imperishable memorials, not of dead ashes, but of living souls. It is by their means that truths become irresistible. Time may shatter the monument, but cannot stay the thought. Truth once disseminated, begins an irresistible career. Give me a forgotten duty; give me an unknown truth and the printing-press to make it known, and all the priests in the world with all their anathemas, and all the armies in the world with all their artillery, shall as little avail to check its power as a bird shall stay the hurricane by the beating of its wings!

And the cause of truth is the cause of liberty. In old days of the great struggle for freedom, many a grand speech might die away within the walls where it was uttered; now it reverberates through all the world. In these days a man may make a speech, or preach a sermon; it may be taken down even without his knowing it; and almost before he is conscious of the fact, he finds that it has gone thrilling and thrilling through the world, and it may come rolling back to him in millions of echoes. The spoken word may reach three thousand; the printed page may be read by thirty millions.

> "He uttered but a thought,
> And it became a proverb for the State;
> He wrote a sentence in a studious mood—
> It was a saying for a hemisphere."

"Give them," said Richard Brinsley Sheridan, "a corrupt House of Lords, give them a venal House of Commons, give them a tyrannical prince, give them a truckling court, and let me but have an unfettered press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth on the liberty of England."

Only think what cruelties, of which the thought curdles the blood and the memory inflames the cheek, our fathers had dumbly to endure! Think of the horrible crimes and ghastly secrets of mediæval dungeons, of baronial castles! It is the printing-press which has poured daylight into those dungeons, smashed those implements of torture, burst the portcullis which defied the battering ram, crushed through the walls which defied the cannonade. It is the press which has shaken the thrones of tyranny, and quenched the fires of persecution. Sooner or later, with this force to aid it, every good cause must win its way.

Sloth, superstition, ignorance, hatred, cruelty, prejudice, self-interest, may heap up their vast and apparently immovable barriers—barriers like the snows massed on the mountain-sides; barriers like the dense cumulus of mist on the ledges of the hills: for a time the sun seems to shine on them and the breeze to play on them in vain; but at last the south wind breathes; down rushes the avalanche; and where yesterday was snow, to-day is grass and flowers; and at last the whirlwind sweeps away the cloudy bastions, or the sun pierces them through and through with arrows of quivering light.

Let us take courage! Evils still hover around us. There is crime; there is pauperism; there is drunkenness; but these, too, shall be slain, as the Pythons of corruption have been slain before them. Set yourselves in phalanx, heroes and saints of God! Soon, at the twanging of truth's silver bowstring, and under the rush of her gleaming shafts, the colossal forms of vice and wickedness shall burst asunder in the midst!

From a Sermon preached by the late DEAN FARRAR, when Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Caxton Memorial, April 30, 1882.

Encouraging Provident Habits and Promoting Self-Respect among a Body of Skilled Artisans to whom Mankind is largely indebted.

Printers, by the exercise of their art, have conferred such incalculable benefits upon mankind—by the dissemination of religious, scientific, and artistic knowledge, and by affording the means of intellectual and moral culture—that the claims of this Corporation to sympathy and benevolent consideration can scarcely be overstated, and in the words of the late Dean Stanley (*Sermon on the Origin of Printing*) may justly be urged upon '**all who have written**' and upon '**all who have read.**'

The Lord Chief Justice of England (the late Lord Russell of Killowen), presiding at the Anniversary Festival, April 1899, said:—

He always looked to see whether a Society appealing for public help was economically managed, whether the funds subscribed by the members or outside public were frittered away in commissions to the collectors or to the executive. In the present case he was glad to know there was no ground for suspicion on this account. On the contrary, he thought the **expenses were kept at a remarkably low rate.**

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Including Subscriptions from those engaged in the Trade, and also Contributions from the Wealthy and Benevolent. Annual Subscriptions of **5s.** and upwards, and Life Donations of **£2 2s.** and upwards entitle to Votes at Elections of Recipients.

There are 80 Special Pensions, each bearing the name of the Donor. The Council earnestly desire an extension of the List—a most worthy means of perpetuating a name or memory.

The Secretary will be pleased to furnish any further particulars desired.

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JOSEPH MORTIMER,
SECRETARY.

PRINTERS' PIE, 1906.

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Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz.:

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Signature of Holder .....

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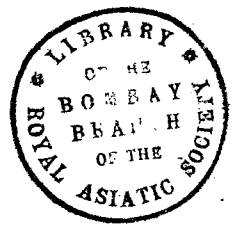
1907

Printers' Pie

A Festival Souvenir of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation, 1907



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1857 Duke of Wellington, K.G.
1858 H.R.H. the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.
1859 Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.
1860 Tom Taylor, Esq.
1861 Thomas Chandler Haliburton, Esq., D.C.L., M.P.
1862 Lord Stanley, M.P.
1863 Viscount Enfield, M.P.
1864 Charles Dickens, Esq. (*for the second time*).
1865 Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
1866 Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P.
1867 Earl Russell, K.G. (*for the second time*).
1868 Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster.
1869 Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P.
1870 The Lord Mayor (Robert Besley).
1871 Right Hon. Earl Stanhope.
1872 Lord G. F. Hamilton, M.P.
1873 The Lord Mayor (Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, Bart.).
1874 John Walter, Esq., M.P.
1875 Earl Cadogan.
1876 H.R.H. the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G. (*for the second time*).
1877 (The Caxton Celebration) Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. (*for the second time*).
1878 Right Hon. Earl of Rosebery, K.G.
1879 W. Spottiswoode, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., P.R.S.
1880 The Lord Mayor (Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott).
1881 Right Hon. Earl Spencer.
1882 Sir T. Brassey, K.C.B., M.P.
1883 H.R.H. the late DUKE OF ALBANY.
1884 J. S. Gilliatt, Esq., Governor Bank of England.
1885 The Lord Mayor (Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P.).
1886 Right Hon. Earl Beauchamp.
1887 George Augustus Sala, Esq.
1888 The Lord Mayor (Sir P. De Keyser).
1889 The Lord Mayor (Sir James Whitehead, Bart.).
1890 John Evans, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., &c.
1891 Sir Edward Lawson, Bart., J.P.
1892 Ralph D. M. Littler, Esq., Q.C., C.B.
1893 Hon. W. F. Danvers Smith, M.P.
1894 The Lord Mayor (Sir George Robert Tyler, Bart.).
1895 H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
1896 His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Edward White Benson).
1897 Sir George Faudel-Phillips, Bart., G.C.I.E.
1898 G. A. Spottiswoode, Esq. (*Trustee*).
1899 Lord Russell of Killowen, G.C.M.G., LL.D.
1900 Cecil B. Harmsworth, Esq.
1901 G. F. McCorquodale, Esq. (*Trustee*).
1902 Lord Glenesk.
1903 W. Hugh Spottiswoode, Esq.
1904 His Excellency Joseph H. Choate (American Ambassador).
1905 C. Arthur Pearson, Esq.
1906 Franklin Thomasson, Esq., M.P.
1907 Lord Northcliffe.

"THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE"

By LAWSON WOOD

PRINTERS' PIE, 1907—INTRODUCTION

IT is a matter of some difficulty, year after year, and without repetition, to explain the reason why the British public are asked to purchase "Printers' Pie." Many old friends buy it because it contains palatable ingredients, and because it benefits a good cause.

This is undoubtedly demonstrated by the following statistics:—

CIRCULATION OF "PRINTERS' PIE."

Year.	*Copies sold.*
1903 - -	10,000
1904 - -	25,000
1905 - -	40,000
1906 - -	50,000

These figures not only show that our old customers return, but that *Couverts* have to be laid for new friends each year. The former will, I hope, buy again, and knowing that this is the dullest page in the book, will skip it accordingly. But to the latter I must give brief explanation.

(i) The profits from "Printers' Pie" go to the Funds of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation.

(ii) The Corporation has existed for upwards of 80 years; its pensions and funds have increased under careful supervision, and the expense of administration is phenomenally low.

(iii) The Institution encourages provident habits and promotes self-respect, as only those, or the widows and orphans of those, who in their working days have themselves been subscribers, are eligible for election.

When "Printers' Pie" first appeared in 1903 I was so overwhelmed by the kindness of authors and artists that I felt very grave responsibility in placing any one contribution before another, and glided over thin editorial ice by adopting the safe method of classification used by Dr. Johnson in his standard work, which I hoped was sufficient apology to Mr. Zangwill for the position which his contribution occupied.

Knowing how some people high up in the alphabet have suffered by being called early on Jury Lists, it occurred to me, in this the fifth year of the publication, as a great editorial effort, to turn the order upside-down, *i.e.*, Z to A, an innovation which any authorities of the High Courts of Justice are free to adopt, without any copyright fee or licence.

And now my most pleasant task remains—to thank authors and artists, without whose loyal and voluntary co-operation "Printers' Pie" would not exist.

In 1845 Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli), speaking at the Printers' Pension Corporation Festival, said:—

"London owes everything to its press: it owes as much to its press as it does to its being the seat of government and of law. I am almost ashamed to say that there has always appeared to me to be a great lack of sympathy in this country in any charity connected with its literature. In every other trade there is more *esprit de corps* than in the realms of literature. To me nothing is more surprising than that there should be such a want of confidence among men who are in possession of the greatest power of the world. It is true that the master printers have given their aid to the institution with very great effect: but there are others immediately connected with the craft who have not taken that prominent part which they ought to have done. Where are the Authors whose books sell? Absent! Where are those whose books do not sell? Still further away! Why, they would not be heard of even in the immortality of the pastry-cooks if it were not for the printers of England!"

This was doubtless true at that time, but the debt has long since been paid, and should any speaker publicly make such an accusation now-a-days he would lay himself open to a comprehensive series of libel actions. *Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*—If you don't believe it, read "Printers' Pie."

W. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE.

HIS MAJESTY'S PRINTING OFFICE,
6, MIDDLE NEW STREET, E.C.
May, 1907.

AN AFTERNOON CALL

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

HE went to see a lady who
Had just one precious boy of two.
And such good promises did make;
He would not touch the darling's cake;

He would not meddle with his toys,
But would be just the best of boys;
Nor in indignant virtue spank
The child who says nor "Please" nor "Thank."

His eyes were grave, his lips were tight;
He curbed himself with all his might:
Saw Two-Years-Old be naughty, nor
Deemed it his part to reprove therefor.

But at the last he spoke. Undone
The good opinions he had won.
"What is that horrid thing," said he,
"That's sitting on that lady's knee?"

The "thing" was prettier than a bird.
Gold as a cowslip on the sward
Its little head curled, ring on ring.
He asked—"What is that horrid thing?"

A CAPITAL CAREER

BY GEO. R. SIMS

MR. FRAMLEY FAIRCLOUGH was a fond and affectionate father.

Blessed with three sons and three daughters, he had seen them safely through the school and college period of their youth, and he was delighted to find that they inherited his dislike of an idle life.

He had always been a hard worker. Commencing life at 9*s.* a week in the fancy goods trade, he had by close application and first-class commercial qualities risen to a position of eminence in the fancy goods trade himself.

Being a wholesale fancy goodser, he educated his sons too well for mere trade, and the words "fancy goods" were never uttered by Framley Fairclough in the presence of his children.

They were all artistic, and their taste was cultured. Sometimes it was so cultured that the honest old fancy goods man determined to buy the *Times* Dictionary, and get it by heart in secret, so that he might enjoy his

children's conversation and know what all the long words they used meant in simple language.

When he had made what he considered a competence, he determined to retire from business, and made up his mind that, after one more year in Fore Street, he would enjoy the comforts of home life, and no train to catch.

It was just at this period that his eldest daughter, after seeing "Duse," at a *matinée*, determined that she would go on the stage.

"Of course," she said to her father, "I shall begin at the beginning and mount up. I shall get experience by playing a part with a few lines at a first-class West End theatre."

Mr. Fairclough was a little perturbed. "It will be very inconvenient, Fanny," he said, "I can't possibly get home to dinner till seven."

"You must dine in town, papa, or have your dinner alone here. We shall have ours at five, which is a fashionable theatrical hour. I am going to see about a part to-morrow."

Fanny Fairclough was bubbling over with excitement when her father returned the next evening.

"I have started my career, papa," she exclaimed, "I am engaged to play Lady Anne Jones in the new Society Comedy at the ——. Lady Anne is on in the first scene, and has three lines. The part is exceedingly cheap—I have only to pay £100 premium, and two guineas a week for it."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Fairclough, "I thought actors and actresses were paid salaries."

"Oh, papa, how old-fashioned you are. Everybody pays a manager now to go on the stage—I think I am a very lucky girl."

Mr. Fairclough presented Fanny with a cheque for £100, and agreed to find the two guineas weekly.

Then he sighed, and murmured: "Thank goodness, Fanny has found a career."

The next evening Tom Fairclough stopped after dinner to chat with his father instead of going out.

"Dad," he said, "I've written a play."

"Bravo, my boy, bravo!" said Mr. Fairclough, beaming with pride. "I never thought that I should be the father of the Shakespeare of the age. You'll make a fortune, Tom—dramatists earn thousands a year."

"Oh, nonsense, father! That's commerce, not art. But I am very lucky. I have found a manager who will produce my play immediately if I find £5,000."

"My boy!"

"If you can let me have the money I shall be a dramatist at once."

Mr. Fairclough hesitated. But how could he resist the temptation of being the father of a modern dramatist?

He sold some securities and handed Tom a cheque for £5,000.

It was announced that the play would be put in rehearsal and produced in a couple of months.

A week afterwards his second son came to him.

"Dad," he said, "I've written a music-hall sketch—sketches are all the go now. I can get mine produced for a trial show in a fortnight."

"Bravo, my boy, bravo!" said Mr. Fairclough. "I rather like a music-hall sketch—you can smoke

with it, and go to it without hurrying your dinner. What are you to get for it, Jack?"

"Well, of course that will depend, father, on how the managers like it when they see it. I want to put it on well. It will cost about £300 to do that, because there's scenery and dresses you know. Can you let me have £300?"

Mr. Fairclough was astonished, but he was assured that every music-hall sketch had to be produced by the author before anyone would look at it, and he gave Jack the cheque.

The next evening his second daughter came to him. "Papa," she said, "I've written a book."

"How much will it cost?" exclaimed Mr. Fairclough, eager to show that he was beginning to absorb the cultured spirit of the age.

"Only £150, papa. I've found a publisher who is willing to bring it out for that."

"Here is a cheque, my daughter. Don't overwork yourself. Don't write too many novels a year."

A fortnight later his third son came to him.

"Father, I am going to be a journalist."

"Ah," exclaimed the proud parent, "at last I have a child who begins humbly, as I did, by earning something. What paper are you on, Harry?"

"'The Summit,' father. It is a very fine brilliant paper of the highest class. If I put £2,000 into it the proprietor will allow me to write an article every week. Have you your cheque book?"

"Harry," exclaimed Mr. Fairclough, "for goodness sake be the one member of the family to lead an idle life! I cannot afford to see any more of my children adopt a 'career.' It only wants Ethel, my youngest, to whom I can refuse nothing and who is musical, to compose an opera, and the portals of the bankruptcy court will yawn before me."

A year later, Harry Fairclough, driven to desperation by his failure to secure a position as a journalist, became a Labour member at £200 a year, and travelling expenses.

It was the only career left which did not require capital.

OWED TO THE PRINTER

BY ADRIAN ROSS

SOME talk of Salmagundi,
And Bubble joined with Squeak,
Or serve the joint of Sunday
In minces all the week;
But none of all these mixtures
Can hope with ours to vie—
The best of yearly fixtures,
The tasty Printers' Pie!

Owed to the Printer

Some boast of lobster salad
  Or collared porcine face ;
And all have read the Ballad
  That sings of Bouillabaisse :
And toothsome meats are blended
  In hashes moist and dry,
But none I count as splendid
  As perfect Printers' Pie.

Gastronomy's religion
  A special rite may make
Of framing pies of pigeon
  Not unalloyed with steak :
And venison in pasty
  May rank extremely high,
But cannot prove as tasty
  As noble Printers' Pie !

In song devoid of grammar
  And wooden as his leg,
The juicy "weal and hammer"
  Was sung by Silas Wegg ;
And Mowbray's pies are Melton
  As any lover's sigh,
But daintier bits are dealt on
  The dish of Printers' Pie.

New Englanders make merry,
  As merry as they can,
On pies of many a berry
  Unknown to London man ;
No berries of the huckle
  In rustic crust of rye
Can capture those who suckle
  Their souls on Printers' Pie.

For here in blended glory
  Are all together thrust
The picture, song and story
  Within a blazoned crust ;
With sentiment for dripping
  And wit for salt thereby,
Till modern men say "Ripping !
  This dish of Printers' Pie ! "

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY LIBRARY

Printers' Pie

A flaky crust and airy
With its Pett Ridges rims
The kail of Inveraray,
The saveloys of Sims ;
The Colonel, though a diner
Known to each land and sky,
Will own there's nothing finer
Than London Printer's Pie

The oven must be wideish
To give our pasty place ;
A Gallon in our pie-dish
Takes but a little space.
There's Toby, growing brisker
As years roll swiftly by,
With Frank the foe of whisker—
All in our Printer's Pie.

What though in spicy jelly
We mingle not again
The carols of Corelli,
The brand that is of Caine ?
Let Anstey come for Marie,
And none of us need cry ;
Our only Pain is Barry
From eating Printers' Pie !

OMENS AND MR. CHAPMAN

BY W. PETT RIDGE

"I SUPPOSE," said the young lady, coquettishly, after a brief holiday of silence, and pointing across the way, "that if you were asked to tell the truth for once and say whether you'd rather be in there reading or out here with me, it wouldn't take you long to say which ?"

"It wouldn't !"

"You needn't be unkind, William !"

"I should answer at once that I'd rather be along with you, Voilet, than anywhere else. Care to turn into the Surrey ? Looks as though they've got rather a good sketch on, judging from the posters. 'Dreams Come True,' it's called."

She touched his arm affectionately.

"William, dear," she said, in awed tones, "you seem to read my thoughts in a most wonderful manner. Sometimes it makes me quite frightened of you. By-the-bye, you believe in dreams, don't you ?"

William Chapman assured himself more than once during the evening that

never before had two shillings been laid out with better discretion. She was always at her best on occasions like this; in her eagerness to note every incident of the play that she might give full account to her colleagues whilst engaged in dressmaking the following morning, she allowed him to hold her hand; he took the opportunity of momentous happenings on the stage with a pistol waiting to go off to put an arm around her waist; it was only when the curtain went down and the lights were turned up that these precious familiarities had to cease. The young man in the play, who had brilliant eyes, a voice with a slight trace of huskiness, and such a determined step that green lawns resounded noisily under his foot, had dreamed a dream which he described at length three times in the first act; the rest of the play was occupied with the successive realisation of various details of this comprehensive warning.

"A beautiful piece," she agreed at the end, "but *do* take your arm away, or else I shall have to be cross with you again. Which way out?"

Mr. Chapman had to look forward to early duty the next morning, but his mother had been perusing the one volume which she brought with her as a young girl from Devonshire, entitled "Napoleon's Book of Fate," and he read the pages of this for half-an-hour before going upstairs to his room. William Chapman's mother held the record in the family for dreams, and prided herself so much on this that now-a-days no event could happen, from the breaking of a saucer to a marriage in the Royal Family, but that she declared it had been intimated to her, in a more or less veiled form, during her hours of slumber.

William Chapman retired to bed, awoke the next morning with a dream, the details of which stood out so vividly that he, had to put himself to some trouble to restrain himself from throwing aside all dignity, and communicating a brief account to the conductor of each car that he boarded.

He went off duty at the usual time. Changed into ordinary clothes, told his mother all about it—("If you don't take a warning from a thing like that, my son," said the old lady, solemnly, "then you won't take a warning from nothing")—and was back at the Free Library, both elbows on the table and reading hard; a certain book, recommended by one of the clerks, under his eyes. Before him lay a delicate task, the necessity for which he deeply regretted; he desired to fortify himself with all the existing authorities. William Chapman made notes on the backs of envelopes with such feverish haste that other students of literature became interested in him, and the imperative order on the walls was broken.

"You can't say I'm not punctual for once," cried Miss Kemp, as she flew up to the gates outside the library. "The clock struck just as I was coming by——"

"Struck what?" he asked, curtly.

"Why, the half hower."

"Appointment was for eight."

"I wish," she remarked, "you would'nt mumble your words so that I can't tell what you do say. Going to keep fine?"

"It might," said William Chapman,

cautiously, "and then again it might not."

"The girls *were* so jealous this morning," she said, vivaciously. "Said they wished their young men would take them to the Surrey all in a moment, as it were, instead of making them look forward to it for months and months. And they made me tell them all about it, from beginning to end. One of 'em said——" She stopped for breath.

"Mind walking along somewhere where it's quiet, Voilet?"

"London Road is a clattering place," she agreed. "How'd it be to tram down to Camberwell Green?"

The conductor saluted him and took the fares with a word of excuse; Miss Kemp felt proud to know that other passengers were looking at her with curiosity. At the corner of Camberwell Green they alighted, and, as they walked into the triangular space, she touched him gently with her arm to hint permission, but he kept a careful distance from her. She waited defensively for an explanation. William Chapman coughed.

"Had an extr'ordinary dream last night," he remarked. She made no comment, and, after another cough, he went on. "Don't know when anything's made such an impression on me mind. Let's sit down here."

"They keep the beds very nice and pretty," she remarked. "I should love a house with a garden."

"Sometimes when you wake up, you can't exactly tell what you've been dreaming about. But I could tell this morning, everything." He sighed, shook his head, and waited for a question.

"Do you think they plant all these flowers" asked Miss Kemp; "or do they come up of their own accord?"

"If you must know what I dreamt about," he said, with a burst, "it was simply this. It was our wedding morn."

"Not really?" with lively interest.

"I was waiting up at the altar with my brother Tom; he seemed to be acting as best man."

"Many people there?"

"Tidy few," he said. "Presently the clergyman came in. I began to look at my watch. Tom whispered something in a chaffing way. People in the church talked to each other, and smiled at me. All at once a telegraph boy came rushing in at the other end. Took off his cap. I heard him asking the pew-opener if Mr. William Chapman was there. I went down the aisle, all the people grinning at me, and I says, 'That's me.' I opened the envelope, and——"

"Well?" asked the girl, amusedly.

"It was from you to say you'd changed your mind. Changed your mind at the last moment."

"What had you had for supper?"

"Didn't have any supper."

"Then you ought," retorted Miss Kemp. "Greatest mistake in the world to go off to sleep empty."

"There's more in what I'm telling you, Voilet, than you seem to realise. Makes all the difference in the world, an incident like this."

"Doesn't make any difference to me."

"Excuse me," he said, elaborately, "I'm afraid I must venture to contradict you on that point, if you don't mind. What I'm going to say may

possibly give you a certain amount of pain; I'll take me oath it gives me no partic'lar pleasure."

"What does this mean?" she cried, turning on the seat. "Do you want to break off our engagement?"

"Can't fly in the face of omens," said William Chapman, doggedly.

Miss Kemp bit her under lip, and seemed about to make a remark of a definite nature. Then she rose abruptly and walked out of the gardens.

According to the almanack and to confidential statements made by shopkeepers to their customers, the days were shortening; to William Chapman the one that followed appeared of intolerable length. Some of his official politeness deserted him, and altercations occurred with passengers who objected to show tickets because he did not say "Please!" because he looked cross; for a variety of other frivolous reasons. The sight of affectionate young couples taking a ride to Balham and back, made him sigh heavily; the chaff of lady passengers caused him to frown.

It proved almost a relief to encounter her, an inside passenger on one of the cars, although the sight made his heart lose a beat. He was not to know she had already disbursed eightpence in journeys, that she might see him and hold brief converse with him. He lifted his peaked cap and hoped, as he went along the right-hand side examining tickets, that his face did not look so red as it felt.

"Thank you," he said, returning her ticket. "Keeping well?"

"Mustn't grumble," said Miss Kemp, pleasantly. "You all right?"

"Haven't been quite myself to-day."

"Perhaps the change will be an improvement."

"I beg yours?"

"Funny thing," she said, reverting quickly to her agreeable manner, "but I was thinking of you this morning."

"Anything special?"

"Couldn't possibly tell you," she replied, definitely.

He had to go up the steps to complete his duties, and, on his return, he exchanged formalities with the conductor. William Chapman turned to step from the car, but, as though bethinking of something of moderate importance, came back.

"You won't, I suppose," he said, in an undertone, and looking hard at a soap advertisement, "by any chance or accident be anywhere near the old spot this evening?"

"Might be."

"Usual time?"

"If I can make it convenient," she replied.

When the clock struck the hour that night, William Chapman looked up and down the road eagerly. When his watch recorded ten minutes past, he had to take off his hat and fan himself, ignoring the cautionary phrases of young women going home from work. When the hour of twenty past came, he began to wonder whether the water in the Surrey Canal was sufficiently deep.

"Prompt as ever!" she cried, touching him on the shoulder. "Seems like old times meeting you here again. My sisters told me I was a silly to come, but, as I said, it was for the last time."

"The last time," he agreed. They walked along together in the direction of the Obelisk.

"Found anybody else?" she asked, with a forced laugh.

"I have not," he said, stolidly, "and I never shall. What I want to explain to you is that I acted as I did because I had to act as I did. There was no other course open to me. What made you think of me this morning, more than any other morning?"

"Really couldn't tell you," declared Miss Kemp, energetically, "not if it was ever so." He piloted her very carefully across the tram lines. "Not if you was to offer me thirty thousand pounds."

"That's slightly more than I've got put away in the post office," he said.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "if you must know, this dream of mine that I had last night——"

"Dream?"

"Was the strangest thing in the whole wide world. If I believed in 'em as much as you do I should be inclined to think it was bound to come true. Only six seems such a large number."

"Six what?"

"And they were all in one terrace in a very select quarter of London, with good tenants, and they were left to me—in the dream—because I'd never bothered the relative who owned them. Of course it was only a dream and there isn't the least dependence to be placed upon it, but still——"

"Voilet," said William Chapman, "I don't know whether I appear somewhat illogical, but if so it's the first time. There may be something in omens or there may be nothing, a certain amount of risk has to be taken in this world—well, what I mean to say is, that, anyway, I should be very much obliged to you if you'd kindly—kindly let matters go on as they did before."

"If you're really bent on it," said the girl, "I suppose I'd better."

WHO'S WHO FOR 1909

BY FRANK RICHARDSON

BATEMAN, JESSIE; play-actress, for several years leading *ingênue* of the British stage; played Juliet 1907 and Lady Macbeth 1908, thereby establishing her position as leading English actress. *Recreation:* being beautiful.

BROOKFIELD, CHAS. H.; eminent wit. *Publications:* Milk o' Human Kindness; My Friends and Why I Like Them; Kindliness is next to Godliness.

CLARKE, SIR EDWARD GEORGE; eminent advocate: invented whiskers 1862; perfected them 1863; wore a pair in public 1864; retains the same set at date of going to press; has bequeathed one to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and another to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

COLLIER, CONSTANCE; *nom-de-théatre* of Lady l'Estrange; one of the few actresses who declined to be photographed showing their teeth, 1907; absolutely refused to join Tooth Trust, 1908; created a sensation in the same year owing to the fact that

she was never photographed in a 2000 h.p. automobile belonging to the manufacturers.

GREIN, JOHANN TIGLATH-PILESER, Consul of the Congo Free State; East India Merchant; *b.* Amsterdam 1862. *Educ.:* Holland, Germany, Belgium; has from his sixteenth year combined business with journalism; shares with Max Beerbohm the distinction of being one of the only two Dutch critics of the British drama; can speak German and Dutch fluently; speaks English. *Recreations:* country life and humanitarian subjects; also the stage. *City Address:* 21, Mincing Lane, E.C. *Clubs:* Constitutional, Netherlands, etc.

GROSSMITH, SIR GEORGE, junior, comedian and man of letters; son of SIR GEORGE GROSSMITH, senior, and related to all the other Grossmiths; was originally intended for the Army, but being ambitious, went on the stage, and is now a serious rival of Coffin (Sir Hayden), Harvey (Sir Martin), and Ainley (Sir Henry); father of Ena, the sweetest child there has ever been. *Publications:* The Life and Letters of Seymour Hicks, 1906; Table Talk of George Edwardes, 1907; later in same year, Whiskers, and How to Wear Them from Infancy to Old Age.

HAWTREY, SIR CHAS.; brilliant light comedian; knighted 1907 (possibly by reason of the fact that he never wrote to the papers on subjects that did not concern him, or with regard to personal matters which could not concern anybody else).

HICHENS, ROBERT SMYTHE; journalist; novelist; *b.* Speldhurst, Kent, 1864. *Publications:* The Coastguard's Secret; The Green Carnation, etc. *Recreations:* driving (himself, not being driven), lawn tennis, and noting the foibles of his friends. *Clubs:* Grosvenor, Bath, and New Vagabonds.

HICKS, SIR SEYMOUR; comedian; *b.* St. Heliers, Jersey, 1871; has worked hard ever since; 1905, invented perpetual motion; 1906, made a corner in it; 1907, fought a duel with Sir George Grossmith, junior; owing to the absence of both parties, the duel a complete failure.

HORNER, FREDERICK WILLIAM; Editor and sole proprietor *Whitehall Review*; *b.* 1854; financier and traveller; ex-M.P. for Lambeth; confirmed non-member of Parliament. *Recreation:* horse-riding.

KENNEDY, BARTHOLOMEW; Literary trampist and trampery *litératteur*; invented full stops. Went further. Stops. Full stops. Stops full. Improved. Invented method of placing words between full stops. Word. Word. Amalgamated Trappist Monastery with Trampist dosshouse. Bart Kennedy. Kennedy Bart. Bart Kennedy. Bart Ken. Invented hair-restorer called Trampo, 1907.

MASON, A. E. W., P.T.O., P.S., F.R.G.S., M.P., (L.) Coventry; celebrated novelist and feather merchant; understands truantry; knows Dr. Robertson Nicoll; one of the few novelists who in 1907 did not follow the example of Lord Scalpo, *né* Sims, and invent a hair restorer. *Recreations:* collar and eye-glass wearing and initial using.

RICHARDSON, FRANK; *b.* New York 1871; *Educ.*: Marlborough, Christ Church, and Buda Pesth; the greatest living authority on whiskers; went mad on the subject December 1907. *Recreation:* believing that he is himself a whisker. *Address*: Lunie Lodge, Dottyville.

SMITH, JOHN, *né* Algernon Vere de Vere; unimportant actor; reliable as Fourth Citizen or Third Margate Bathing Woman; has specialised in thinking parts; was the only actor who opposed the "Compulsory Knighthood for Actors" Bill which was carried in the Autumn Session of 1907.

STOKER, BRAM; friend of the late Henry Irving and man of letters. *Publications:* Vol. 1, Bram. Vol. 2, Stoker; in each of these volumes he found it impossible to omit all allusion to Henry Irving. *Recreations:* Bram-Jitsu. *Address:* Stoker-Poges.

STREET, GEORGE SLYTHE; prominent essayist; has written many letters to *The Times* extending over four or five columns; owing to lack of business capacity he never sold them as serials to the *Daily Mail*. *Recreations:* the ordinary.

TREE, SIR H.; British actor; knighted 1907, having entered into a guarantee that he would never play King Lear. *Recreation:* Max Beerbohm.

WELLS, H. G.; scientist, novelist and minor prophet. *Publications:* The End of the World in Nineteen-hundred and eight, 1907; The War of the Aeroplanes, 1908. *Recreations:* finding out he is wrong and writing a thoughtful paper on the subject.

SOME ROYALTIES I KNOW

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX

I WRITE of royalties apart from those usually known to author and publisher.

Emperors and kings are, after all, ordinary mortals, very much like ourselves, except perhaps they, one and all, entertain an absolute horror of printer's ink, publicity, and the Press.

During many years of Continental life it has been my good fortune to know personally, and in more than one instance intimately, several of the rulers of Europe, both in their own palaces, and out of them. I have chatted with them in their own private cabinets, and my profession as novelist being the close study of character, I have carefully noted their mannerisms, their prejudices, their generous qualities and their earnest solicitude on behalf of the people over whom they reign.

That the burden of a crown is heavy; that the cares of State cause many a sleepless night; that the petty jealousies of Cabinet Ministers and the intriguing of their ambitious wives cause constant trouble and annoyance was confessed to me in confidence by one European ruler only a year ago, as I sat with him in his magnificent

MAKING A PIE: "COOKERY OFF THE BEETON TRACK."

By CHARLES FOLKARD

UNFINISHED CONVERSATIONS

VISITOR (*confidentially*): "I say—do you cheat at golf?" (The Vicar's wife was announced at this moment, and less sporting matters were discussed).

By F. H. TOWNSEND

MOTORITIS

"That motor sounds quite close—but it's a long time a-coming!"

By STARR WOOD

A MARTYR

"Don't you get awful tired doing nothing, mister?" "Terrible! But I never complain! Everybody has their troubles!"

By TOM BROWNE

A WEIGHTY QUESTION

P.-C. THYNNE: "Wot's this tale about you 'avin trouble with the beak about hevidince?"

P.-C. FATTE: "Quite true! 'E 'ad the imperence to say I was a witness of no weight. Now I arsk you, do I look like a man of no weight?"

By JOHN HASSALL

VERY VAGUE

"That leopard's out again! I'm going for 'elp. If he moves shoot 'im on the spot!"
"Which spot shall I aim at, guv'nor?"

By SAVILE LUMLEY

A SQUARE MEAL

FIRST WANDERER (*reading advertisement*): "What's this 'ere 'Printer's Pie' they're advertising? Have you ever come across it?"

SECOND WANDERER (*hungrily*): "Don't I wish I had!"

By H. M. BATEMAN

WOMAN, EVER UNREASONABLE!

"Do hurry up Algernon, we shall be late for tea!"

By H. M. Bateman

palace, where, within earshot, a great state-ball was in progress.

To that cosy luxuriant little room in which we sat, an apartment hung with *eau-de-nil* silk and gorgeous with gilt Renaissance furniture, the strains of a gay waltz came through the door ajar. The monarch, with quick impatience, rose, pushed to the door and returned to his chair sighing, tired of the eternal glare and glitter of his brilliant Court. The ruler in question makes a brave show towards the world—you see his name in the papers nearly every day—yet surely none guess how weary he is, or how gladly he would welcome retirement into the life of a private individual. When Crown Prince he did me the honour of giving me his friendship, and I have ever since been *persona grata* whenever in his capital.

Perhaps the most curious manner in which I ever met a royalty was at Nice some seven years ago. It was the occasion of an important yacht-race, and one bright spring afternoon I stood at the end of the Jetée Promenade, looking out upon the blue Mediterranean and chatting with His Royal Highness the Duke of the Abruzzi, whose yacht was taking part in the race. The Duke, by the way, afterwards went to the Arctic, and subsequently wrote the "Stella Polare," which I translated into English. His Highness had handed me his glasses with a remark regarding his own yacht, when, at my elbow, a gentleman in a drab tweed suit and soft felt hat to match, exclaimed—

"Ah! my dear Louis!"

The pair greeted each other affectionately, while I stood respectfully by, open-mouthed in wonder. The new-comer whispered something, and both moved off to another part of the wide asphalted promenade before the café, his Highness inviting me to accompany them. And when we were away from the little crowd of notables who were watching the race I found myself standing, hat in hand, before no less a personage than His Majesty the German Emperor.

"Of course, you will say nothing," he said, laughing, after I had been presented. "I am here quite incognito."

And so he was. With the exception of the Duke, myself, and the idling German detective who, dressed smartly as a Riviera lounger, was smoking a cigar a little distance away, not a soul knew that His Majesty the Kaiser was upon French soil.

A certain confidential service which I was fortunately able to render to the Royal House of Savoy was the reason of the first of several audiences I have had of His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel at the Quirinale. Though short of stature the King of Italy is a most active man, and full of smiling graciousness. For the first few moments of an audience he is full of quiet dignity, but he soon lapses into a manner which at once sets his visitor at his ease, his conversation being always brief and pointed, while he is always seeking information.

Many times I have been surprised at His Majesty's intimate knowledge of subjects with which I had believed that he, as a monarch, would be unacquainted. Towards England and the English—and more especially towards English visitors to and residents in his country—he entertains the

warmest regard. "I like to see the English in Italy," he declared to me one afternoon as I was sitting with him in his private cabinet, "and I do all I can to facilitate their travel, and to induce them to take residences here." Our conversation turned upon literature, and I found that, like many men who study deeply, he took his recreation in fiction. "I often read English novels at night. I like those with a real good plot which you cannot unravel to the end." And having told me the names of the authors he preferred, he pointed to one of my own books lying upon his table, adding some complimentary remarks about my work which need not be repeated. Suffice it to say that, on the same evening, His Majesty graciously invested me with the cross of the Order of the Crown of Italy, which His Majesty King Edward gave me his private permission to wear.

King Victor Emanuel's chief hobby is amateur photography. In spring and autumn he and his beautiful Queen Elena go for frequent picnics when at San Rossore or Racconnigi, and on such occasions he always takes snapshots of the luncheon-parties which he reproduces on post-cards and sends to his personal friends. I have one of those taken last autumn upon my mantelshelf as I write.

Queen Elena's father, Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, also honours me with his friendship. A magnificent type of man, of almost gigantic stature, attired always in his gorgeous Montenegrin national costume with high boots, baggy breeches and gold-laced coat, he is every inch a ruler. His wild warlike people worship him. for he is accessible to rich and poor alike, and until he recently granted a Constitution, he settled differences in quite a patriarchal way.

His Highness, a great admirer of England, has honoured me with several invitations to his high-up Palace at Cettinge, where he has given me excellent Montenegrin cigarettes out of his well-worn leather case with the gold crown and cipher upon it. A deep student of literature, he is also a poet, and wrote me, in Servian, some verses upon England which I preserve as a souvenir of one very pleasant sunny day we spent together, smoking, drinking coffee and gossiping in Italian upon literature and politics. His younger daughter, the pretty Princess Xenia, is also an expert photographer, and a great favourite at the Italian Court, as well as His Highness's daughter-in-law, Princess Mirko, one of the recognised Royal beauties of Europe, and daughter of my friend Madame Constantinovitch, of Belgrade.

Prince Nicholas, himself a soldier who has often taken the field, and would again tomorrow if the independence of his mountain kingdom required it, is certainly one of the most interesting figures among European royalties. To his stern and steadfast policy against enemies who have from time to time intrigued to obtain possession of Montenegro, is the present prosperity of his country due. Gladstone was one of his greatest friends, and mention of that statesman's name will cause him to sigh regret. His Royal Highness is gracious enough to be my firm friend, and has on many occasions rendered me little services in secret

which I have not discovered until many months afterwards.

From Cettinge to Belgrade is not a very far cry. His Majesty King Peter of Servia is utterly inaccessible, living in the new Konak Palace, and seeing no one except his ministers. Hence journalists have drawn a good deal upon their imagination as to what he may be like, and the world has been given a whole mass of untruths, nearly all of which have emanated from "inspired" sources in Vienna. The recent unfortunate events in Belgrade were completely in accord with Austrian policy towards Servia, therefore Austria is for ever attempting to stir up mud and create unrest in the country over which the eagle has her talons outstretched.

Now I have the advantage of being upon terms of friendship with King Peter, and have sat many hours with him in his pretty room in the Konak, overlooking the broad waters of the Save and the great Hungarian plains beyond. At the outset, I declare that among the several rulers I know not one is more charming, nor has one the welfare of his country at heart more deeply than Peter Karageorgevitch.

Unlike most kings or emperors, he has lived the cosmopolitan life of Paris, London, Rome, and Vienna, and is thoroughly a man-of-the-world. Preferring to speak French, though knowing English quite well, His Majesty has invited me to a smoke and a confidential chat on several occasions. The cigarettes he smokes are of Servian tobacco, with a most delicate aroma all its own, and which, he once told me, were of the same tobacco as the "Specialitet" cigarettes one can purchase in the shops in Belgrade. These he keeps in a large golden box, which he places between himself and his visitor, and with his own hand he always lights his friend's weed.

A more courteous, sincere, and kindly-mannered monarch does not exist in Europe. More than once he has honoured me with his confidence, and has spoken quite openly, and from his deep, earnest words, I know full well how he is exerting himself, by every means in his power, for the prosperity, strength, and well-being of the country over which he was, three years ago, called suddenly to rule. Fully alive to the shortcomings of Servia and the Servian people—shortcomings that must always exist in a new country—he, with his Prime Minister, Monsieur Pachitch, is striving for ever to introduce reforms, to promote good relations with the Powers and with his neighbours especially, and to reinstate Servia in the confidence of Europe.

A born soldier—for he won the Legion of Honour upon the battlefield—he is smart and dapper in his general's blue uniform, with the Star of Karageorge at the throat. In height, manner, and gait, an almost exact reproduction of Lord Roberts, while he possesses a soldier's sharp mode of speech, and yet has a keen sense of humour, and laughs merrily over a good story.

Journalists may jeer and write harsh things about King Peter—indeed, some of the friends of the immoral Obrenevitch have waxed hysterical—yet I say, without fear of contradiction by any who know him, that the mainspring of all His Majesty's thoughts and actions is his deep sense of duty to

Almighty God. He does not obtrude religion upon one. It is only when one knows him intimately as I do, that one discovers the real man—the man who knows well the sore trials and thousand difficulties of the office in which he is placed, and who trusts in God to assist him to protect and govern his people.

It was shown when, on investing me with the ribbon and cross of the Order of Saint Sava, he pointed to the enamelled miniature of the Greek saint upon it, and uttered slow earnest words which have rung in my ears ever since.

There is undoubtedly a great and glorious future before Servia, rich as it is in minerals and in agriculture, and King Peter is determined to carry out the traditions of his historic race, who won its independence.

With Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria I have chatted, both in the palace at Sofia and also at Varna. The signed portrait which is before me, is a souvenir of some happy hours he has been kind enough to spare to me. Very charming, and ever keenly alive to all that appertains to the well-being of his Principality, he is unfortunately sadly misjudged. Curious, however, how small prejudices or fears may affect a ruler's popularity. The people of Sofia actually declare that, being a German, he has no sympathy with Bulgarians! I witnessed a student's demonstration against him when he went to open the handsome new theatre in Sofia. Next day I inquired the reason of M. Petkoff—the Prime Minister who was unfortunately assassinated in March last—for it seemed to me extraordinary that such dissatisfaction could be felt against a ruler who had brought Bulgaria to be what she to-day is—the Power of the Balkans.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Prime Minister with a wave of his left hand, for he lost his right at the Shipka. "Ask His Royal Highness, and he will tell you. The people do not understand. The Palace here in Sofia, is very unhealthy, and as the town is full of fever, His Highness fears for both himself and his children—therefore he prefers being down on the Black Sea at Varna."

Later I had an opportunity of approaching this subject when with the Prince, and I proved that the dissatisfaction which had recently arisen in Bulgaria was attributable wholly to that very simple fact.

Beautiful and picturesque, clothed invariably in black or pale grey, and wearing a long white tulle head-dress upon her well-dressed white hair is the Queen of Roumania, the highly cultured artistic woman known to the world by her *nom-de-plume* of "Carmen Sylva." In her splendid *salon* in the Palace of Bucharest I have had opportunities of chatting with her, of looking through the albums of photographs of her many friends, and of hearing her play on the great organ.

Never have I met a woman with a softer, sweeter voice than Her Majesty. When Madame Bengesco, her constant companion, and the maid of honour have retired into an alcove at the end of the magnificent apartment, the Queen will take you into a cosy corner to chat; and if she does so you may be certain of an interesting hour. Of politics she will never talk, and once I received a sharp reproof because I, by mischance, included Roumania

in the Balkans. The two subjects Her Majesty is keenly interested in are literature and charities. Once she took me into the King's private library and showed me some of my own books upon a shelf, and at another she explained to me her plans for the new blind colony which she has since established. She was at that time receiving subscriptions, and with great glee brought me out the register and showed me the long rows of entries. Afterwards we together added up the columns, and to her amusement her arithmetic proved far better than my own.

"Ah! Mr. Le Queux," Her Majesty said in English, which she speaks perfectly, "I see you can write books better than adding up sums. But, you see, I have practice. I do quite a lot of arithmetic in connection with my charities. True, as you have just said, I am Queen of Roumania, but a queen's duties are to look after her poor and afflicted, and so to help her husband in his duties as King."

His Majesty the King of Saxony and his wife, Princess Luisa of Tuscany, the ex-Queen, I also have had opportunities of meeting. The latter I have met frequently in London and in Rome, while on several occasions she has been my guest in Florence. About her, a beautiful and attractive woman who was born an Austrian Archduchess, is a romance so well known that I need not here refer to it. Suffice it to say that she prefers privacy, the title of Princess Luisa of Tuscany, and the society of her pretty little golden-haired child Princess Monica to sharing the throne of Saxony with her husband and enduring the petty jealousies of the most stiff-backed Court in Europe.

Yes, it is true that beneath both kingly uniforms glittering with decorations, and *décolleté* bodices be-ribboned and be-starred, beat aching and anxious hearts, and much truth is there still in the thread-bare adage "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

A TOUCHING TALE

BY MOSTYN T. PIGOTT

HE was a decent sort of man,
A furniture appraiser,
Who'd formed within his mind a plan
To seek a crystal-gazer.

Since superstition in his veins
Had introduced its virus,
To know the Future's joys and pains
He had become desirous.

Particularly he aspired
To learn his true vocation,
Appraising never having fired
His whole imagination.

The witch retired into a trance,
Glared at the apparatus,
And waited darkly the advance
Of the desired afflatus.

At last she spake: "In mist I see
A first-night's lusty plaudits,
And you, mid piles of £ *s. d.*,
Conducting private audits.

"I clearly am discerning in
This moving panorama
That fame and fortune you will win
By taking to the Drama."

He rushed straight home and wrote a note
Resigning his position,
Then bought a fur-lined overcoat,
And started on his mission.

It seemed to him the wisest course
To emulate Pinero;
He studied "Dixon on Divorce,"
And drew a wordy hero.

His epigrams were trim and neat,
The scenes together fitted;
The play was, when it was complete,
To managers submitted.

But one and all, I grieve to say,
Revealed a knack of spurning,
And for two years his hapless play
Kept haggardly returning.

Low fell the courage of the man,
Which once soared high as steeples—
Ex-furniture appraisers can
Have souls like other people's.

But after many moans and groans,
He summoned all his pluck up;
He'd write like Henry Arthur Jones—
A thought that made him buck up.

He wrote about the long fatigues
That wait the lover's true-knot,
And filled a play with sly intrigues
In drawing-rooms he knew not.

But, though with wit like Tarragon
Its characters orated,
The managers declined *nem. con.*,
No reasons being stated.

Yet still he vowed he cared no straw,
And nought should him dishearten;
He wrote like Phillips, then like Shaw,
Like Sutro, next like Carton.

He turned out plays of moral tone,
And plays about Lotharios;
And, if you asked him, he would own
To musical scenarios.

His eye grew dim, his hair grew grey
Through all this toil protracted;
But still he sternly worked away
At what was never acted.

His meagre capital was gone;
Moths filled his fur-coat's creases;
Nor could he raise a penny on
His peerless masterpieces.

Unplayed were all the plays he wrote.
Despite the crystal-gazer;
And when at last he cut his throat,
'Twas with a curtain-raiser!

THE FLYER'S PHRASE BOOK

BY BARRY PAIN

IN a short time inventors with their aeroplanes will be arriving from Portugal, Putney, and other strange places, in order to compete for the *Daily Mail* prize or otherwise. It is not to be expected that they will know the language. They have had no time to do so, for it takes one all one's time to learn to fly. I am therefore preparing a book of useful English phrases which they should commit to memory. I append some samples.

THE START.

The crowd is enormous. Will the police be able to keep them back?

Why are you shoving me? I was not shoving you. They had been shoving him. She should not have shoved her.

Please take your wing out of my propeller. Why will they not take their propeller out of my wing? There is no room; it is disgraceful.

My engine starts with one half-turn of the handle. My engine starts on the switch. My engine does not start at all.

Please lend me some vaseline, some sand-paper, a screw-driver, a monkey-wrench, a spare accumulator, a piece of string, a half-crown.

The pistol is fired. Bang, bang. We are off. They are not off. She is very nearly off.

We rise in the air. Hurrah! Prosit! He's-a-jolly-good fellow.

In the Air.

We have risen to the height of the attic windows.

Shocking! Look the other way. They should have pulled the blinds down.

You should not have left the starting-handle in that position. See, it has fallen. It has struck a gentleman on the silk hat. Plop.

That is an ambulance. Those are the doctors.

She has lost control of the steering-gear. She is coming towards us very violently. That was a near shave. Another coat of paint and we should have been done for.

I am opposed to female suffrage.

Now we are gaining. We are ahead. We have left them standing. There is no one else in it.

Tell your aunt through the megaphone to put a fiver on us each way.

Coming Down.

We stop here. All change. Get your tickets ready, please.

Where is the parachute? I think she has taken it. I believe I saw her take it. She said it would do for an umbrella.

I am opposed to the higher education of women.

We descend with a gentle, gliding motion, like a bird with wings spread.

Our pace is increasing. We are going faster than we like. Shall we be able to dodge the telegraph wires? Shall we avoid the cathedral? Would it hurt less if we fell on the gasometer?

It was a mistake to allow this race to finish in the vicinity of a large town. It was a mistake to have started. I wish I had not come. They are very sorry that they came.

It is fortunate that we have struck a hospital. Cremation is better than cure. Good-bye. Ring off.

Afterwards.

It is a quiet funeral. Only the family is present. No flyers, by request.

Science must have its martyrs. She brought it on herself. They brought it down on her.

Next, please. This one was shot at and hit in the propeller. Some people have no manners.

Have you a glass eye? He has a cork leg. She has no teeth. How did they break their arms? What anæsthetic do you prefer? Will you join me in a split chloroform and ether?

The aeroplane is still in its infancy.

CARS AND COMEDIES

BY LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

(Editor of "The Car Illustrated")

THERE were probably more tragedies than comedies in the early days of motoring. To be left out all night in the rain, miles from home or anywhere, is not comic, at least for the victim, and a broken head or arm resulting from a collision with a wall or bank may produce roars of laughter when narrated to a music hall audience, but is apt to produce only a wry smile on the face of the actual sufferer. Perhaps the most humorous feature of the early days lay in the complete ignorance of the general public as to the technical terms used. Not only did the man in the street understand nothing whatever about an ordinary petrol engine, but the newspapers were equally ignorant. One great "daily" gravely announced on one occasion many years ago that "Mr. So-and-So's carbur-rotter having become strained the car stopped, though his jack-in-the-box still continued to revolve." Whether a vision of some midnight nightmare afflicted the writer, or whether a little too much "Dewar" had got into his head, it is perhaps not wise to inquire.

At that time the ordinary dinner-table conversation between a motoring lady and gentleman was apt to sound remarkable to their neighbours. I remember being at a dinner party in London in the summer of 1899; next to me sat a very proper old lady who had already told me she considered motor cars were "very horrible stinky things," a remark which naturally led to a sense of complete ease on my part, as she knew full well when making that remark that I was one of the first champions of the automobile movement. Well, on the other side of the table sat the aforesaid gentleman and lady motorist, discussing the colouring of the carriage work on their respective cars. During a lull in the conversation, their voices were only too clearly heard—"What colour is your body?" said the man. "White," said the lady, "with thin red lines." "That must look very pretty," said he, "mine is a duck's egg green with plenty of room at the back." The old lady's eyes would, I thought, drop out of her head, and, fearing a catastrophe, in which I should have to support her inert and unattractive body, I hastily tried to explain that this was only "motor shop" talk and that I was sure that there was no tie between our two neighbours closer than that of being both motorists (of course that tie may be very close—sometimes). To this day I believe the old lady thought I lied to her.

I remember another somewhat similar instance of technical terms being misunderstood. It happened in a well-known coach builders' establishment, not far from Oxford Street. Two smart ladies and a gentleman were waiting in the shop close to the telephone, where a youthful *employé* of the establishment was speaking to some other department. The following was the substance of his conversation: "Lady Blank's body is to be scraped, sand-papered, painted, and

varnished as soon as possible; and she insists that it shall be allowed the proper time to dry, in order to get the varnish on the surface quite hard." If Father Vaughan had heard this conversation, he could not have worn a more shocked expression than did the three persons who had overheard the orders given. I shudder to think what the would-be reformer of Society would have said in his next sermon as to the scandalous and indecent behaviour of the "upper ten."

I pass by as common ribaldry, not worthy of repetition, the average chaff in those days of the 'bus drivers and cabmen in the London streets. It varied from the refined "Hullo, stinkpot!" to language of many syllables objectionable and unprintable. Street urchins delighted to hold their noses when a car was passing, howbeit there was no smell whatever, and I have known smartly dressed and comparatively intelligent people in the Park ostensibly sniff or bring out their handkerchiefs when a car was going by, even though that car happened to be one propelled by electricity. Once I remonstrated with the fair possessor of one of these ultra-sensitive noses, and pointed out that scientifically there was no more smell about an electric car than from an electric lamp. "I don't care," she replied, "they *do* smell." "Not half so much as you do," was my somewhat hasty and ungallant rejoinder, for the lady in question was possibly more scented than anyone in London.

The frights caused to horses by motor cars sometimes caused humorous incidents. A small motor car near Aldershot, on a certain field-day in the summer of '99, routed a whole cavalry regiment in a narrow lane. None of the riders or horses, both of whom would have been prepared to face without shrinking the enemy in battle, cared to meet at close quarters this little motor car, which was smelling, shaking, rattling, and fuming between two high hedges. The trouble began when the horses of the leading file refused to go any farther. A block then occurred, and, owing to a good deal of dust, the troopers in the rear were unable to understand whence the delay was arising. The colonel's horse started to rear, and finally clambered up a bank into an adjacent cottage garden, having dislodged its distinguished rider in the process, leaving him covered with watercress and buttercups in the ditch. It then rushed through the garden, carrying round its neck nearly the whole line of the family washing, including the garments of the females of the farmer's family. Now a colonel's horse without its rider is not half so impressive a sight as with its colonel in the saddle at the head of the regiment. But a colonel's horse, well-bred though it be, with handkerchiefs, dusters, nighties, knickies, and frillies strung round its neck, presents an appearance which may be likened to a cross between a Christmas tree and the shop windows of Messrs. Swan and Edgar's "white sale." Of course we all know that troopers can swear, and the greater the prestige of the regiment the more picturesque the language. But I do not think the whole British army has ever surpassed in effect the remarks of that particular regiment, and to this day the expression "Where's your washing?" or

"laundry thieves" causes irritation. The name and address of the motorist was taken down three or four times over by different officers. He was told he was to be reported to the police or put under arrest, while a trooper was sent off at once for a policeman, who, as usual, could not be found (this was even before the days of police traps), while the boy mechanic and the frightened owner sat and shivered with fear. But the end was not yet. "Why don't you take the d—— thing away?" chorussed the regiment. "I have stopped it and can't start it again," replied the quaking and miserable motorist. But, silent or noisy, no horse would now pass the little motor car. Thus the man of petrol defeated a whole regiment of cavalry.

It is only seven or eight years ago that in out of the way places in England men, women and children used to rush to see a car pass, whether by day or night, and to relate wondrous tales of having seen a terrible monster with two bright eyes flash past them. In only comparatively remote Continental villages the "devil-car" was dreaded, and less than six years ago in certain parts of France, women used to drop on their knees and pray to the saints if they encountered a motor car on the road.

The tours of the Automobile Club in the early days were full of merriment, as every motorist in those days knew every other motorist, for the devoted band was but small. On the Thousand Miles Trial in 1900 one would hear a professional motor-man saying to another with bated breath, "Do you know the Hon. Rolls?" who was, by-the-bye, the hot favourite for the gold medal. "Yes, I do, come and look at him." And all of Charlie that was to be seen consisted of two dirty boots projecting from under a motor car while there were sounds of grinding and filing intimating that Charlie was at work.

Some of the early pioneers, heroes in those times, are almost forgotten now. I will only allude to one of the playful pranks on that never-to-be-forgotten tour. They used to chalk the wrong numbers on the boots outside the doors of the bedrooms at various hotels, so that next morning Mr. Frank Butler for instance would be left with a pair of small, nicely varnished ladies' shoes, while their fair owner would probably be wearing a perplexed look over a pair of what they call "large men's size" left for her to wear. With Herkie Langrishe, Challenor Knox, and Claude Johnson we used to have some merry times, and there are still waiters at Sheffield, Carlisle, Newcastle and Nottingham who would recall that when salad for dinner was wanted nothing else but a good-sized bedroom basin would contain enough for the party.

When the Gordon-Bennett race was run in Ireland in 1903, the Irish Constabulary were more excited about the success of the race than the theoretical performance of their duties. On the evening of the race day, as the cars were going back into Dublin, an inspector of the R.I.C. called to a sergeant who was standing in one of the roads going into Dublin, and said, "Stop them going so fast. There will be an accident." In a minute, along came a car for all it was worth, horns blowing and dust in clouds behind. Up went the sergeant's hand but as the

driver drew the car up, somewhat indignant at being stopped: "Go on! You're the best yet!" yelled the Irish policeman. The love of sport had overcome the dictates of duty.

But now for a local reminiscence. I was once driving the King on my motor car through the town of Lymington, in Hampshire, and was just passing through a toll-gate. The old toll-keeper, since dead, ran out and tried to stop my car. My motor-man, hastily pressing the proper coin into his hand, whispered that I was conveying a very distinguished personage, and that I was to be allowed to proceed at once. But apparently some motor car, going through earlier in the day, had rushed the gate, declining to pay. "I don't care, King or no King," said the old toll-keeper, "you must tell me who your friends were. I'm not going to be robbed by 'em." For he was under the well-founded impression that at that time I knew every living motorist in England! It was only by edging towards the half-open gate, and putting the pressure of the tyre against the middle rail, that I was able to proceed, the toll-keeper shaking his fist and remonstrating in words more forcible than polite till out of hearing.

The other day, outside the Savoy Hotel, a driver of Teutonic extraction was answering with hauteur and pride the questions of a crowd of interested spectators as to the workings of his engine. He was dirty and half shaven, with a greasy cap and a squint eye. "May I ask you another question?" said a particularly intelligent working youth. The driver nodded unsuspecting. "Why do they call you a Gibson Girl?" said he.

There was no answer.

MR. PECK-RIDGE, M.P.

HIS FIRST NIGHT IN THE HOUSE—AND AFTER

BY HENRY W. LUCY

ONE o'clock was booming from Big Ben when Mr. Peck-Ridge blithely crossed Palace Yard. He might have started an hour earlier, for the House was up at midnight. But the novelty of the scene, the seething delight of the new member, made him tarry, having last cigars with newly-made friends in the smoking-room. Later he wished he had more promptly answered to the cry of the doorkeeper, when the Speaker left the chair—"Who goes home?"

The shout rang through the emptying lobby, echo of a cry nightly sounded since the days of Pitt and Fox—"Who goes home?"

"*I* won't," Mr. Peck-Ridge chuckled. "At least, not yet."

And he did not, or this true story would never have been written.

Walking briskly towards his hotel near Victoria Station, he mused over the proceedings of the day, climax to a prosperous life. He remembered the days of old when he served apprenticeship in his father's ship chandlery, in the Lancashire fishing village of Shrimp-

ton. The paternal business had grown till it loomed large as "Peckridge & Son." The fishing village developed into a thriving town, which returned one member to Parliament. To-day that member was Samuel Peck-Ridge.

That was not quite the way the name was, forty years ago, spelled on his father's brass plate and billheads. As he rose in the social scale, and in time became sole member of the firm, Peckridge Junior divided the heritage of his name by a hyphen.

"Never," he said, with that dry, but occasionally irrelevant humour that made him popular in the local town council, "put all your eggs in one basket."

When, a month earlier, a vacancy in the representation of his native town followed on the death of the sitting member, Mr. Peck-Ridge was approached by his fellow citizens and invited to contest the borough. He accepted the invitation, and, after a tough struggle, won a seat for his Party. Hence the rousing cheer that yesterday afternoon welcomed his approach to the table to be sworn in. As he passed between the table and the Treasury bench to sign the roll of Parliament his Leader smilingly shook hands with him.

"Quite wrong," said Sir Henry Fowler, regarding the incident from the other side of the table and solemnly shaking his head. "Mr. G. would never do it. It was, he said, a discourtesy to the Chair. The Speaker should be the first to take a new member by the hand."

The exceptional character of the reception pleased Mr. Peck-Ridge the more.

Stepping briskly along Victoria Street thinking of these things, the still air of the early morning was broken by a cry of "Stop thief!" At the moment, a man coming out of a by-street, crossed the road and dashed by Mr. Peck-Ridge, almost brushing his elbow. Mr. P.'s first impulse was to let him go. It was no affair of his. Then he remembered his new position with its added public responsibility. Should he, just solemnly sworn-in at the table of the House of Commons, even tacitly connive at an attempt to defeat justice? Besides, after a long sitting of the House, supplemented by a sort of session in the smoking-room, a run in the fresh morning air would do him good.

Planting his hat firmly on his head, off he set. His age was fifty, his figure not obtrusively slight. But at school he was good for a short sprint, and was in fairly hard condition. He steadily gained on the fugitive. Behind him came a straggling crowd of persuers still shouting "Stop thief!" As Mr. Peck-Ridge, warming to his work, passed the end of St. James's Street leading on to Victoria Street, a stalwart young man flung his arms round him, and after a brief struggle, succeeded in pulling him up.

"Is this him?" he asked, turning to a woman, who breathlessly ran up and clutched Mr. Peck-Ridge by his outer garment.

"Yes, that's him," cried the woman. "Mean, sleek creature, robbing a pore woman of her hard-earned day's wages."

By this time the straggling crowd in full hue-and-cry arrived, the policeman leading by a neck. Here was a

pretty go, quite an embarrassment of riches. On the track of one thief the policeman had happened upon the custody of quite another. There was no doubt about the situation. The woman, a decent person of the dress-maker class, was coming up the steps at St. James's Station homeward bound by the last train, when, as she neared the top, she felt a tug at her pocket. Turning sharply round she saw Mr. Peck-Ridge, felt her purse was gone, and raced after him as he made his way westward.

There was no mistake about it. She knew him by his smooth face and his top hat. The top hat in particular impressed her, conveying deliberate attempt at committing larceny hoping to evade discovery by exceptionally respectable appearance.

Mr. Peck-Ridge, having partially recovered his breath, warmly protested. Unwonted exertion and indignant surprise lent something of incoherency to his remarks. Anyhow they did not convince the crowd. "Yah!" they cried, as the member for Shrimpton was led off to the police-station, "you're a nice sort of cove to bilk a pore woman. Where did yer drop the purse?"

The new member was no more fortunate at the police station. The Sergeant in charge was almost sardonically polite, and altogether incredulous.

"Member of Parliament, are yer? We've heard that before. Which 'ouse do you frequent? It's generally the Peers that are brought in here at this time of the morning."

Here a happy thought struck him. "Where do you say you sit for?"

"Shrimpton, Lancs.," said Mr. Peck-Ridge, eagerly. "Shrimpton-by-the-Sea," he added, anxious in the critical circumstances to avoid error.

"And what's yer name?"

"Samuel Wilberforce Peck-Ridge."

The Sergeant, rooting in his desk, brought forth a volume of *Dod* and looked up Shrimpton, Lancs.

"Very sorry, Mr. Peck-Ridge, but according to *Dod*, which, I believe, is equal to the old saying 'according to Cocker,' Mr. Henry James Dadworthy is member for Shrimpton."

Mr. Peck-Ridge's heart sank within him. The Sergeant held in his hand the copy of *Dod* issued at the opening of the Parliamentary Session. The demise of Mr. Dadworthy had happened six weeks ago in the leafy month of June. In vain Mr. Peck-Ridge explained the circumstance of bye-election.

'I always read in my paper," said the Sergeant, winking at the loyally amused policeman, "that bye-elections don't mean anything, leastwise when they go agin our side. However, Mr. Peck-Ridge, you can tell all that in the morning to Mr. Curtis-Bennett. You'll find him remarkably nice. Always ready to listen to a good story. Good-night, Ma'am: I've got your name and address. Mind you're at Court not later than ten in the morning, and good-night to *you* Mr. Peck-Ridge, M.P.—of Shrimpton-on-the-Sea, I think you said?"

In a half-dazed condition the new member was led off and accommodated with a cell. He had vague ideas of the desirability of being bailed out. In fact, before quitting the presence of the Sergeant, he had suggested the process.

"All right," said that irrepressible joker. "Who shall we send for, Mr. Peck-Ridge, M.P. Shall it be the Speaker? He's close handy in Palace Yard. Or, perhaps the Sergeant-at-Arms is more in your line?"

On reflection, Mr. Peck-Ridge recognised the utter helplessness of his position. Nobody would be up at the Grosvenor Palace Hotel except the night-porter. Even had he been sure of the address of newly-made friends at the House of Commons he could not rout them up at two o'clock in the morning with request to bail him out on a charge of picking pockets. There remained nothing but invocation of a spirit of resignation, under whose soothing influences he passed the long hours of the night.

Brought up in the morning at Westminster Police-court his time of tribulation swiftly ended. He left the Court amid profuse apologies from the Magistrate, a poor consolation for a sleepless night under lock and key.

Thereafter, if, on the rising of the House, he failed to find the companionship of a member walking as far as Victoria Station, he took a cab.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE SUCCESS

BY E. V. LUCAS

THE Baby lay in his little cot. He was to be christened that morning, and there was a great bustle of guests downstairs; two greengrocers were preparing the luncheon table.

So many aunts and cousins had come in, just to peep at the little pet, that he had grown fretful, and Nurse had locked the door and forbidden anyone else to approach it.

The blinds were down and the curtains of the cot were drawn, and the Baby at last slept.

Although Nurse had the key in her pocket, the room suddenly filled with fairy godmothers. They had come by appointment, and had each brought a gift. Every baby has them.

All were there but one. Owing to some carelessness on the part of the Baby's parents, she had not received a card.

"He shall be a success," said the Fairies, in unison. "A success."

"I give him," said the First, "an iron will."

"I give him," said the Second, "a clear head."

"I give him," said the Third, "self-confidence."

"I give him," said the Fourth, "indifference to public opinion."

"I give him," said the Fifth, "a good memory for faces."

"And I give him," said the Sixth, "a knowledge of men."

"There," said the First Fairy, with much complacency, "now I think we may go. Nothing can ever hurt our darling now. He has everything he needs. He can be anything he likes. There is no worldly prize out of his

grasp. He can have motor cars and yachts, and sup at a restaurant every night. He can rule men, and when he dies the Chancellor of the Exchequer will bless his memory."

"Stay!" cried a strange and angry voice; and, looking round, they perceived the other Fairy in their midst. She was furious.

"Why was I not told of the date?" she cried. "I will punish them for this. I will undo all your work. Your gifts shall avail him nothing after he has received mine, for I give him——"

"What?" cried the others, in terror.

"I give him——"

Consternation distorted every face.

"I give him a sympathetic heart."

"Ah!" wailed the First Fairy, as she gathered up her skirts and prepared to leave; "he is ruined!"

The angry Fairy bent over the cot. "I am glad I came," she hissed. "He will be a Failure now."

IN THE HAYMARKET: A LOVE STORY IN ONE ACT

BY COSMO HAMILTON

CAST.

MR. BEVERLEY.	MR. WELLS.
LORD CRANFORD.	BATES (*Beverley's man*).
MR. BETTERTON.	MRS. MINCHANT (*Lady Betty's companion*).
LADY BETTY BURNAY.	

SCENE.

BEVERLEY'S *house in the Haymarket. Midnight. Period,* 1750.

A sitting-room, with doors R *and* L. *A recess window* C *at back. Card-table down* C. *Furniture to dress stage.*

When curtain rises, BATES, *an old servant, timid and respectful, is lighting the candles about the room. Off* L *a ringing, careless voice can be heard singing "Hey nonny, nonny!"*

A church clock in the distance strikes twelve.

BATES (*tearfully, as with trembling hand he lights one of the candles*). Five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve. Deary, deary! This London life's wearing me away. (*Irritably.*) Take the flame, fool!

BEVERLEY (*in room* L). Bates, Bates, I say!

BATES. Sir, sir.

BEVERLEY. Bates, you rogue!

BATES. This minute, sir.

[*A voice passes open window singing a snatch of a French song.*

BEVERLEY. Egad, man, are you deaf or lame, or is this mutiny?

BATES (*hurrying*). Coming, sir, coming. (*A loud knocking at outer door.*) (*Turning* R.) Coming, sir, coming.

BEVERLEY (*impatiently*). Hang it, dodderer, am I to become hoarse a-calling?

(*Another loud knock.*)

BATES (*going* L). Who am I to

ttend to, sir? Your honour blasphemes me on the left, and someone hammers for me on the right——

BEVERLEY. Very well, wait upon the one who hammers. And, Bates——

BATES (*stopping fretfully on the way to door* R). Sir. Oh, my knees!

BEVERLEY. Unless it be Mr. Wells I am ill abed.

BATES. Ay, sir (*going to door* R). Would to Heaven you were, although no one would regret it more than I. (*Another loud knock.*) Oh, coming, coming.

[*He goes out. Bolts are withdrawn and a door opened.*

WELLS (*without*). Is your master to hand?

BATES (*without*). He is, sir, if it's Mr. Wells, otherwise he's ill abed!

WELLS (*entering*). I' faith then your master is not abed. Wells is my name. Beverley!

BEVERLEY (*still in room* R). Is that you, Charles?

WELLS. Who else? Why under Heaven am I sent for at this unconscionable hour?

Enter BATES.

BEVERLEY. Some people are hard to please. What's wrong with the hour, pray? The day is about to begin. I'm with you in a moment, old friend.

WELLS (*turning to* BATES). Upon my soul, there is madness in the Haymarket to-night. I am fetched from my bed by the master to see the man lighting instead of snuffing the candles.

BATES. Ay, your honour. Madness it is for certain. Instead of undressing for the night my master is dressing for it.

WELLS. Dressing at this hour? Impossible!

Enter BEVERLEY *in his breeches, shirt-sleeves and ruffs.*

BEVERLEY (*in a state of high excitement and spirits*). Damn it, man, you wouldn't have me receive my Lord Cranford in my night-shift, would you?

WELLS (*with sudden earnestness*). Cranford coming here?

BATES. Good lack!

BEVERLEY. Why not? 'Tis an easy walk from St. James's?

WELLS. Cranford, whom all the world knows to be no friend of yours?

BEVERLEY. If one only entertains one's friends, old sleepy-head, the seats of one's chairs will never need recovering.

WELLS. I'm no chicken-livered pimp that's afraid to see you give your blade the cold air to breathe, but if you have brought me here to second you in a fight with Cranford——

BEVERLEY. Egad, but I have, Charles!

BATES (*drops his taper with a groan*). God save us!

BEVERLEY. How now, master Bates? Do you wish to set the house afire?

WELLS. I do not wonder at the old man's terror. Cranford and the devil are twins.

BEVERLEY (*with a burst of laughter*). Lud! but you make my lord to be older than the hills!

BATES. Oh, what would his poor mother have said, God rest her soul!

WELLS. Beverley, Beverley, give me the truth. You are an apt pupil of the sword, but I heartily trust that you have no duel with this man.

BEVERLEY (*gripping* WELLS's *arm*).

CANVASSERS BEWARE!

"My 'usband is out just now, and I'd ask you in to wait for 'im—but—well, you know this is a terrible place for scandal!"

By CHARLES CROMBIE

OVERHEARD AFTER A RECENT ROYAL PROCESSION

FIRST UNEMPLOYABLE: "Done any work this year, Bill?"
SECOND UNEMPLOYABLE: "Yus! I waved me 'at when the King passed!"

By DUDLEY BUXTON

"WHY CAN'T *WE* HAVE VOTES?"

By STARR WOOD

LITTLE TICH
(A Caricature)

By CHARLES PEARS

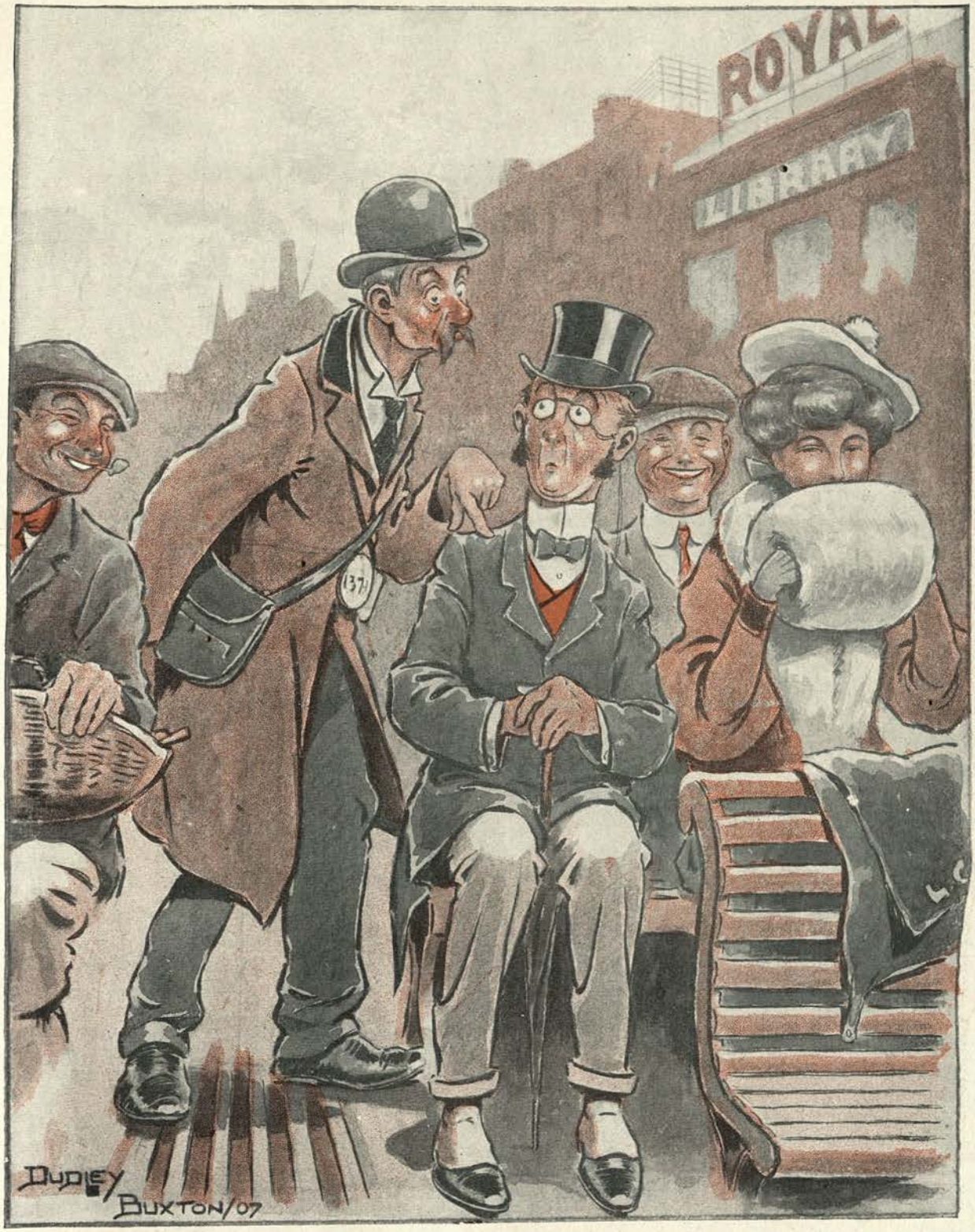
ENNUI

PUSS: "Dismal business this travelling! Now if they'd put us two in the same cage, we could have entertained one another!"

By G. D. ARMOUR

FOUND DROWNED!

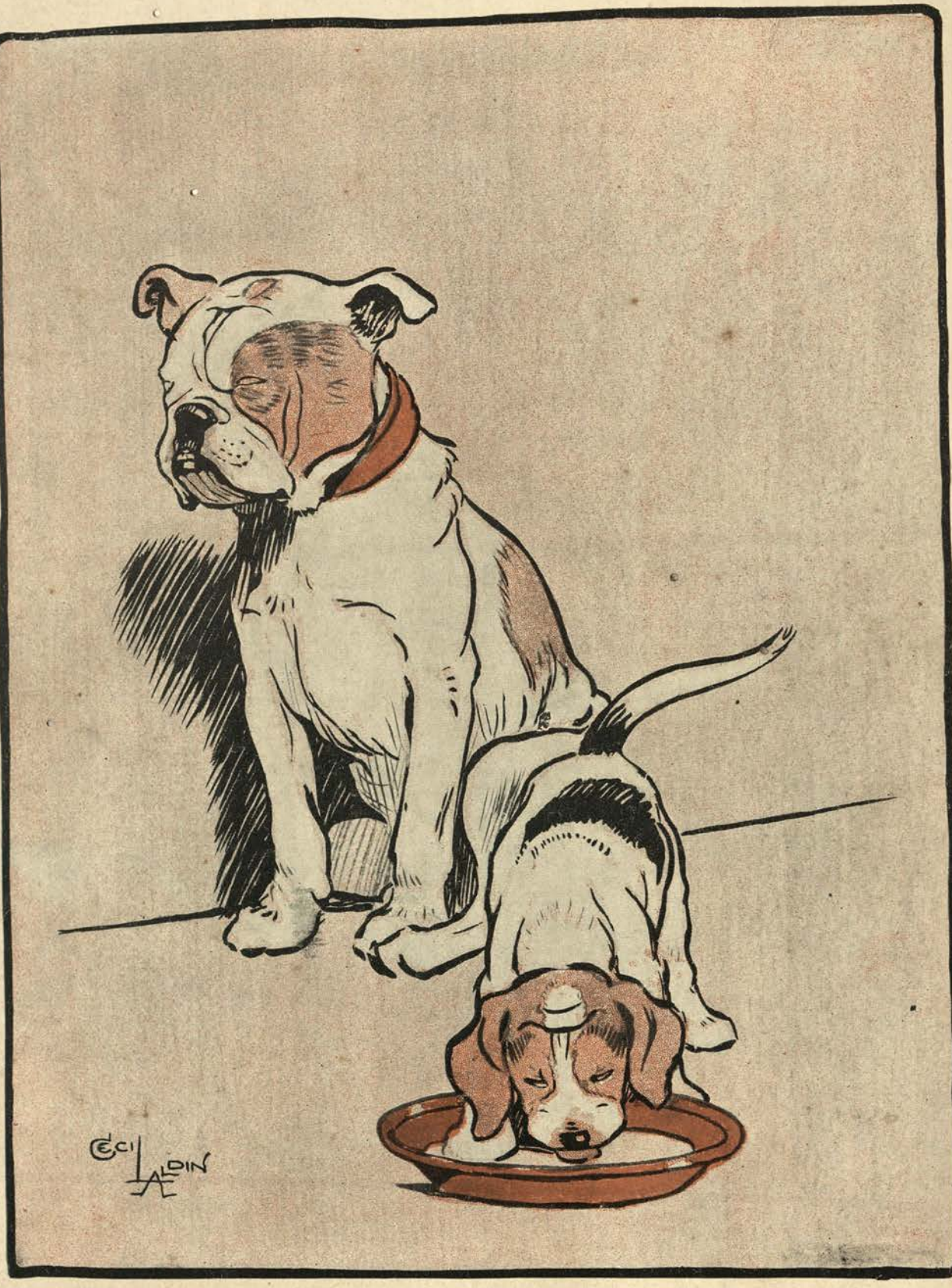
By STARR WOOD



SOMEWHAT ALARMING

CONDUCTOR: "Are you the gentleman with two insides?"

By DUDLEY BUXTON



"POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW!"

By CECIL ALDIN

Old friend, I have you with me to-night to watch me fight with Cranford for something that is dearer to me than honour—stronger than the love of life. To-night I am to fight for love, to win the woman who holds my heart by the tips of her dainty fingers.

WELLS. Lady Betty Burnay!

BEVERLEY. The very mention of the name sets my blood racing in my veins and makes my breath come short as though I had run a mile! But no swords are to be drawn.

BATES. Praise the Lord!

WELLS. How then do you fight?

BEVERLEY. With the dice, old friend.

WELLS. The dice?

BEVERLEY. All the world knows how matters stand between Cranford and my Lady Betty and I. In all London we are the only two men upon whom her divinity deigns to cast a glance. Neither of us has progressed farther than the other in her regard.

WELLS. But, my Lord Cranford has the best of you in position and money, and we all know that her Ladyship must have both to make her happy.

BEVERLEY. And in that regard, egad, has my lord the advantage of me as we stand at present. But——

WELLS. Ay! the but is large enough to drown a regiment in! You are a poor gentleman.

BEVERLEY. But a gentleman, thank God. And as to the other thing—the money—it is for that for which we throw to-night. I have realized my estate in Warwickshire, my horses, my jewels, this house, everything I possess in the world. Three throws of the dice are to decide whether I lose it all or whether I win a sum double the value from Cranford.

WELLS (*in a low voice*). How much is at stake?

BEVERLEY. Sixteen thousand pound to win—eight thousand and the sweetest lady that ever trod the earth to lose.

BATES. Good lack!

WELLS. In three throws?

BEVERLEY. Ay, in three throws! In my present mood, with the certain feeling that the gods of Luck and Love are on my side, I would not care if it were to be decided in one!

WELLS. In all gravity, Beverley, I beg of you not to let the dice decide your fate. Cranford has the devil's luck. I'll stake my life on it that he will win.

BEVERLEY (*quietly*). I am staking my life and more than my life—all I hold most dear and most sacred in the world—that he will not win.

WELLS. But is her ladyship of so mercenary a disposition that she will give her love only to the man who can provide her with luxuries? If so, she is little worth the fighting for. Go to her as you are. You have the better of Cranford in the matter of years and looks. It is said that she has shown you the preference.

BEVERLEY (*shaking his head*). No, old friend. What she has given to me one day she has given to Cranford the next. She has coquetted with us both and does not know which of us it is that holds her heart. I am not the man to win her without the means to give her a fitting nest. I have decided. No argument can change my decision. The great question of the moment is

the colour of my coat. I believe in colour. Come, which shall it be—mauve or salmon, blue or purple? Damme, man, don't stand gaping there as if you saw a grave at your feet. (*He takes* WELLS's *arm and leads him excitedly to his room* L.) To the wardrobe, to the wardrobe! A gentleman of proper parts and good breeding should be dressed as befits him whether he goes to church or to the gallows.

[*They enter together, shutting the door.* BATES *follows up, wringing his hands.*

BATES. Oh, Lord, Lord, what's to become of us? The old place gone that's been in the family these hundred years an' more; this house, the jewels, and everything, for the sake of a woman!

[*The door* R. *is pushed open. There is a ripple of laughter. Enter* LADY BETTY BURNAY, *followed by* MRS. MINCHANT *pulling at her dress.*

MRS. MINCHANT (*in great distress*). Oh fie, fie, your ladyship. You would not enter a gentleman's rooms at this hour of the night!

LADY BETTY (*laughing*). Lud, ma'am, but you insisted on doing so and I am here to play propriety.

BATES (*turning aghast*). Your ladyship!

LADY B. Ah Bates, is it the custom here to leave the door ajar for passers-by to enter at will? Where is Mr. Beverley?

MRS. M. I declare your ladyship that I cannot permit this indelicate intrusion.

BATES. Oh, your ladyship, I beg of you not to enter.

LADY B. My good man, I *have* entered. This is not the first time that my companion and I have been in these rooms. The only difference between this call and the others is that this is an earlier one. Where is Mr. Beverley?

BATES. In his room, your ladyship.

MRS. M. He may have retired for the night, dear lady. Oh, that I should be forced into a situation so trying!

LADY B. If this were other than a sitting-room I could understand your modest fears. Don't pluck me, ma'am, I am no chicken! Send in our names to your master, sirrah!

BATES. Oh, your ladyship, I humbly beseech you not to stay! This is no place for ladies.

MRS. M. There! What did I tell your ladyship! Oh, how distressing a position for a gentlewoman!

LADY B. Who is with Mr. Beverley?

BATES. Mr. Wells, your ladyship, and every moment my master is expecting my Lord Cranford and other gentlemen.

LADY B. My Lord Cranford? Art sure, good Bates?

BATES. Only too sure, your ladyship.

LADY B. (*to* MRS. MINCHANT). Cranford, at this time o' night, with friends! What can this mean?

MRS. M. Your ladyship knows better than most that there can be no love lost between these gentlemen. He, he, he!

LADY B. (*agitated*). Neither gentleman was at the masque to night—hints were flying round as to a duel—if it should be—— (*She suddenly grips Bates by the arm*). Oh, good Bates, dear Bates, tell me what is to happen?

MRS. M. (*in a flutter of fear*). Oh, dear Heaven, why did I permit this wild visit?

BATES. Madame, it is as much as my place is worth to tell you.

LADY B. I will make good anything that you may suffer—only tell me, quick!

BATES. There is to be a duel.

LADY B. Oh, Heavens!

BATES. A duel with the dice. My master throws the dice with Lord Cranford to lose all that he has in the world to win double.

LADY B. Thank God it is not to be fought with swords. But why is Mr. Beverley indulging in this recklessness?

MRS. M. Ah, it is plain to me. Your ladyship told him that you could never wed with a poor man, and Mr. Beverley is risking all to win a fortune.

LADY B. Is that so, Bates?

BATES. That is so, your ladyship.

LADY B. Oh, my Beverley! For me you will stand to lose the very means of life. It is fate that brings me here to-night.

MRS. M. Begging your ladyship's pardon, I do not call it fate but perverseness.

LADY B. I will tell you why I came. I came because I have grown tired of playing the coquette with the man I love; to show him that my preference is with him and not with Cranford. I determined to let him see into my heart at the masque to-night. He did not come, and throwing convention to the winds, I broke into his house. Oh, my Beverley!

MRS. M. (*vinegarishly*). Your ladyship, whose habits are proverbially expensive, will find it difficult to wed a beggar.

LADY B. I shall not wed a beggar. Beverley will win!

MRS. M. If he lose?

LADY B. Then shall we be rich in our love.

BATES (*eagerly*). And now I will assist your ladyship to your chair.

MRS. M. Yes, indeed. It would not look well for you to be caught in these rooms by his lordship.

LADY B. Lud! what care I? You may go, good Minchant. I stay here to watch the game and cheer the winner.

(*A loud rat-tatting at the door.*)

BATES. Oh, madame, this is his lordship.

MRS. M. What's to be done? What's to be done?

LADY B. (*with a ripple of laughter*). Let us take our positions in the stage-box and enjoy the play.

(*Another knock.*)

MRS. M. What mean you, madame? There is nowhere for us to go! We shall be seen!

LADY B. Lud, your wits have taken holiday. Curtains may make conventional hiding, but I am thankful for small mercies. Come, ma'am, are you not delighted at the turn of events?

MRS. M. I would give a year of my life to be safe in bed.

(*Another knock.*)

[LADY BETTY *chuckles and hurries* MRS. MINCHANT *behind the curtain, going behind it herself. Door* L. *opens, and* BEVERLEY *and* WELLS *can be heard talking.* BATES *runs to door* R; *goes out.* CRANFORD *and* BETTERTON *talk without.*

CRANFORD. Is Mr. Beverley within?

BATES. He is, my lord.

Enter BEVERLEY *and* WELLS *from* L, *as* CRANFORD *and* BETTERTON *enter from* R.

BEVERLEY. My lord, I have the honour to wish you a very good evening.

CRANFORD. Mr. Beverley, I have the pleasure to wish *you* a very good morning.

[*They bow low.* LADY BETTY *sticks her head out and makes a face at* BATES, *who waves her away.*

BEVERLEY. Will your lordship permit me to present Mr. Wells?

CRANFORD (*to* WELLS, *with a slightly insolent air*). Sir, I know your tailor.

WELLS (*bowing*). I am honoured, my lord.

CRANFORD. This is Mr. Betterton, gentlemen; too much of a fool to be a knave——

BETTERTON (*with a giggle*). But sufficiently clever to be an excellent fool. (*He bows mincingly.*)

CRANFORD. And now, gentlemen, let us to business. Mr. Beverley, are our weapons ready?

BEVERLEY (*lightly*). All ready, my lord. (*He rattles the dice in a box and puts the box on the table.*)

CRANFORD. Then, as I have a pestering baggage waiting for me in Panton Street, I think we will begin. Mr. Wells and Mr. Betterton, you will be witnesses to this transaction.

BETTERTON. Beyond that it is a matter of the heart—in the which, 'fore God, I am an accomplished sufferer—I know nothing.

BEVERLEY. Perhaps my Lord Cranford will be good enough to explain, sir.

CRANFORD. In a few words, gentlemen, Mr. Beverley and I are suitors for the hand of the beautiful Burnay.

BETTERTON. He, he, he! Dear puss!

BEVERLEY (*treads deliberately on his foot*). Your pardon, sir.

BETTERTON (*with a cry of pain*). It is a pleasure, sir.

CRANFORD. Her ladyship, who as you know, is an orphan with scanty means and expensive tastes, has tacitly led the *beau monde* to suppose that her choice of a husband lies between Mr. Beverley and myself.

BETTERTON. Egad, then her ladyship has as nice a discernment as she has an ankle.

BEVERLEY (*stamping on* BETTERTON's *other foot*). Again I crave your pardon, sir.

BETTERTON (*with a yell*). And again it is a pleasure, sir.

CRANFORD. Betterton's feet are like one's mistresses, always in the way. To continue, Mr. Beverley, as all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance well know, is of an optimistical disposition, and he believes that the only advantage I have over him in this, our rivalry for the lady's hand, is in the matter of money. Am I right, sir?

BEVERLEY (*with his head high*). Very right, my lord. "Faint heart never won fair lady," it is said.

BETTERTON. An empty purse, in this case never. He, he, he!

[BEVERLEY *makes a movement*, BETTERTON *shifts his feet uneasily.*

CRANFORD. That being so, gentlemen, I have engaged to throw with Mr. Beverley for all the money he possesses, a matter of eight thousand pound, and if I lose to pay him double.

BETTERTON. Double?

CRANFORD. The loser, beyond this, to give his word of honour to leave the field absolutely to the winner. Will you correct me if I err, sir?

BEVERLEY. You voice our bargain to the letter, my lord.

BETTERTON. How many throws to decide, my dear Mr. Beverley!

BEVERLEY. Three, my dear Mr. Betterton (*handing the dice-box to* CRANFORD). Permit me, my lord.

CRANFORD. If it's all the same to you, sir, I will throw last. Mr. Wells and Mr. Betterton will keep the score.

[WELLS *and* BETTERTON *gather round the table.* CRANFORD *takes out his snuff-box carelessly.*

BEVERLEY (*with a profound bow to Cranford*). Your lordship's most obedient.

CRANFORD (*bowing sarcastically*). Your politeness overwhelms me, sir.

[BEVERLEY *shakes back his ruff, goes to the table, lifts the box high.*

BEVERLEY (*under his breath*). The goddess of Luck be with me!

(*He rattles the dice and throws.*)

[LADY BETTY'S *head comes eagerly through the curtain.* BATES *comes nearer in a state of trembling fear.*

WELLS and BETTERTON (*in a breath*). Five!

BEVERLEY (*breathlessly*). Ah!

CRANFORD. Not so bad, sir. Better luck next time.

BEVERLEY. I thank you, my lord.

[WELLS *puts the dice in the box, and hands it to* BEVERLEY, *who rattles and throws again.*

WELLS and BETTERTON. Twelve!

BETTERTON. S'death! There's magic in 'em.

(LADY BETTY *smiles in delight.*)

CRANFORD (*carelessly*). I have seen twelve turn up three times in succession many times. Mr. Beverley, luck smiles upon you, sir.

BEVERLEY. Yes, i' faith. She is kinder than I dared hope.

BETTERTON. But, like all the tender sex, dear sir, she is fickle. There is still one more throw.

BEVERLEY. Give me the box, Charles. (*His hand trembles. He throws, after an instant's pause, and keeps his hand on the box.*)

BETTERTON. Uncover, dear sir, uncover.

[LADY BETTY'S *face still smiles.* BATES *has crept up to the table.* BEVERLEY *uncovers and steps back.*

WELLS and BETTERTON. Five!

CRANFORD. Five, hey! Still, twenty-two is a fine total Mr. Beverley, but few short of the best possible.

BEVERLEY (*in a low voice*). It is with you, my lord.

[CRANFORD *steps forward in silence and bows to* BEVERLEY, *who returns it without a word.* CRANFORD *takes the box from* WELLS, *shakes carelessly and throws.*

WELLS and BETTERTON. Six!

[CRANFORD *takes the box and throws again.* BEVERLEY *watches anxiously.* LADY BETTY'S *face undergoes a change. She leans forward eagerly.* MRS. MINCHANT *is smiling.* BATES *has his hands to his lips.*

WELLS and BETTERTON. Eight!

BEVERLEY (*with a gasp*). Ah!

CRANFORD. Mr. Beverley, if you would care to cancel our agreement—

BEVERLEY. Zounds, no, my lord!

CRANFORD. Very well, sir. Permit me, Mr. Wells (*he takes box and throws without a pause, keeping his hand on the box*). For the sport of the thing, Mr. Beverley, I am ready to add another thousand pound to the sum already fixed?

BEVERLEY. Nothing would give me greater pleasure my lord had I the sum to add. My sword and my honour are alone left me. Pray let us see the throw.

(CRANFORD *uncovers*)

WELLS and BETTERTON. Twelve!

BEVERLEY (*involuntarily*). My God!

(LADY BETTY *withdraws her head.*)

CRANFORD (*turning to* BEVERLEY). Sir, your most obedient servant to command (*he bows elaborately*).

BEVERLEY (*trying to speak lightly*). My lord, a thousand congratulations.

BETTERTON (*simpering*). Lud! by just a lettle, lettle figure.

WELLS (*grasping* BEVERLEY'S *hand*). Oh! Beverley.

BEVERLEY (*in a loud voice, throwing* WELLS'S *hand away*). Bates, the wine. Dost hear me sirrah?

CRANFORD. Not for me, Mr. Beverley, I must withdraw. Can I lend you any money to take you to France, sir? Command me.

BEVERLEY. No, I thank you, my lord.

CRANFORD. The *beau monde* will lose one of its brightest ornaments.

BEVERLEY. But will retain one far more dazzling.

CRANFORD. I thank you, sir. Betterton, I will not join her baggageship in Panton Street, but will home to bed. I will convey your respects to the beautiful Burnay in the morning, sir.

LADY B. (*coming out*). The morning is with us, my Lord Cranford. Why not convey them to her ladyship now?

(*All the men turn up towards her.*) Gentlemen, your servant. (*She bows*).

(*All the men bow except* CRANFORD.)

CRANFORD (*angrily*). Mr. Beverley, what is the meaning of this?

BEVERLEY. My lord, I had no more knowledge——

CRANFORD. Pshaw!

BEVERLEY (*clapping his hand on his sword*). My lord!

LADY B. (*coming down between them*). Gentlemen, gentlemen, no violence, I pray! The sight of naked swords would give my woman hysterics. My lord, I have watched the play with the greatest interest. I am indeed honoured at the condescension that Mr. Beverley and your lordship have shown for me. (CRANFORD *raises her hand to his lips.* BEVERLEY *stands facing the audience with a set face.*) I understand that you have won the right to enter into competition for my hand in marriage without a rival?

CRANFORD. That is so, madame.

LADY B. I say nothing as to the estimation of my mercenariness held by Mr. Beverley and your lordship. The man who wins me must indeed have much to lay at my feet. All that remains for me to do, in order to round off this evening's entertainment is to give my hand to the man who holds my heart. Pray do not be backward in making your appeal, my lord.

CRANFORD. Does your ladyship imply that it is your wish that I should do so now?

LADY B. Yes, my Lord Cranford, so that the *beau monde*, which will be discussing this matter to-morrow, may know the true end of it.

BEVERLEY (*bursting out*). Madame, for God's sake spare me this.

LADY B. (*coldly*). Sir, *I* have not been spared before these gentlemen. I await your lordship's pleasure.

CRANFORD (*going on his knee*). Most beautiful lady, I have the honour to lay at your feet my titles, my estates, and all my worldly goods——

LADY B. You do not include your heart, my lord.

BEVERLEY. Would God that I were dead! (*He turns away.*)

CRANFORD. And, beyond all, my heart, madame; and to crave your ladyship to deign to raise them from the earth.

LADY B. And I have the honour to ask your lordship to stand upon your feet, taking with you your titles, your estates, and, beyond all, your heart, for all of which I have no use.

CRANFORD (*angrily rising*). Madame!

BEVERLEY (*springing forward*): Madame!

LADY B. Gentlemen, the entertainment is at an end. Lord Cranford, I wish you a very good morning. (*She bows low.*)

[CRANFORD *bows, crosses to the place where he put his hat and cloak, snatches them up, and leaves the room. He is followed by* BETTERTON, *who minces after him, and by* WELLS, *who shakes* BEVERLEY'S *hand silently and goes.* BATES, *throwing a sympathetic glance at his master, follows them out.* BEVERLEY *stands with hanging head down* R. MRS. MINCHANT *comes down on tip-toe.*

MRS. M. Shall we not go home now, your ladyship?

LADY B. Yes, Mrs. Minchant, we will go home. (*She looks angrily at* BEVERLEY.) It is not given to us all to see ourselves as others see us. It were well, perhaps, if all women could know in what kind of light they are regarded by the men who profess to love them. For myself I am glad to know that I am not to be won by the love of an honourable gentleman, but only by the weight of his money-bags; not to be won by love, but to be bought by filthy lucre . . . I shall be obliged by Mr. Beverley calling my chair.

BEVERLEY (*pulling himself together, bowing*). Your pardon, madame. (*He goes out without looking at her.*)

LADY B. Go you, too, ma'am. I will follow.

MRS. M. But I cannot leave your ladyship——

LADY B. (*stamping her foot*). Do you hear, woman?

[MRS. MINCHANT *turns and flies out.* LADY BETTY *goes up stage and stands looking out of window. A voice goes below singing a song. It dies away as* BEVERLEY *enters. A clock strikes the half hour. It is echoed by others in the distance.*

BEVERLEY. Madame, your chair is at the door.

LADY B. (*turning*). I thank you, sir. (*She goes down*). You have lost everything, Mr. Beverley?

BEVERLEY. I have lost you, madame. But before you pass for ever out of my sight let me say some of the things

that crowd my heart until it feels like breaking.

LADY B. (*turning her back*). Speak, sir.

BEVERLEY. I love you with all the strength and passion of my soul. I played to-night not to win money with which to cover you with baubles, but just so that I might, if I were so lucky as to secure your hand, lead you to a home befitting your beauty and your delicacy. I have lost, but so long as I live, wherever I may be, my heart will echo with your footsteps, and you will reign there till I die. Thus I am no beggar, but am next richer to the man who makes you wife.

LADY B. (*turning*). Now let me say some of the things that are running rampant in my heart. I am tired of town life and the rounds of gaiety; I need no home proud in hangings; I want to be where love is. Must your heart merely echo with my footsteps? Could you not find room for me, all of me, within it? I want no other home than that.

BEVERLEY (*choking*). Can I believe—

LADY B. (*with a little laugh*). You'll be rather a fool, sir, if you don't. (*She nestles into his arms.*)

BEVERLEY. Betty! Betty!

(*Curtain.*)

MUSICAL NOTES*

BY C. L. GRAVES

AS erroneous reports of the name and contents of Richard Strauss's coming symphony have been widely circulated in the organs of the hardware industry, we think it advisable to state the truth of the matter once and for all. It is *not* true that the title of the work is "*Symphonia Turbinia*," or that it is dedicated to the Hon. Charles Parsons, F.R.S. The sober fact is that the new work will be entitled "*Systematica Discordia*," and that its aim is to translate into terms of music some of the most striking features of railway travelling.

The first Section will deal with goods—in which especial prominence will be given to a strepitous episode for milk cans—the relative merits of trucks of the American and English patterns, and cognate topics. Attention is especially directed to an idyllic passage over which is written in the full score "The Stoker's Bath," where the turbid character of the instrumentation is noticeable, while the composer's preference for liquid fuel as opposed to coal is delicately indicated in the scale passages in the *Coda*. Sect. II., "*Maestoso assai*," is headed "Parliamentary Trains," and is of a uniformly tranquil character, punctuated here and there with an impressive *lunga pausa*. The principal subject is of a distinctly South Eastern type, and in the working out humorous employment is made of a characteristic figure representing

* By kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

an Irish engine-driver stopping suddenly to refresh himself at a wayside inn. Sec. III, "The Express," is cast in the form of a *moto perpetuo* or non-stop run, which is maintained with unflagging energy, passing without a brake into the superbly sonorous Finale (Section IV) headed "Collision." Here Richard Strauss has exerted all his powers, with a result that can only be described as Pandemoniacal. Indeed the President of the Amalgamated Society of Boiler Makers, who has been specially retained to assist in the rehearsals of the instruments of percussion, is enthusiastic in his praise of the score, and says, "In the whole of my life I have never been so riveted before."

The "*Railway Symphony*" will be performed on April 1st at the Queen's Hall, and Mr. Robert Newman has already made extensive preparations for carrying out the intentions of the gifted composer with a realism and completeness unprecedented in the annals of programme music. Thus, in the Collision Section (*Presto fracassoso*), the orchestra will be reinforced by the following extras :—

Twenty-four Chinese geese, to imitate the escape of steam from the wrecked engines.
Four Burmese gongs.
Two steam hammers.
Six pompoms.
One complete Javanese Gamelan.
Four cow-catchers.
Twenty surgeons.
Five anæsthetists.
Sixteen stretcher-bearers.
Ten naptha flare-holders.

It may interest our readers to learn that the Chinese geese, which have been selected on account of their superior sibilatory prowess and are now being trained at Hissarlik, will be accommodated in the organ loft, and will be placed under the exclusive control of Mr. Otho Twigg, who has long been a corresponding member of the Ornithological Society. To lend further verisimilitude to the performance Mr. Newman has thoughtfully arranged that the leading officials of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade (Colonel H. A. Yorke, R.E. and Colonel P. G. Von Donop, R.E.), and the editors of *Bradshaw* and the *A.B.C. Guide*, shall be accommodated with seats in the orchestra, while tablets of corridor soap, Banbury cakes, and luncheon baskets will be circulated amongst the audience. The attendants will be dressed as railway guards or porters, but it is requested that no gratuities will be given them.

Encouraged by the success which has attended Strauss's "*Symphonia Domestica*," Kubelik has composed a Nursery Overture entitled "*Gemini: or a Day in the Life of my Twins.*" A peculiar feature of the score is that there are two parts for every instrument in the orchestra down to the triangle, and that the use of triplets is rigorously eschewed. The slow movement takes the form of a duet for two muted double-bassinettes. Professor Mellin Horlick, the famous Viennese infantologist, has written a masterly analysis of the new work, in which he declares that the florid counterpoint in the whooping-cough episode in the *finale* cannot be matched in the whole range of Bach's compositions.

A FOGGY PROCEEDING

BY TOM GALLON

AT the time Mr. Samuel Jeekins set out on his remarkable adventure he had no more idea that it was going to be a remarkable adventure than you or I should have if we set out to catch a train to the City on any ordinary morning. True, this was not an ordinary morning, in the sense that it was the morning of that day last year when a fog had descended upon London, so thick and impenetrable as to dislocate traffic and business and pleasure for some twenty-four hours.

It was the fog that was responsible for it, so far as Samuel Jeekins was concerned. Samuel Jeekins, of the respectable firm of Jeekins & Fidge, general merchants, was a bachelor of some five-and-fifty years of age, and a very 'cute man of business. He lived in an old-fashioned way, in old-fashioned rooms, and with an old-fashioned housekeeper. Every morning, after partaking of his breakfast, a cab was called to the door, and Mr. Samuel Jeekins was driven to his office in the City; and every night another cab came to the office and took him home. You will understand something of the character of the man when I tell you that in each case he gave the driver eighteen pence for a journey that another man would have given a florin for; but then it was the exact fare, by measurement, with some thirty yards to spare.

On this particular morning Samuel Jeekins had noticed the fog while he breakfasted; had remonstrated sharply with his housekeeper concerning a cough, for which the fog was directly responsible. The cab being summoned, Samuel Jeekins had got into it, and had given the address, having previously made up his mind that, seeing the state of the weather, he would, on arrival at the office, hand the eighteen pence to the porter for delivery to the cabman. The cab-driver being employed to get him to the office, Mr. Samuel Jeekins decided that the weather was nothing to do with him, and settled back in his cab, with folded arms, to make the best of it.

It must have been about midway on the journey that Samuel Jeekins awoke to the fact that the vehicle was standing still. The fog was thicker than ever, and Samuel could only make out the line of the splashboard and the reins disappearing into yellowness. He heard shouts and cries on either side of him, muffled somewhat by the fog; he wondered, a little petulantly, why these things were allowed in the twentieth century, and in the greatest city of the world. Then there was a jerk of the cab, and, with the rest of the traffic, it crawled slowly on its way. Not for long, however; within fifty yards it pulled up once more, and Mr. Samuel Jeekins leaned forward over the apron to look about him.

Now, it is a very remarkable thing, but it has to be clearly stated here: As Samuel Jeekins leaned forward over the front of his cab, he looked, as it were, straight into the eyes of a young lady, who was leaning over the front of another cab, so close to his own, that he could have touched

her. But for the fog, that cab would have been going in the opposite direction to his own; as both were standing still, the steps of each were almost touching. It seemed, indeed, as though in that great world of fog these two people were alone, looking in that strange way into each other's eyes.

The lady was very young and very pretty; Samuel Jeekins found himself staring hard. And then a remarkable thing happened; she leaned a little bit further forward, and spoke—

"Oh, if you please, sir—I want you to come with me!"

Samuel Jeekins gasped, and stared at her harder than ever. She was undeniably pretty, and she was certainly a lady; looking at her through the fog, Samuel could see, that her eyes were sparkling, as if from excitement, and her cheeks were flushed. He replied to her in his usual precise tones—

"My dear young lady—it's quite impossible——"

"Oh, please be quick," she urged. "We shall move again in a moment."

Samuel Jeekins did a strange thing. He thrust open the doors of his cab, and rose, and laid a shilling on the roof; he judged that to be the fare, so far as he'd gone; then, as the young lady pushed open the doors of *her* cab, Samuel stepped deftly across, and sank down beside her. Even as he did so the traffic began to move on, and he found himself being carried in the direction from which he had come.

"Thank you so much; it's quite delightful of you," said the young lady, looking at him with sparkling eyes.

"I'm afraid I don't understand in the least what this means," said Samuel Jeekins, as stiffly as he could. "I don't even know you, madam; I don't even know where you are taking me."

"Oh, that's all right; I'm only taking you to church," she replied; and he thought, as he glanced at her, that she seemed to be literally rippling with laughter. "You see, as a matter of fact, I'm running away," she went on, nodding at him. "That is, of course, running away as fast as the fog will let me."

"Still, I don't understand, and still I am unable to realise why you should select me to run away with," said Mr. Jeekins, helplessly.

"I'm trying to explain, but you will interrupt so often," she said. "You must understand that you are the Great Substitute; in other words, you are borrowed for the occasion."

"Borrowed?" he echoed.

"Yes. I am setting out this morning on the great adventure of my life; in other words, I am going to be married," she said. "He is to meet me at the church, and it is all to be done quite quickly, and quite secretly. It isn't the sort of wedding I should have chosen, of course, because one is only married nicely once, and I did hope for a cake, and bridesmaids, and all that sort of thing. But dear old Dick rather rushed me into it, and got a license, and made all arrangements; and dear old Dick is the sort of man you can't refuse anything to."

"Do your parents and guardians approve of 'dear old Dick?'" asked Samuel Jeekins.

She laughed, and shook her head. "Of course not," she replied. "They don't like him; they don't think he's got money enough. As if money ever mattered! Why, bless you, at the present moment I'm supposed to be

locked in my room; and so I should be, if it hadn't been for a sympathetic housemaid who adores the baker. I don't know whether you've had much experience, sir, but love makes you awfully pally with people."

"I have had no experience at all," said Mr. Jeekins, stiffly. "And I am still at a loss to understand what part I am to take in the affair."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought I had explained; only you will keep interrupting so. I'll proceed at once to tell you all about it. To his great surprise, she slipped her hand inside his arm, and so sat confidentially with him while she proceeded with that explanation. And be it recorded that Samuel Jeekins forgot all about the office and the fog and everything else.

"Dear old Dick said we could slip away quietly, without any fuss, and get a pew-opener or some such person to give me away; dear old Dick seemed to think it would be such great fun. Men are so stupid in those matters; they never seem to understand that it is a girl's one day, and that she wants to make the most of it. Consequently I said that I would do the thing properly, and would have a father."

"What about your own father?" demanded Mr. Jeekins.

"Oh, bless you, it was my own father that locked me in my room," she responded, gleefully. "He loathes Dick; almost foams at the mouth when he sees him. Consequently he wasn't to be thought of. I merely told Dick that I intended to turn up at the church with some sort of a father, even if I had to pick him up on the way."

"So you've picked me up, Miss?" exclaimed Samuel Jeekins.

"Yes." She nodded at him brightly, and laughed again. "I looked at all sorts of people as I came along—fat fathers, and lean fathers, and good-humoured fathers, and fathers with cigars, and fathers with their hats on one side of their head, and fathers with eye-glasses; I was quite prepared to borrow any of them. Only in the fog they dashed past before I could speak to them. Then I saw you."

"And you liked the look of me, I suppose?" hazarded Samuel Jeekins.

"Not much; but I thought you looked stern enough to give an air of gravity to the business. I think dear old Dick 'll like you; Dick's rather serious-minded, although you wouldn't think so to look at him. Besides, I shall feel so proud at having captured a father so easily, and done the thing respectably."

"But suppose I object; suppose I say that I will have nothing to do with this mad business, and that, as a man old enough to be your father, I command you to drive home, and submit yourself to the authority of your parents and those responsible for you? What then?"

"Well, I simply shouldn't do it," she replied. "And I don't believe for a moment that you would ask me to do it. I can assure you that it isn't everyone that gets the opportunity of assisting in such a romantic business as this. You ought to consider yourself very lucky. I'm sorry there won't be a wedding breakfast; we're only going to have lunch afterwards quietly, and you wouldn't be able to make a speech in any case. You look as if you could make a speech—a nice, prosy,

fatherly, be-good-children kind of speech, that would make the old ladies dab at their eyes with their handkerchiefs, and all that sort of thing. Come along, I think this is the church."

Now, Mr. Samuel Jeekins had firmly made up his mind that he would do something desperate in this matter, in the way of forbidding the marriage, or something of that kind. But when the young lady, dragging him with her, ran into the church; and when she was received with a bear-like hug by a tall young man impatiently striding about waiting for her; and when that tall young man, after a whispered explanation, found it necessary to smother his laughter in his handkerchief, the while he shook Samuel Jeekins by the hand; Samuel Jeekins rather decided that he would see the thing through. So that presently, decorously enough, the three of them were standing at the altar, and a surprised-looking little clergyman was going through the service. At the right moment Samuel Jeekins gave the lady away, and did it rather well, too, for an amateur, and with something of an air. Samuel discovered, in the course of that service, that the lady's name was Dorothy; he already knew that the name of the bridegroom, as extended, was Richard. And then, with Richard and Dorothy, he went into the vestry to sign the register.

Strangely enough, on that strangest of all mornings, Samuel Jeekins discovered that he had left his spectacles at home; he could not remember having done that for a good twenty years. Consequently it became necessary that they should point to the very spot where he must sign his name; and he signed it in a blind fashion, without being able to read those other names above it. Then they all came out into the church, and towards the street.

It was still foggy there, and the cab in which Samuel Jeekins and Dorothy had made their journey was waiting for them. Richard wrung the hand of Samuel Jeekins, and Dorothy, in a burst of gratitude, surprisingly kissed him. Then they drove away in the cab, while Samuel Jeekins, scarcely knowing what he did, waved his hat wildly to them until the fog swallowed them up.

Then a curious thing happened. Samuel Jeekins wandered away into the fog in search of a cab for himself, and lost the church. Realising that in a moment or two, he made some attempt to search the neighbourhood; but there was no church to be found. Finding a cab at last, he drove to the City, realising, as he went, that he had been the Great Substitute, in a fraudulent sort of way, at the wedding of people he did not know, and would probably never see again, and that the bride had kissed him before she flitted out with her young husband into the fog.

His partner Fidge was waiting for him in the old room in the old way; his partner Fidge looked up at him as he entered, and made a surprising remark:

"You're late, Jeekins, which, I suppose, is the fog. And you've got a flower in your coat, which is remarkable."

Samuel Jeekins looked at the lapel of his coat; she must have put the flower there when she kissed him. "Ah! perhaps that was the fog too," he said, with a little sigh, as he sat down at his accustomed desk.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY H. HAMILTON FYFE

"The usurpation of the names of the nobility by 'stars' of the variety stage must occasionally lead to confusing consequences."—*Society Paper.*

MR. *and* MRS. TEMPLETON-TARLETON *are seated in their morning-room. He has in his hand a newspaper. She has in her hand a letter. The clock strikes twelve.*

MRS. T.-T. Now, have you found the music-hall notices? I'm quite sure she's a music-hall singer.

MR. T.-T. Wait a minute. "The newly-discovered star"—that sounds hopeful, but it seems to be a real one. "The defence of the Empire"—that's the other Empire. (*Turning over.*) Here they are! Is this it? "Every evening at ten MISS ETTIE ST. AUBYN in her famous impersonation, 'Up-to-Date.'"

MRS. T.-T. Yes, that's the creature. (*Referring to letter.*) "E. ST. AUBYN." The idea of such people having lady's maids at all. I'm sure a respectable girl like Probyn wouldn't care about a place with a music-hall singer. Why, I shouldn't wonder if the creature began as a lady's maid herself. Her writing, and her way of expressing herself show that she is quite uneducated. "Robinson's Hotel, Albemarle Street"—some fast place, I've no doubt, where these kind of people resort to. "Madam, I have seen your advertisement, and, if convenient, will call upon you about noon to-morrow for the character of the maid for whom you wish to secure a fresh situation? From your brief description of her qualifications it seems probable that she might suit me. Yours truly, E. ST. AUBYN." (*A bell rings—a knock is heard.*) That must be she. (*Opening the door.*) Collier, if it is a lady, show her in here. You needn't ask her name. I am expecting her on business. (*As she shuts the door she says to her husband*) Quite possible the servants know the creature's name, and servants are so particular nowadays. (*Looking out of the window.*) A carriage and pair, indeed. Now then, out you go!

[MR. T.-T. *goes out* L, *as the* VISITOR—*a middle-aged woman quietly dressed, with hair turning grey and an inoffensive manner—is ushered silently in.*]

MRS. T.-T. (*looking surprised and bowing slightly*). Good-morning.

THE V. Good-morning. Mrs. Tarleton, I believe?

MRS. T.-T. Mrs. *Templeton*-Tarleton. Will you sit down?

THE V. I thought it better to see you personally, as I happened to be passing through London just now.

MRS. T.-T. (*glancing at the paper on the table*). Oh! I—er—understood you were to be in town for some time. (*The* VISITOR *stares at her in stony amazement*). The papers (*handling the newspaper*)—the papers, I see, announce that——

THE V. What the papers say is of really no interest to me.

MRS. T.-T. Really! Then you don't read your notices? But I suppose that would be too much to expect.

THE V. (*eyeing her through her glasses*). Whatever the papers say or do not say, my movements are of no interest to the public at large.

MRS. T.-T. I doubt whether the public agree with you. For instance, if this announcement (*indicating the paper*) appears every day, and people go expecting to see——

THE V. (*interrupting*) I regret that I have not much time at my disposal for—er—*conversation*, and as I came here with a distinct purpose——

MRS. T.-T. (*drawing herself up*). By all means. Though I must say that I think it hardly fair to the public.

THE V. That is a matter which I really cannot discuss with—er—at such a moment. I have come, Mrs.—er—Tartleton-Templeman——

MRS. T.-T. Mrs. Templeton-Tarleton.

THE V. Exactly—to ask you to be good enough to give me some particulars of your maid's character.

MRS. T.-T. Certainly. I am prepared to answer questions; but I think I ought, perhaps, to say that it is a little doubtful whether Probyn would—in the first place her wages—I pay her at present £40.

THE V. (*icily*). I am prepared to give £60.

MRS. T.-T. Then, of course, Probyn has always lived in very—er—*quiet* households, early hours, and so on.

THE V. I can hardly be expected to change my habits to suit my maid. Still, I should imagine that my household would be considered——

MRS. T.-T. Hardly the same thing as a *private* family.

THE V. I confess, madam, that I do not understand you. Though the doings of persons of a certain station in life do naturally attract more notice than——

MRS. T.-T. That is partly what I mean. Your portrait so often published, and the interviews in the newspapers——

THE V. Madam, I have never in my life descended to the indignity of being "interviewed."

MRS. T.-T. I suppose they must all have been made up then, though it comes to much the same thing.

THE V. As to my portrait——

MRS. T.-T. Oh! one of the drawbacks of your *high* position, I have no doubt. Still, it would not be exactly what my maid has been accustomed to.

THE V. I think, Mrs. Tarlington-Turtleton——

MRS. T.-T. Mrs. Templeton-Tarleton.

THE V. Er—thank you. I think you must be under some misapprehension.

MRS. T.-T. Not at all, I assure you. I make every allowance. However—(*with a gesture of toleration, tempered by an under-current of inability to approve*). Now, you would, I suppose, require your maid to accompany you on your usual round of—of engagements.

THE V. I should, of course, take her with me when I pay visits.

MRS. T.-T. I was thinking more of your—your evening engagements in London.

THE V. I am not in the habit of taking my maid to evening parties. I was not aware that this custom prevailed even among the middle classes.

MRS. T.-T. I fear you are not willing to understand me. Your extremely rude remark I pass over in silence. One cannot expect people of a certain station in life, as you put it just now, to——

THE V. (*aghast*). Mrs. Tintleton-Tarterton! I—I——

MRS. T.-T. This repeated mangling of my surname is an insult.

THE V. (*faintly*). I beg your pardon, Mrs. Tentleton—no, no——

MRS. T.-T. Surely it would be better to close our interview at once. You will understand, please, that I feel a particular interest in this maid of mine, and I take it upon myself to see that she enters only a family of unimpeachable—er—unimpeachability.

THE V. (*recovering, ironically*). And do I rightly understand you to hold the opinion that the Duke's household is not good enough?

MRS. T.-T. The Duke, indeed! Such a reference is in the worst possible taste. I should have imagined it would be to your interest to keep these—these arrangements as secret as possible.

THE V. (*growing faint again*). This is most extraordinary!

MRS. T.-T. In your circles it *is* no doubt considered extraordinary that a mistress should show any care for her servants' moral future.

THE V. Madam, you are insolent—for your information I may tell you that both the Duke and myself take a peculiar interest in the good conduct of every member of our household.

MRS. T.-T. You—oh! this is too excruciatingly funny. (*Laughing immoderately.*) The Duke and yourself—a peculiar interest—oh! it is, indeed, peculiar.

THE V. (*with dignity*). Unless, as I charitably incline to hope, your mind is unhinged, you are without exception the most ill-bred and at the same time the most foolish person I have ever encountered! I shall waste my time no longer.

MRS. T.-T. How dare you speak to me in that way? To come here and flaunt openly in the face of a respectable woman your disgraceful relations—can you imagine for a moment that anyone would willingly see an honest girl enter your service? Even putting out of sight the worst part of it, to witness the unhealthy life of continual excitement you lead would be exceedingly bad for any servant.

THE V. My good woman, you are most certainly a little mad. I suppose you take your ideas of the life of the aristocracy——

MRS. T.-T. The aristocracy, indeed!

THE V. (*continuing unmoved*). From those wretched little society papers which gratify foolish people of the lower middle-class by representing the upper classes to be everything that is base and vile. Take my advice, leave such reading alone.

MRS. T.-T. Quite a little sermon! I had heard, Madam, that you gained your reputation, such as it is, without even a rudimentary knowledge of the art of acting. Permit me to compliment you on the possession of a remarkable talent. Your excellent sentiments could not have been more artistically delivered—voice, manner, simulated indignation—all merit the highest praise. Miss St. Aubyn in a new character, indeed!

THE V. What was that?

MRS. T.-T. If Miss St. Aubyn's admirers could only have been present to applaud! Wonderfully natural!

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?
H.M. BROCK

THE BEST SONG OF ALL

By H. M. BROCK

THE VALUE OF THE SPORTING DOG

JOHNNY (*spending a few days in the country*): "Uncle, why do you always take a dog with you when you go out shooting? Are you afraid of the rabbits?"

By TOM BROWNE

THE BEST VIEW

CHATTY OLD GENTLEMAN *(as they pass the asylum)*: "We get an excellent view of the asylum from the railway!"

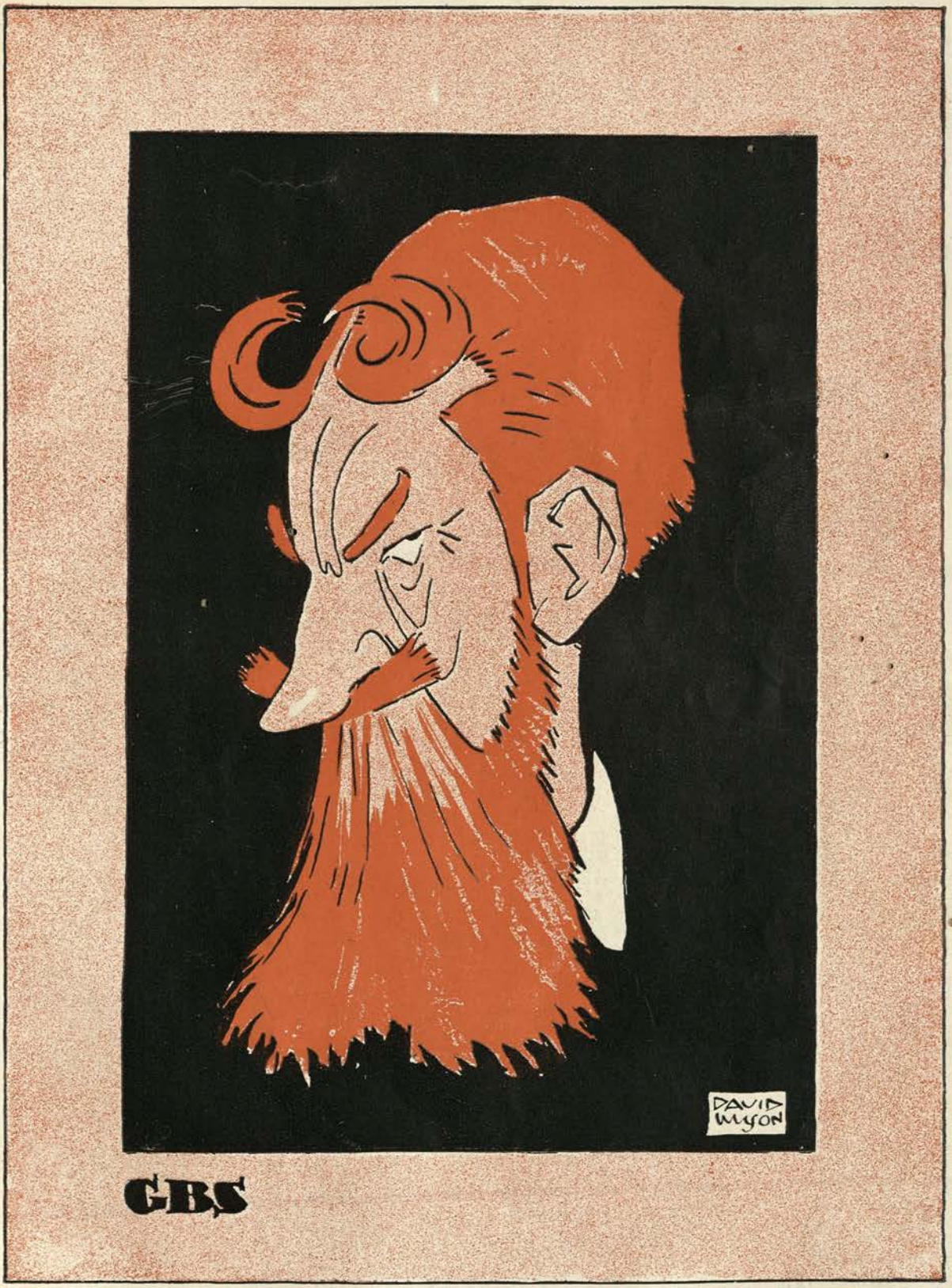
ESCAPED LUNATIC: "Ah, but you ought to see the railway from the asylum!"

By WILL OWEN

ILL-TIMED

THE DRONE: "Got a lucifer about you, matey?"

By WILL OWEN.

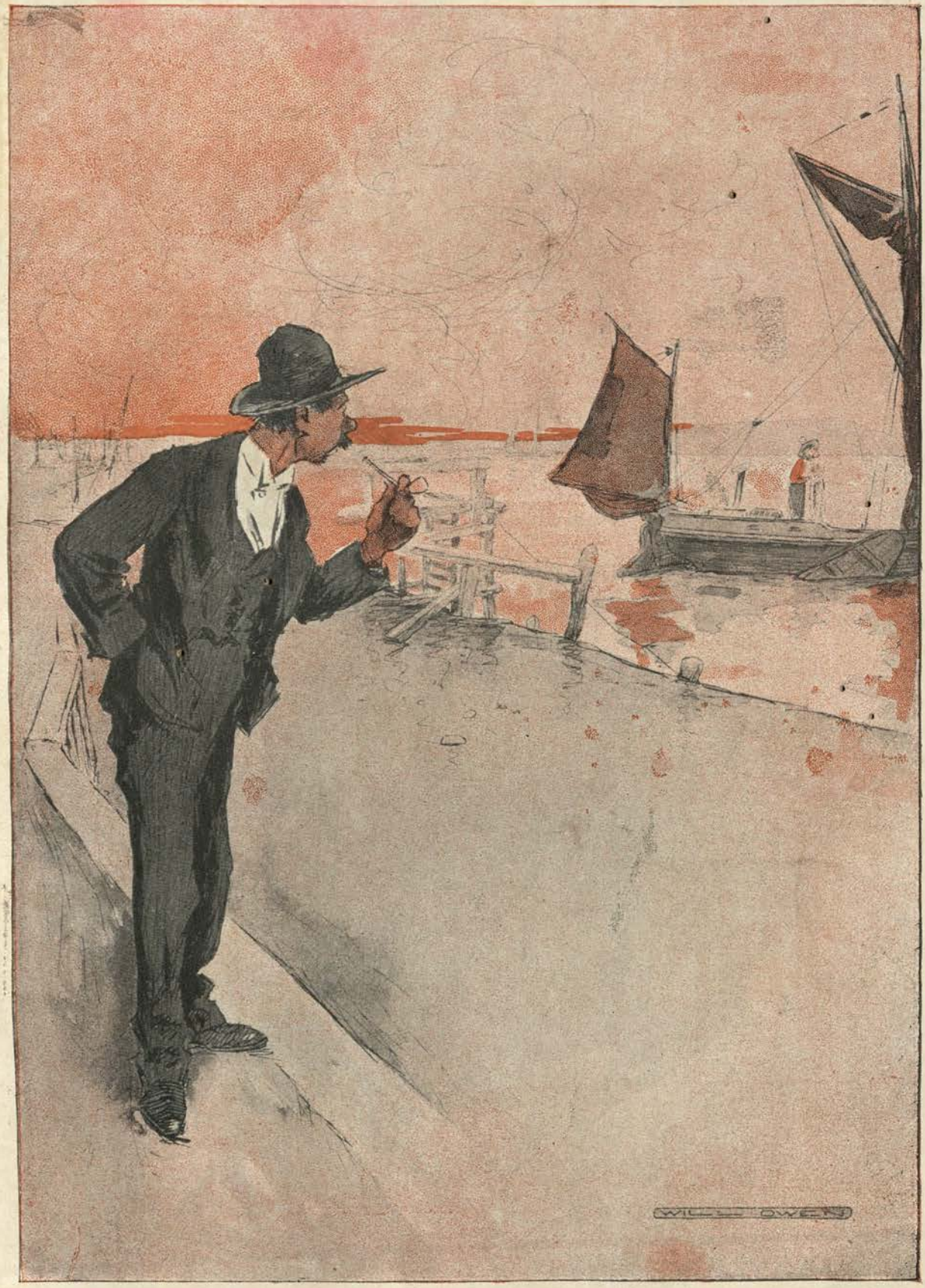


A CARICATURE

By DAVID WILSON

THE SUMMER GIRL

By LEWIS BAUMER



TO FURRIN' PARTS

LOAFER *(to Bargee)*: "Bring us back a parrot, guv'nor!"

By WILL OWEN

WHO'S WHO?

CROSSING SWEEPER *(to chatty Old Gentleman)*: "Lor' luv yer, Sir, I gets to know 'em all by sight—Balfour an' Chamberlain—an' Lord Roberts—an' George Robey—an' all."

By WILL OWEN

After such a clever performance—all for my benefit—it is impossible to be angry any longer. (THE V. *rises, speechless with indignation.*) By the way, before you go, I should so much like to know—just as a matter of curiosity—how you manage it? (*Touching her own hair.*) Golden, you know. What was it the man compared it to? (*Taking up illustrated paper.*) Ah! "The shimmering glory of the sun's earliest beam in a June dawning"—quite poetical—it can't be a wig, surely?

THE V. May I ask what you are quoting from?

MRS. T.-T. Haven't you seen it? A most enthusiastic notice in the *Gilt Sixpenny*. "Miss Ettie St. Aubyn in her new *rôle*."

THE V. (*sitting down as though overcome*). But this is too extraordinary! May I ask if you imagined——"

MRS. T.-T. Imagine you care for this sort of thing? (*Pointing to notice*) I suppose not. You must get tired of it in time. But you really are an excellent actress.

THE V. Madam, if you have actually been under so incomprehensible a delusion—

MRS. T.-T. Well, I'm afraid I was. But then the delusion is so universal. Why, nobody ever claimed that you could act well. You haven't given your talents full play.

THE V. How can it be possible that such a mistake could arise?

MRS. T.-T. (*beginning to realise unspeakable possibilities*). Mistake? But surely——

THE V. An error that could only have been made by——

MRS. T.-T. An error? Then you are *not*——

THE V. A music-hall performer, as I gather the person must be whom you named just now? Do I look like a music-hall performer?

MRS. T.-T. I—I—I (*feebly*). Really you see, appearances are so deceptive. And you signed your letter "E. St. Aubyn."

THE V. My Christian name is Edelberta, that of the late lamented Princess—my godmother.

MRS. T.-T. God-child of a princess! Oh! (*a light suddenly illuminates her mind*) it can't be—yes—it must be—then you are——

THE V. My card will inform you (*taking card from case and laying it upon the table*). Any apology you think fit to make may be sent to my town address. Good morning! (*Turns to door*).

MRS. T.-T. (*taking up card*). "The Duchess of St. Aubyn, St. Aubyn House, Park Lane, W." Oh—h—h! (*She sinks overcome into a chair as* THE V. *sweeps out of the room.*)

[*If there is a recall, the picture should be*—MRS. T.-T. *still in chair collapsed, and* MR. T.-T. *bending over her, fanning her in frenzied agitation.*]

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

"BETWEEN WATCHES"

BY ATHOL FORBES

" OULD have taken my affydavy on it. I heerd it as plain as daylight," said Nat Vincent, A.B., as he sat down, on a chest and dried his whiskers in the fo'c'sle of the barque *Rising Sun.*

"What's that?" and a head peeped over the side of a bunk.

"Why, here's Nat been up and wakened the Cap'n; thinks as how he heerd him calling 'im in the dead of night," began Bob Finch, "and when he goes aft, what does the skipper do but swore at the pore chap. It's suthin scand'lus and onchristian."

"I heerd 'is voice as plain as daylight, so 'elp me Bob," corroborated Nat again. "It come just gentle-like at first, a sort of a whisperin', then louder. I sings out 'Ello there!' didn't I, Bob?"

"Yes," said that individual. "You sang out loud enough,"

"I tell you there's goin' to be trouble on this 'ere wessel. We shall never see a port this side o' Jordan. I am glad I have my Bible with me in the chest."

At this point in the narrative all hands in the fo'c'sle were listening with gaping mouths.

"Well, stow it now, Nat, and turn in," said the bo'sun, persuasively.

"I can't after hearing that voice. No, mates, I'll just sit here on this chest, so as not to disturb you. Perhaps the voice will be callin' me again, and I had better be ready."

"Ain't been drinkin', Nat?" queried one of his shipmates.

"S'elp me Bob, No. It's onkind o' you to arsk me."

"Well, I only wanted to know. No offence. Some people are mighty particular."

"It just felt as how I can hear that voice ringin' in my ears now, real ghost-like. Ugh! Listen to the wind. Plenty o' poor men's bones will be rattlin' about this blessed night down in the angry deep," went on Nat, in solemn, preacher-like tones. Having secured an audience—he was determined to impress it.

"I'm frightened," whimpered a voice, and a lad threw off his blanket and sat up in his bunk, with horror written on his face.

"Don't frighten the pore boy. You ought to think shame o' yourself, Nat, a-moaning and a-screechin' there like a Methody; besides you are keeping us awake"; this contribution was from the boatswain.

"All right; go on sleepin', and sleep till the trumpet shall sound, the sea gives up its dead, and all pore cold souls as has been a-floating about these many blessed years——"

"This is a blarsted fine entertainment, this is," and a man who had been quiet up to this point of the dialogue swung out of his bunk and began to pull on his trousers in vicious jerks

Nat sighed, and put on an injured look.

"Where's my pipe? Pull up the wick of that slush lamp; the thing is like a bloomin' star behind a fog," and the man who complained about being disturbed, lighted his pipe and indulged in angry puffs, with various mutterings

and growls; another man thrust his legs out of bed, and with disgust manifest in every gesture, took up a teapot and imbibed the contents by applying the spout to his mouth. He was the boatswain, and privileged.

"Wind's gettin' worse," remarked Bob, anxious to smooth over things, which at that point looked choppy.

"I told you so," said Nat. "There's a curyus meanin' in it. Whew! listen," as an extra gust finished up by a chorus of whistlings in various keys.

"Have any of you chaps ever seen a ghost or a corpse-light?" began Nat, who was determined to keep the subject of talk on his own cheerful lines.

"I once saw three," said the boatswain, in sepulchral tones.

"What, corpse-lights?"

"No: ghosts."

In a moment every eye was directed upon the speaker, who, for his rank and physique, was held in great respect by those who occupied the fo'c'sle of the good ship *Rising Sun* of the Port of Gorleston.

"Three ghosts!" they all ejaculated. "Wot, at one time?"

Nat Vincent gave a significant sniffle, as much as to say, "I told you so."

"Yes," said Jack Cutting, quietly. "I saw 'em just as real-like as I see you now, but it's no use telling you, or anyone else, because no one would believe me. I couldn't expect them, but for real downright ghosts it was the most wonderful sight I ever saw, and it was in mid-Atlantic, within a few miles of where we are now, I should say at this werry minit."

All mouths were agape, and the men forebore to suck their pipes. Vincent wagged his head sagely. "Them as goes down to the sea in ships sees the wonders of the deep. Selah," he remarked. "The Psalmist must 'a' seen such things, else why should he talk about them. My opinion is Selah is the Bible name for queer things."

"Tell us about it, Bo'sun," growled the men.

"It's no use, I'm not competin' for the post of first-prize liar in this old tub."

"No occasion for you," muttered Nat.

"I don't think any of us would doubt an officer's word," put in Finch, anxious to propitiate him, and this was greeted with grunts of approval, for Jack Cutting ranked as second mate.

"Well, it's much more wonderful than Nat's experience."

This worthy individual did not like this allusion to himself. He pricked up his ears and assumed at once a half scornful look. "I ain't told you all I've seen," he snapped.

"Look here, if I'm to tell this story, you can shut up yer jaw."

Nat nodded, and took the opportunity of putting in a long-drawn sigh.

"It was in 1876," began the bo'sun —"the month of January. I was A.B. on the barque *Maiden Fair*, of Sunderland. The skipper's name was Robinson —Josiah Robinson. He was a married man, and he called his ship, of which he was chief owner, after his daughter. I mean as how that was not her name, but she was very fair, with light fluffy hair, much lighter than that oakum we shipped this voyage.

"We sailed from Liverpool. I knew there was goin' to be trouble that

voyage, for the mornin' before we sailed I was goin' aboard about half-past six. Who should meet me in King's Street but a woman—a stranger—and she says to me, 'Good morning.' I never answered her nothing, but walked straight on, for it is onlucky to speak to a woman first thing in a morning. No sooner was I on deck than I see another woman, leastways a girl of about seventeen, maybe's more, maybe's less. This was the skipper's daughter.

"Says she, 'Good morning,' pleasant like. I never answered her, but dives down into the cabin for'ard just to steady my nerves a bit. It was necessary. Well, we had just a few tons of cargo to get in, about a couple of hours' job. As they were finishin', what does the bloomin' gang of labourers do but drop a big bale of suthin', killing a black cat belonging to the cook. I would have chucked the ship there and then if I had had the pluck.

"About twelve hundred miles out of Liverpool, sure enough we got into it—bad weather, corpse-lights, voices a-callin' at all manner of times. Well, it was something scand'lus. Then the girl takes ill, and the skipper he leaves everything to the mate. Up to this everyone was saying what a fine voyage we were in for, but, of course, I knew different. However, the mate was a bad-tempered chap, so I kept my own counsel, and what was more, he was nothing of a seaman, and got frightfully out o' his reckonin'. P'r'aps he saw something, but I can't say for certain.

"One night, we was goin' along close-hauled. It was pitch dark; you couldn't see a hand before you—that's as true as I'm here. I was on the look-out for'ard, and the mate he comes along and calls me, quite kind-like. I mention this because him and me had not been on speakin' terms. 'Cuttin',' he says, in a whisper, 'can you hear anything?'

"'No,' I says, and I listens.

"'Now?' he says.

"I puts my hand to my ear, and listens. 'There's nothin', sir,' I says.

"'Very well,' he says, quite solemn and disappointed-like. 'But keep a sharp look-out.' The wind was a-moanin' and sobbin' just like it is to-night."

Here the bo'sun stopped, and took another pull at the teapot.

"Bring me that other teapot out of the galley," he said to the boy. For answer, the youth snuggled down into his bunk and drew the blanket over his head.

"Here, Nat, there's a good chap, you fetch it."

"Not if I knows it," said that worthy. "Not with voices a-howlin' as I can hear."

"There's a drop o' rum in that chest you are sittin' on, which I keep for spasms," said Finch, who gathered that he would be called upon next to fetch the teapot, and would rather sacrifice his rum than bring upon himself the reproach of cowardice.

Jack Cutting helped himself to the rum from a bottle nearly full.

"Where was I?" he asked, as he rubbed his mouth with the back of one hand, and held on to the bottle with his other.

"Oh yes. Well, in a few minutes, the mate he comes up to me again, and this time I take the occasion of smellin' his breath."

"Well?" asked his companions, as the bo'sun paused.

"Nothin', hadn't been drinking, I was sure."

"'Did you not hear somethin'?' he asked, but I shook my head.

"Just at that moment, one of the hands comes up and says as how we'd better call another man, as he had 'ad sufficient of that watch, and could not stand another hour of it for a pension; 'so you can put me in irons,' he says to the mate.

"It was then I heard a voice as distinctly as I heard the rain on deck. 'Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!' coming strange-like over the water.

"The mate he says it's somethin' of the supernatural order.

"No, I answers; 'that is a ship's boat adrift,' for I had never seen a ghost then," continued the bo'sun, by way of explanation, and I didn't believe in 'em.

"Presently, we sees away over the water, a soft, rosy white sort of light a-comin' towards us sure enough, and no mistake."

"I know, corpse-lights," said Nat, significantly.

"The mate, he sort of lost his 'ed, and I went and called the captain, just as Ned here did to-night. He was a-watching by the bed of his daughter, but when I explained matters to him, he comes up on deck a-scared-like, and looks over the rail. By this time we could see there was three men in the boat, two pulling, and one sitting in stern sheets, steering. The skipper gets his glass on them, but he closed it up with a snap and rushes below, then up he comes again with a loaded pistol instead.

"'Dont' fire, sir,' I shouted.

"'That's all right; it's nothing human, Jack,' he says; 'they have come for my little girl. I have seen that boat before in the Southern Seas.'

"It's the truth," added the bo'sun, as his companions opened their eyes and mouths wider.

"He was preparing to get a good aim at the boat, when I rushes up to him and seizes the revolver, for the mate stood by as if he were frozen; so did the other men. Although it was quite pitchy dark, we could see everything on board by the light from the approachin' boat. It was now alongside, and the captain he steps to the rail. I shall never forget the look of horror as came into his face as he looked over the side.

"'You don't come on board here,' he says, sharp-like.

"Then I looks over the rail myself. By heaven! I shall never forget it. It was not a boat these men were in, but a coffin!"

"A coffin?" repeated the men, in awe-stricken whispers.

"Don't I speak plain enough?" demanded Cutting, and while waiting for the answer he had another pull at his rum, lowering the bottle by a couple of inches.

"All this while there was a big sea running, but the men in the boat—or coffin rather, I should say—sat grim-like and silent, and made no effort to keep their craft from being staved in.

"'Keep her off, lads,' the captain sang out to us, and his voice was hoarse-like and strange. Then the strange man who sat in the stern sheets of the black-looking craft, stood up, and asked us to throw him a rope. But however

much we were inclined, we were too frightened to do it.

"'We want the maiden fair—your —daughter,' he says to the skipper. 'You and her must come with us,' in a religious sort of voice.

"Well, the captain he gives a sort of horrified shout, and rushes below. We still stood and looked at the man and his strange crew, a-tremblin' lest he should want any of us. The man in charge wore a black cap, and his eyes glowed with the same light as we saw come over the sea when she was first sighted. Every part of the rotten boat seemed aglow with the same soft light. His face was a kind of bluish white, and his nose was curved like the beak of a parrot. He looked for all the world like a corpse hundreds of years old. After standing by for about ten minutes, he motioned to the other spectres; they dipped their oars and went away silently. The man in the stern sheets turned and looked at us as he pulled the tiller ropes, and showed a large mouth of grinning teeth.

"Well, that night, the captain's daughter died."

"Ah," said the men in deep-drawn, deep-toned solemnity, just to fill up the time while the bottle came into requisition again.

"Yes," continued the bo'sun, "and the next day the skipper went out of his mind and jumped overboard, and we were all sad and sorrowful-like, for he was a good sort of a man in his way, and a Christian.

"Next night, about the same hour, we hears a hail: 'Ship ahoy!' We looked over the water, and there we sees a glimmering through the darkness, the same sort of apparition-kind of light we seen the night before. I might say no one had turned in that night at all; we was all so miserable after burying the pore girl and losing the skipper. A few of us, as had more courage, advanced to the side, and I got a rope ready to chuck to them, so that they might see we were friendly-like, and perlite, for we were afraid that the ghost-skipper might take some more of us. But as the boat rose on the top of the wave, I gives a yell, drops the rope, and then drops myself down in a fit, for there in the spectre boat was the skipper on one side of the man who steered and his daughter on the other side—as true as I'm a living man."

At this moment the pipe dropped from Bob Finch's mouth, and fell with a clatter on the floor. The boy in his bunk shrieked, and the men jumped to their feet. The hearts of all could be heard thumping against their respective ribs.

"Wot's that?" asked the bo'sun, after a pause, during which the wind howled its weird chorus through the shrouds and rigging.

At the sound of his voice, the men ventured to breathe again, somewhat re-assured, and Finch apologized.

"Say, bo'sun, don't frighten the boy. How much more is ther of this story?"

The narrator could not answer at that particular moment, for he had the neck of the bottle of rum applied to his mouth, but he made no offer of passing it round.

"How long I was in the fit, Gawd knows. I don't, for nobody ever told me, but when I came round I was in my bunk, and the first words I hears was: 'The pore mate's gone.'

"'In the boat?' I asked.

"'I expect so,' said the carpenter, who, during the night, had gone quite thin-like. Then he says 'Cheer up! Cheer up, Cuttin'! for I have got bad noos for you. We shall soon all be dead, an' in that blarsted boat with the grinning skeleton a-steering. He has three of the ship's rating there now, and he does not appear to be satisfied. Last night he comes aboard without so much as touching the side—just like a puff of wind, and he was beside me on the deck,' so says the carpenter to me.

"Then he says: 'Here, we found the girl's New Testament, and we have divided it up, and this is your share,' and he hands me a few chapters of the Apostles.

"Well, I lays in bed all day and reads it,—at least, when I say I reads it I mean all the words I knew I read, spellin' each one aloud, whether I knew them or not."

"Did the boat come again?" asked Finch.

"I should just think it did. The mate was in it the next night as one of the passengers. So it comes each night, until every blessed pore soul on board that ship was taken, and the ship was never heard of no more."

There was a pause, and he helped himself liberally to rum.

"Is that the lot?" asked Finch.

"No, there is still a drop in the bottom for you," he replied, though he did not offer to pass the bottle.

"I wasn't talking about the grog; it was the story I meant."

"Yes, that was the end of her and every pore soul, not a single man ever saw land again."

"I thought you was on that ship?" put in Nat Vincent.

"So I was," answered the bo'sun, "else how could I tell the story?"

"But how could you be here to tell the story if what you say be true?"

"Well, I is here to tell the story, and what's more, I have told it. I suppose you will dispute that next with your bloomin' jaw, as everyone here can prove. Do you think everyone is such a liar as you are?"

"That's enough," said Nat, sulkily.

"I should think so," replied the bo'sun. "If you do want any other answer, just mention it. That's what one gets from a bloomin' scallywag for tellin' the fax of a thing."

"Tumble up! All hands take in sail," shouted the first-mate down the hatch.

"By George! it 's daylight," said the bo'sun, as the sun streamed down through the open hatch upon their scared faces: and he staggered to his feet.

"Just as well, or I couldn't 'a' turned out for no man livin'," said Bob Finch.

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A PLEASANT INVECTIVE AGAINST PRINTING

(BEING A SONNET IN THE SPLEEN)

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

"Flee fro the PRESSE and dwelle with sothfastnesse."

—CHAUCER, *Balade de Bon Conseil.*

THE Press is too much with us: small and great;
We are undone of chatter and *on dit*,
Report, retort, rejoinder, repartee,
Mole-hill and mare's-nest, fiction up-to-date,
Babble of booklets, bicker of debate,
Aspect of A., and attitude of B.—
A waste of words that drive us like a sea,
Mere derelict of Ourselves, and helpless freight!

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"
Some region unapproachable of Print,
Where never cablegram could gain access,
And telephones were not, nor any hint
Of tidings new or old, but Man might pipe
His soul to Nature,—careless of the Type!

A COMFORTABLE REGIMENT

BY LT.-COLONEL NEWNHAM-DAVIS

MY tale is of the days before Volunteers became serious in their business and before the world took them seriously. No man admires more than I do the splendid work the regiments of our auxiliary army do now, and I am delighted that in the future they are to be asked to take greater responsibilities upon themselves and are to receive more consideration.

Having said this, let me get to my story. I knew, in the early "eighties," the Adjutant of a Volunteer Regiment, the Royal Nowhereshires. He was a good shot, a good horseman, and a good cricketer, and he seemed to spend all his summer playing cricket and all his winter hunting and shooting. I was then the Adjutant of a depôt, and I envied him his perpetual holiday. Whenever I asked him any question about his regiment he always answered that it was a comfortable one, and suggested that I should come down either for the three days' cricket, or the gymkhana, or the men's sports, or one of the guest nights.

I asked some knowledgable men what they knew of the Nowhereshires and they told me that there *was* such a corps, that the officers had uniforms, for they went to levées in them, but that the regiment sternly and

emphatically refused to go to field-days or reviews, and went out to camp in the most unaccessible park in Nowhereshire, defying cocked-hats and Inspecting Officers to get near them if they could.

When my friend the Adjutant suddenly remembered one summer that I also was an Adjutant and asked me to come down to the camp in Keepemout Park to judge in the Nowhereshires' Company Competition for the champion silver rifle, I was delighted. "Bring your flannels and mess-kit," he said, "and I'll send a dogcart to meet you." With the help of the Orderly-room Clerk I brought my little red book up to the very latest alteration promulgated in general orders, and was simply bursting with knowledge when I started on my journey. The groom, who had brought the dogcart to meet me, stared at my uniform as though it were something to which he was unaccustomed, and when I asked him at what hour the competition began he evidently thought I was joking, and guffawed.

We drove into the park, turned off down a ride, and in a little sheltered valley, with woods and great stretches of bracken about it, was the camp. Three great marquees stood on little knolls; one had "Officers' Mess" over its entrance, and another "Sergeants' Mess," and the third "Canteen." The regiment was on parade, so I climbed out of the dogcart and went towards it. Fine beefy yokels the men looked, as sleepily contented as kine; and in command of each company was a Colour-Sergeant, whose tunic gaped between the buttons, and whose fat face was ruddy and shining as the result of a beer cure. The Sergeant-Major, the fattest man on parade, came up to me with a look of wonder, and opined that I was looking for the Adjutant. "Can't we begin the competition now, so as to get it over before dark?" I asked. The Sergeant-Major scratched his head. Then his eye fell on the little red drill book I held in my hand. "Ye've a book of this year I see, sir," he said. "We haven't got none, so, for the sake of uniformity, we use the 1860 books, of which we all have copies."

I gasped, but at that moment the Adjutant came running down the slope. He was in flannels and a regimental blazer. "Come up to the Mess and have a drink, and be introduced to our fellows," he cried. "What on earth have you got a patrol jacket and a toasting-fork on for?" A look of great relief passed over the Sergeant-Major's face. "But the competition? the drill of attack?" I interposed. "Competition be blowed," said the Adjutant, "Didn't I tell you that we are a comfortable regiment. I'm not going to have ill-feeling made among the companies over any competition, so they take it in turn to win the silver rifle. It's C Company's turn this year. As for the drill of attack, the regiment forms up in four-deep square and then attacks outwards. That saves time. Come along and see our fellows and the other judge, and quench your thirst and get into flannels before the ladies arrive."

"Ladies?" I said.

"Why, of course. All the county is coming to lunch and a tennis tournament, and a picnic dinner in the woods and a dance afterwards. We are a

comfortable regiment, and we try to make things pleasant for everybody."

As I stood at the door of the marquee with a long tumbler in my hand, having been duly introduced to a most jovial crew in flannels, I looked down into the little valley and there saw C Company, the winners of the trophy, advancing to the attack on the canteen tent in the gloriously solid formation the Guards used when they breasted the hill at Alma.

Yes, undoubtedly the Nowhereshires were, in those days, a comfortable, a very comfortable, regiment.

CANARD À LA PRESSE

BY GERALD CAMPBELL

SHOULD ETON BE ABOLISHED?
OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE FOURTH OF JUNE.
THE "FELLOWS' EIGHT" UPSET!
ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS.

[At the risk of exciting a storm of incredulity and even ridicule, we have decided that it is our painful duty, out of regard for the public interest, to lay the following trenchant article before our readers. It will be agreed on all hands that not even in our own columns has there ever appeared a more striking condemnation of the outrageous condition of affairs obtaining at our premier public school. What steps we shall see fit to take in response to the flood of indignant correspondence which it is sure to provoke, need not at present be disclosed; but our readers may rest assured that as long as their interest in it shows no sign of flagging, the subject will not be allowed to drop. The article, it should be added, is written by a specially qualified representative, whose name we are not at present able to divulge.—ED.]

LITTLE did I suspect, as I alighted on the spacious platform of the G.W.R. terminus at Windsor, the astounding nature of the revelations which awaited me. It was my first visit to the famous college. Wishing to supplement from personal observation certain comments and strictures on Eton, contributed, in the exercise of my professional duty, to the columns of this and other journals, I had accepted a casual invitation from a small nephew, a rather dull youth in his first year, and, I should think, the first form at Eton, to attend the festivities of the Fourth of June. My young relative, effectively disguised in huge blue goggles and a Hoggenheimer motor-coat, soon singled me out from the bewildered parental crowd, and, after a baffled attempt on my part to greet him with an avuncular kiss, conducted me in ominous silence to a 90 h.p. Panhard, borrowed, as I surmised from the neat coronet on its panels, from a titled chum. With a skill and *nonchalance* surprising in one so young, he steered the pulsating monster down the crowded High Street and across the narrow bridge, narrowly avoiding a hideous collision with a perambulator containing, as he briefly observed, "M'Tutor's kids." Not till then did he make his first serious remark. "Eton chaps don't kiss other chaps," he observed. "The Governor tried it on once, but then he was at Harrow."

I apologised humbly, and, by way of a *quid pro quo*, tendered him half-a-crown, which he waved aside with an amused smile.

"Oh, rot," he said. "That's all right. It's only the look of the thing. Doesn't really matter, though. No one would recognise me in these togs. Not a bad coat, what? Make a bit of a hole in my next half's

allowance! The Governor only allows me five hundred, and I was jolly well broke over the City and Suburban. What did you back?"

I gasped, and made rapid mental notes under the headings of Extravagance and Betting. Out of the mouth of babes! On the very threshold of the college, which we passed at that moment, I had obtained undeniable first-hand evidence of the prevalence at Eton of two deplorable customs, both of which have been frequently discovered and exposed in this journal. As I was meditating on the value of a real live Press, the car suddenly pulled up in a narrow side street. In a twinkling my companion had pulled off his coat and goggles, and, donning a glossy, newly-ironed silk hat, which he took from the chauffeur, was standing on the pavement, clad in irreproachable trowsers, shiny boots, and a fancy D.B. white vest, with a gorgeous *boutonnière* in the lapel of his "Etons." This is the traditional dress of the students, except that on *Dies Non* the seniors are allowed to wear swallow-tailed coats and curious, low-crowned, wide-brimmed straw hats. But unless they are in P.O.P.—an irreverent term for the College Debating Society, which, as I learnt from my nephew, stands for Plenty of Peers—they are always obliged to keep the collars of these coats and the white flannel trowsers which are worn with them turned up. It is also *de rigueur* for the "Lowers" to leave two or three buttons of their waistcoats undone, and to avoid walking more than three abreast in the middle of the street.

As we approached the gate of "M'Tutor's," a stunted youth with a hooked nose, a sallow complexion, and an incipient black moustache—obviously, though disguised as an Eton "chap," a low moneylender's tout—buttonholed my nephew and refused to be elbowed off. During the whispered colloquy which followed, I affected to study the architecture of "M'Tutor's," noting incidentally that, thanks to the agitation first started in this journal, none of the windows were barred. The only expression which I succeeded in overhearing, vehemently repeated several times, was "Sixty per cent." The true meaning of the scene burst upon me in a flash. Extravagance, Betting, Moneylending! Here already were the first three steps in "The Rake's Downward Progress," and I had not yet been ten minutes in Eton, and my nephew was only thirteen! When he had finally rid himself of his tormentor, he looked up at me with a troubled expression. "Did you hear what he said?" he asked.

"Something about sixty per cent.," I ventured.

"Yes," he said, gloomily. "D—— the fellow. I tell you, Nunks, my life here is a hell! Lucky you're not one of those journalist johnnies, or you'd be shoving it in the papers."

I smiled with a distinct sense of relief. Till that moment I had been half afraid that he might have an inkling as to my profession.

"Of course," he went on, "you've seen the rot they write."

"Some of it," I replied, briefly. I did not at that moment feel inclined to boast of my own modest share in the articles to which he alluded.

"What I can't understand," he continued, "is why the dickens they

can't send decent chaps, if they must write about us, instead of sickly rotters like that."

Meanwhile we had groped our way up two narrow staircases and along a tortuous passage, crowded with lads of various ages, all of whom, doubtless owing to the festive occasion, seemed to be in a high state of glee. They were all grinning from ear to ear, as though at some secret joke, and a less highly-trained observer might have rashly concluded that their merriment was due to something more than the natural high spirits of youth. When at length we reached my nephew's "rooms," the scene which met my eyes was even more appalling than that for which I was already more than half prepared, and I was reluctantly compelled to add Drink to my list of mental notes.

A big wooden case, which must have contained at least a dozen champagne bottles, was being opened by one of the two occupants of the room, who was introduced to me as the Captain of the Eleven; the other, a smallish boy, dressed like an admiral and carrying an enormous bouquet of hothouse flowers, proving to be the stroke of the leading boat. "Will you join us, Nunks?" said my nephew, turning to me in an embarrassed sort of way.

True to my principles of not drinking while at work, I declined, to the obvious relief of the three boys. "All the more for us," exclaimed the Captain of the Eleven, filling three large breakfast cups from one of the bottles, the contents of which speedily disappeared, a process which was repeated several times during my stay. The saddest feature of the case was that not one of the lads showed any sign of intoxication, so that the indulgence was obviously one to which they were well accustomed. If the beverage had been ginger ale, it could not have been more harmless in its apparent effect. "Sorry we can't offer you a cigar," said my small relative, "but old Scroggins is on the prowl to-day, and he's got a nose like a retriever."

With the object of bringing the disgraceful orgy to a close, I suggested that it was very nearly the advertised time for the "Speeches," but to my astonishment they declared that they had no intention of moving. "I vote we cut 'em," said the Admiral. "Make the old Head a bit sick if he spots we're not there, but I'm feeling too slack."

As we were debating the point there was a sudden rush of feet along the passage, and about a dozen burly youths clattered into the room, loudly announcing their intention of "ragging" my nephew and his rooms. (A similar disgraceful scene which took place at Oxford was not long ago described in these columns). But for the moment the situation was saved by the discovery of the champagne bottles. "What ho!" cried one, producing a corkscrew from his trowser-pocket, and seizing a fresh bottle. "The Widow Clicquot, '92, I *don't* think!"

In a trice more bottles were opened and fresh cups produced, when suddenly there was a warning cry of "Scroggins," in the passage outside, followed by a timid tap at the door. The bottles, but not the cups, were immediately whisked out of sight. Just in time. A tall, clean-shaven, very young-looking man, far too youthful for the responsible position which he occupied, put his head in at the door,

and after remarking that they were making "wather a wow, you fellows," and declining an impudent offer of "some ginger-beer, sir," hurriedly withdrew, pursued by a burst of ribald laughter from all but myself. "Good old Scrogs," said the Captain. "There's none so blind as those who won't see." "They're not always as blind as those who *want* to see," remarked the Admiral, at which there was a fresh burst of laughter and they all solemnly drank my health.

The rest of the day's proceedings till the fireworks in the evening were comparatively uneventful. The "Boat Procession" and "Adsum," the ceremony of calling over the names in the College Quadrangle, are little more than picturesque survivals of the past to which Eton is still far too closely wedded, and call for no special remark. My nephew's suggestion that we should go and look on at the "wall-game" match between the "Tugs" and the "Collegers"—the summer variety of Eton football, originally played against one of the flying buttresses of the College—fell rather flat. The Captain told him to dry up and not play the giddy goat. The wall-game, he said, would be the ruin of Eton cricket. There was too much stone-walling already, and he for one wasn't going to encourage it. And as the Admiral, whom I had discovered to be a lineal descendant of Tom Brown, said that he was fed up with wall-footer, which wasn't a patch on Rugger, we adjourned instead to a "socker" shop, where we consumed vast quantities of "strawberry slush," a popular Eton dish.

I was not much surprised to find that my friend, the Captain of the Eleven, did not "feel well enough" to take part in the annual cricket-match which was in progress on the "playing-field"—concerning which, as was first pointed out in these columns, the great Duke, himself an Eton lad, did *not* make his famous remark in connection with the battle of Waterloo. As I mixed with the gay and thoughtless throng which wandered aimlessly up and down, under the grateful shade of the immemorial elms by which "Agar's Plough" is on all sides surrounded, I thought, with a bitter smile, how little they suspected the existence of the festering sore which underlay this fair-seeming exterior. Yet one cheering fact I noticed, which I place on record here as a convincing proof of the wholesome power wielded by the modern Press:—the "Eton Slouch," thanks to the crusade originated in the office of this paper, was conspicuous by its absence.

But how can I describe, and how can I expect my readers to believe, the enormity of the scene which I saw with my own eyes at the evening fireworks? After a quiet dinner in a room which my nephew had engaged at the village "socker" shop, he and I and the Captain of the Eleven (now quite recovered from his indisposition), strolled down to the banks of the river, and "oh'd" and "ah'd" with the best of them, as we strained our eyes and our necks to follow the catharine wheels and the rockets in their soaring flight. Suddenly my nephew threw his arms round my neck and hoisted himself on to my shoulders. "Here they come!" he shouted. "Disgraceful, I call it. I don't object myself to a man's drinking, but he really ought to be able to hold his liquor like a gentleman."

As he spoke a red Venetian flare on the opposite bank lit up the centre of the stream, and a boat floated, or rather wobbled, into the circle of light. It was clear to the meanest capacity that the oarsmen, who were actually trying to stand up on the thwarts, unsteadily swaying backwards and forwards like Blondin on the tight rope, had the greatest difficulty in preserving their balance. Seven or eight times the sorry exhibition was repeated, and not a soul outside our little party gave vent to the feeling of indignation which every decent-minded person must have felt.

"But where are the masters?" I asked. "Surely they cannot know what is going on."

"The masters!" said the Captain. "You wait! They're every bit as bad. In fact I'm not sure they're not the worst. But you can judge for yourself. Look! The Fellows' Eight! D'you see?"

"Where?" I cried.

"Over there," said he, pointing to the right; and there, slowly and unsteadily creeping into view, I saw yet another boat. In the uncertain light it was not easy to distinguish faces, but I was able to count that it contained a crew of eleven, instead of the orthodox nine, all of whom showed the same signs of inebriety, so that I was more disgusted than astonished when a loud splash and a general shout announced that the craft had upset.

"There!" said my nephew, "what d'you think of that? Eleven of them in the same boat, and not one of them able to stand straight. It's beastly. Hullo! I say, what about your train? You'll have to buck up."

They saw me into my cab, a sadder and a wiser man, aghast at the extent of the abuses which I was the unwilling means of bringing to light. And in spite of it all, as I drove away, the sound of their merry voices and ringing laughter followed me up the narrow village street. Poor lads! They had already forgotten the deep and terrible meaning of the events of the day, even of that last and saddest scene of all. The "Fellows' Eight" upset, no less than eleven of them wallowing in the river, and their pupils could laugh!

* * * * *

When I submitted the MS. of this article to the Editor, he was at first inclined to look upon the whole affair as a boyish frolic, possibly even a silly "spoof," organized expressly for my benefit. However, though even experienced journalists must always be on their guard against similar hoaxes, and though his suggestion was not without a certain plausibility, he finally agreed with me that the article must be published, even at the risk of damaging the reputation of the paper and hurting other people's feelings, since, if these things are as they seem to be, he would be incurring too grave a responsibility in declining to ventilate the scandal. Also, as he pertinently observed, if the masters are blind to these and other abuses prevailing at Eton, it is high time that their eyes were opened; if, on the other hand, they are *particeps criminis*, it is a public duty to expose them.

I am glad to say that, at my request, in spite of the enormous pressure on his space, he has consented to throw his columns open to an exhaustive discussion of the whole matter.

THE HEDGE ROUND THE WORLD

BY DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers, who, being left alone in the world each with a purse of money, set out to try their fortunes.

They walked out of the cottage in which they had lived during their childhood and youth, and after giving the keys to a young couple who had bought the cottage from them, they went, whistling, down the high-road.

"Good-day, Peter. Good-day, Timothy," said the neighbours, as the brothers passed. "Where are you going in such high spirits?"

"To roam the world until I find a fortune," said Timothy, laughing.

"To get the best out of life," said Peter, smiling.

"Good luck go with you," said the neighbours, "and may you both gain what you most desire."

With these charitable farewells the brothers left their native country.

After many days and many nights, the brothers arrived at a beautiful spot where was a cross-roads post, and four roads meeting by a sweetly murmuring brook, pleasantly shaded by fruit trees. The roads ran to north, south, east, and west.

"Well, brother Peter," said Timothy, "you shall have first choice, being the younger. Which road will you take? We had better part here, since I do not think it likely there will be two fortunes waiting side by side."

"I shall look about me a little," Peter replied, sitting down on the bank of the stream.

"Well and good, Peter," said Timothy, "but in which direction?"

"This seems a pleasant place," said Peter, quietly. He plucked a violet and held it to his nose.

"Do you object, then, if I go North," said Timothy, heartily, "I have a fancy to see the world in the north."

"By all means, brother Timothy," said Peter, "all good fortune attend you."

"In five years I will come back to these cross roads, Peter. Will you do likewise, so that we may compare our adventures?"

"I shall be here," Peter replied.

Then, after they had embraced, after the fashion of brothers in those parts, Timothy went off singing.

* * * * *

One day, five years later, Timothy came tramping down the North road, eager to meet his brother. He looked carefully at the cross roads to make sure he had come to the right place. There was a neat cottage by the side of the stream, and a patch of cultivated ground about it. There were neat muslin curtains in the cottage windows, a pot of red geraniums on the window sills, and blue smoke curling quietly out of the chimney.

"Dear me," said Timothy, sitting down by the roadside, "how surprised Peter will be when he sees the place so changed."

Hardly had he said this when the door of the cottage was opened, and who should come out but Peter.

"Brother Timothy," he cried, "Welcome, dear brother, welcome!

Come inside at once and have some food and drink."

Timothy, hardly able to believe his eyes, went in arm-in-arm with his brother.

Well, they fell to gossiping and chatting far into the night. Timothy described the wonders and marvels of the North, the snows, the manners, and the curious food and garments. And Peter told of the building of the cottage, and the secret things of Nature he had found, of the young thrush learning to sing, of the colour of shepherd's eye, of the splashing games of the fish.

"You are very snug here," said Timothy, next morning as he listened to the bacon spluttering in the pan.

"Stop awhile," Peter replied, as he brisked up the fire to make it ready for toasting.

When Timothy had stopped three days he began to fidget, and after four days he strolled every morning down the South road, flicking his fingers and keeping his eye on the hills in the distance.

"Where are you bound for now?" said Peter, on the seventh morning.

"I must go South," his brother replied, "to seek a fortune, and get to know the world. But I shall return in five years, dear brother; be sure to be here to meet me and we can talk over our adventures."

"I shall be here" said Peter.

* * * *

After five years Timothy returned again to the cross roads, and there was the cottage with a neat porch covered with roses, and a hedge just rising round a plot of garden.

Peter was outside apparently building on to the little place.

"Hullo Peter!"

"Welcome, Timothy!"

"Still here, I see."

Peter turned red and called out, "Merulla."

"Do you keep a bird then?" said Timothy, laughing.

At that the prettiest girl in the world came out of the cottage and walked up to Timothy.

"Peter is always telling me," she said, smiling, "how clever you are, and how much you know of great towns and foreign places."

The outcome of this was that Timothy stayed with them two weeks until he had exhausted his news of the South, of the orange trees, and the men who wore earrings like women, and the deep blue of the sea, and the peculiarities of the meat and wine. Peter told of his love in a quiet voice when Merulla was abed, and of the wonder of women, and of the sweetness of home.

"Well, Peter and Merulla, dear people," said Timothy one morning, "as I have not yet found my fortune, but have only learnt a number of odd trades, I must be off: the East calls me."

"Come back to us," said Merulla.

"I shall return in five years," he cried.

* * * *

Another five years passed away and Timothy returned to find a couple of rosy-cheeked children swinging on the garden gate.

"Peter!" he called, and Peter and Merulla, with a baby in her arms, came running out of the cottage.

THE RULING PASSION

COAL-HEAVER *(who has been handed a glass of water to rinse his mouth)—to Dentist:* "Well, 'ere's 'ealth!"

By GEORGE BELCHER

THE NEW HEADWEAR

"Haven't you something—Aw—more suited to my head?"
"Do you mean a soft hat, Sir?"

By GEORGE BELCHER

UNCONQUERED

"Can't you get it out, waiter?"
"Yess, Sorr, I'll get it out, if I have to push it in!"

By GEORGE BELCHER

UNEXPRESSED THOUGHTS

PHEASANT *(soliloquising)*: "I wonder why that fat old fool makes that banging noise every time I fly past."

By G. D. ARMOUR

"THE POWDER AS REQUIRED"

MRS. FINNIGAN: "He's no better, dochtor, ye towld me to give him as much av the powdher as wud lay on sixpence; I hadn't a sixpence, but I gave him as much as wud go on five pennies an' two ha'pennies, and it's done him no good at all—at all!"

By GUNNING KING

A PREHISTORIC GRANDEE

By E. T. REED

THE BELLE OF THE STONE AGE

By E. T. REED

THE BEST OF ALL DISHES

By FRED PEGRAM

When they saw Timothy, they were a little dismayed; he was tattered and torn, and his face was black with the sun and hardened with pain.

This time he stopped with them for four weeks and told them of the East, of all he had learnt in the world. He told them of the great strings of camels, of the noise of tom-toms in Eastern bazaars, of the scorching sun, and the desert sand. He told them of the yellow people who wore pig-tails, and the black people who wore nothing, until Peter, and Merulla, and the children, who had crept out of bed to listen, sat open-mouthed in wonder.

Peter could only tell of such and such harvests, and the great storm of two years ago, of the secrets of the earth and how it yielded fruit and flowers; and last, when the family had gone to bed, of the wonder of being a father, and the sweet innocence of children.

In two months Timothy was off, his pack on his back, to try his fortune in the West.

* * * *

It was ten years before he came back to the cross roads and the cottage, but his welcome was so fresh that he knew his memory had never faded.

"You have a fortune this time, uncle Timothy?" said the eldest boy.

Timothy spread out his hands: "I have nothing, my lad," he said, "I have learned nothing but that life is sad and bitter, I found nothing but that men are thieves, and women——"

"Hush," said Peter, coming to him. "You know nothing, indeed, if you say such things."

They walked down the path through the sweet-smelling garden and stood looking at the sunset from the gate.

All round the garden and the cottage was a high hedge, and the harvest moon peeped over it.

"I have learned nothing but that I am a fool," said Timothy, bitterly.

"Then you have learned nearly everything," said Peter, "but there is one thing yet to learn, and after that the rest will come easily."

"And what is that?" Timothy asked, frowning.

"Humour," dear brother, "which saves all things and teaches many things."

"What is there to laugh at in life?" cried Timothy, passionately.

Then they stopped to listen, for Merulla was singing her youngest child to sleep, and the child tried to copy the mother's words, so between them there was fine laughter and much kissing.

Timothy laughed quietly to himself, with his hand on his brother's arm.

"The world lies here," he whispered, "the garden, the home, wife, children, Nature."

Then his voice broke for he tried to laugh aloud, but cried instead for world weariness.

And Peter pressed his brother's hand, and looked critically at the moon, by whose appearance he judged to-morrow would be fine for the harvest.

TWO BABIES

BY G. B. BURGIN

Author of "The Shutters of Silence," &c. &c.

A SANDY point, covered with shady maples, runs out into the deep brown flood of the Ottawa River. The winking wavelets, rippled by the hot summer sun, glisten and sparkle and murmur seaward, as the green Laurentian Hills rise majestically to the blue sky. A great raft of logs floats down the river to the little white sawmill half a mile below. There is a fire on a heap of earth at the end of the raft, and a black-eyed, brown-skinned Canadienne holds up her little equally black-eyed, brown-skinned bebé to look at the maples on the shore.

Under the maples, close to the fire, squats an Indian woman watching the seething contents of a great black pot hanging from two cross sticks. An appetising odour is wafted toward me where I sit on a log and lean against the trunk of a maple. The Indian woman's "brave," clad mainly in a brimless straw hat, sits on the other side of the fire and smokes an old corn-cob pipe containing tobacco strong enough to kill a horse. He has a flat-bladed knife in one hand, a strip of willow shavings in the other. What think you he is fashioning? The feather for a wooden hat ("Dolly Vardens" they used to be called years ago). Beside him are two old meat tins containing, respectively, scarlet and mauve vegetable dyes. When the feather is finished, he will dip it in the scarlet dye, stain the rest of the hat mauve, and sell it to me for a dollar. A somewhat prosaic occupation truly, as compared with the "hair-raising" pursuits of his ancestors—the great chiefs who lie buried yonder on Prophet's Hill; but he is camping out for the summer and, somehow, must find food for his family.

If you look carefully round, you will discover "the family" hanging from a willow bough just over the other side of the camp.

"The family" is a little brown something with a head very much the shape and size of a cocoanut, only, as a rule, cocoanuts do not have scarlet tassels hanging from lank, straight, black hair. Two big, solemn eyes stare unwinkingly at the "paleface" as he sits on the log and the papoose swings toward him with the leisurely motion of the pendulum of an eight-day clock.

How did the baby get into that Indian cradle? Does he ever come out of it when he is washed (if he ever is washed), and how does he feed himself? He is swathed and swaddled and wrapped up in scarlet cloth, and strapped to the back of the cradle, with a little ridge on which to rest his tiny mocassined toes. There he swings to and fro in the afternoon sunshine. Every now and then, when the stroke of the pendulum shortens, his father picks up a stick and sets him going again. And that baby does not shout, or yell, or whimper, but just swings, and swings, and swings.

After supper the papoose's mamma "yanks" him down from the willow bough, disappears with him for half an hour into the bushes, then comes back, hangs him up again, and turns to me with a musical chuckle: "Him heap big brave."

He swings there at midday like one of the scarlet-throated hummingbirds which hover over the blue larkspurs in the Settlement Gardens. He is still contentedly swinging when the great stars come out one by one. As darkness strides over the mountains, I ceremoniously shake hands with Man-Who-Rides-a-Mule-Backwards and Sunflower Seed, his wife, and stroll back to the Settlement to the Scotch Minister's house.

Four little future ministers are preparing to go to bed, and the whole resources of the establishment are concentrated on the eleven months' ruler of the household. He is surrounded by broken toys; his larkspur blue eyes are obstinately awake; he will not go to sleep; he wants me to take him for a walk and tell him about fireflies and things.

"We can't do anything with baby," declares his anxious mother. "Try your—your intellectual powers."

I try my "intellectual powers"—in vain.

"Perhaps you'll kindly sing to him," suggests the Minister's wife.

I sing; and my song annoys the child.

"Don't sing to him like that," says his father. "I want him to be musical, and your voice resembles a sawmill's."

"Does it! Am I putting this baby to sleep, or are you?" I ask, with hauteur.

"Of course, my being only the child's father, and you knowing nothing about babies—," he begins.

"Oh, John, dear! let him try," pleads his wife. "He—he thinks he—can manage my d—d—darling, when I've been vainly trying to keep him quiet all day. Let him try, that's all. Don't interfere. He's brought it on himself."

"John, dear," sulkily produces his pipe as the baby stretches out fat, wee, dimpled hands toward me (have you ever counted the dimples on the back of a baby's hands, just where the knuckles ought to be?), and I take him.

"Pull his frock down," says the agonised mother. "That's no way to hold a baby."

"If you will kindly leave this interesting infant to me," I retort, with forced calmness, "I will be answerable for the consequences. He's tired out the lot of you. I would be alone with him."

"He's right," declares the Minister. "Anyway, it will give me time for a pipe."

He lights his pipe with great satisfaction; the four little future ministers are herded off to bed; their mother puts on a white frock and nestles contentedly against her husband's shoulder; and I march up and down singing to the baby, who puckers his face and emits piercing yells.

"He wants you to dance with him," said the tired mother. "Dance."

Though I dance with all the skill of Pau-Puk-Keewis, the baby, to use a graphic Canadianism, "yells like thunder." In despair, I give him my watch to bite. He bites it, then

despitefully knocks it out of my hand into the depths of the primeval Bush.

"You may perhaps find it in the morning," placidly observes the Minister. "Good English baccy, this. Don't hold his head lower than his feet. Tired? Why, man, he's only beginning!"

"Only beginning!" The baby's yells are heartrending. His fond mother wants to take him away from me, but the Minister won't hear of it. "He's brought it on himself," he says, contentedly. "Let him worry through—if he can."

In dulcet tones I explain to the baby the plot of my new novel. The baby is about as sympathetic as a reviewer.

"You'll have to give in," declares the Minister. "Man, it's a judgment on you for your reckless presumption and self-sufficiency. All you writer chaps think you can do everything, though you haven't the most elementary notion how to put a child to sleep."

The perspiration trickles down my brow. "I'll bet you five dollars I get him off to sleep in another—another hour," I say, icily. "He's not quite used to my methods, that's all."

"You know you're safe in making such an offer, because a Minister can't bet; but if I were a sinful man like yourself, I'd take it," says the Minister; then sits down again and resumes his pipe.

Mrs. Minister's face is a study. "Sit still," her husband whispers, softly. "Dinna ye ken, Margaret, woman" (in moments of excitement he lapses into dialect) "it's a judgment on him for his overweening self-sufficiency."

A sudden idea strikes me. I abandon my watch to its fate until the morning, and stroll down to the Point.

My Indian friends are still there, with the papoose swinging serenely to and fro in the firelight. The Man-Who-Rides-a-Mule-Backward is whittling another feather; a yellow dog contentedly mouths a bone; the lean broncho, with head hanging down, stands on the other side of the fire. In the Marsh, "way back," the fireflies dance a saraband to the ceaseless shrilling of the tree frogs, whilst a big bull-frog plays a bass accompaniment.

The baby yells louder than ever until I take him up to the papoose and rub their noses together. Then his face breaks into smiles, he clutches the lank black hair of the little papoose, and sets him swinging with a delighted "guggle! guggle! guggle!"

Sunflower Seed brings out a gorgeous Indian cradle. "Five dollars," she says, softly. "Him heap white brave."

In a trice, the Minister's offspring swings from another willow bough, "guggle-guggling" with delight every time he touches the papoose's cradle. But the papoose's eyes change not; their solemn glance, filled with all the unfathomable thoughts of childhood, bores through me calmly, dispassionately. He could swing there uncomplainingly for a thousand years in the same emotionless way. Even when the white baby's eyes film over with sleep, and the squaw swings the cradle more gently, the papoose gazes beyond us with Sphinx-like orbs into the fragrant darkness.

"His not to reason why,
His but to—"

swing rhythmically and softly to the

soothing murmur of the river as it laps the rough boulders on the sandy Point, and the green Laurentians grow grimly black. Then I unhook the baby, sling him, cradle and all, squaw fashion, over my shoulder, and return to the Minister and his spouse.

"I fancy I am well within the hour," I remark, carelessly, as I hand the sleeping child over to his mother. "Some people have a knack of managing children. I'd really very little difficulty after I'd once made a start. By the way, when you've quite done with that Indian cradle, I'll take it back to England as an object lesson."

"Man, man, you're an awfu' li—" begins the Minister; but his wife smiles her thanks, and the sleeping baby joins the little ministers.

The night seems blacker without him. It's a wonderful thing to own a real, live little baby, even though he refuses to go to sleep at the proper time. Somehow, it links one with the stars, heals one's pain, makes sweet the sordid paths of life. And though the miracle repeats itself year after year, century after century, æon after æon, it is ever fresh, ever new, ever sweet. On looking into a baby's eyes, one sees oneself again, and——

No; I'll not smoke any more to-night. I want to wander by the river shore, and—think!

TO A COMPOSITRESS

A DREAM OF LOVE IN IDLENESS AT THE PRINTERS' PENSION ALMSHOUSES

BY J. M. BULLOCH

THE Girton girl, the Newnham chit
Are well-established fads—
Although they're really not a bit
Like other undergrads—
But nowadays
Girls know the ways
Of many kinds of "Quads."

They stand, and "set," and "comp," and "stet,"
Unknown perchance to fame.
In pinafore, of linenette,
They ply their patient aim;
And gently face
The crowded "case,"
A picture—and a "frame."

A wealth of Pearl is at their choice—
Where other girls get paste—
Though not so common as "Bourgeois,"
Because it's smaller faced:
And every Miss
Can pick (or "dis.")
A Ruby to her taste.

* * * * *

When Time shall stay the busy "stick,"
And Age shall claim its own,
When fingers miss the nimble "nick,"
When man and woman drone,
May each be sunned
Within the Fund,
A Darby and a Joan.

THE PRINTERS' PIE

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL; K.T.

WHATEVER way we wander,
In every room or street,
Though far our ways asunder
Our eyes will always meet
The work the Printers do,
The wide world through!

Printer! Pass on all teaching
Of all mankind to men,
Commands, or prayers, or preaching,
All arts of tongue or pen,—
Of all you are, good sir,
Interpreter!

"Oh, types! they blind us, tire us,
Mistake, misrepresent,
More truthful old Papyrus,
Old Rocks more eloquent,—
Yes, Gutenberg confessed
Rock types the best.

"Old Nineveh and Babylon
Their thoughts on stone made good,
While you but put a label on
Waste pulp of rotten wood:
Who'll read, far ages hence
Our Eloquence?"

Nay! never slabs from Nilus
Or new world's antique fane,
No unread scripts beguile us
To deem your labour vain:
You make all human brain
Our loss or gain.

Thanks, Printer! God's torch bearer!
What though the torch burn down,
You light another, fairer,
To glow a lambent crown
And bear to every age
Thought's heritage.

'Tis naught, that much must perish,
Through you, the fire will live,
The words that men will cherish
Your types renewed shall give
When Pen and Scroll are gone,
Man's mind lives on!

Nay, if you printed solely
For men alive to-day,
Your work would balance wholly
The ancient's graven clay.
One year gives you the ore
Their lifetime's bore.

When dies the year, another
For men shall aye be born,
Let's make it be the mother
Of "Ink within the Horn."
How can, if black ink fail,
Bright type avail?

Hear God through trial, hail us
To give the Printer food,
For if the Printer fail us,
Can man know aught of good?
Lest God His grace withhold,
Give gifts of gold!

A CAPSULOID COMEDY*

BY F. ANSTEY

(*Condensed for Music-Hall Consumption.*)

NOTICE.—These elegant and eminently up-to-date preparations are warranted perfectly free from all Wit, Humour, Style, and other extraneous matter, with no trace of the musty eighteenth-century flavour which is so disagreeable to modern palates. They can be taken in ordinary costume, and do not require the old-fashioned powder to make them effective.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

SCENE I.—*A Morning-room in the* PETER TEAZLES' *Maisonette.* SIR PETER *and* LADY T. *discovered quarrelling.*

SIR PETER. I don't want to have any words over it, LADY TEAZLE,—but I must say that the bills you have been running up are something cruel! It isn't as if you'd been brought up to luxury. Before I married you, you were living in a very poor way—no class at all!

LADY TEAZLE. Well, I'm sure, SIR PETER, and why should I have married a stuffy old josser like you, three times my age, except for his oof? I like to cut a dash and do things in style—and you can't do that on the cheap!

SIR P. Now just you take it from me. These goings on have got to *stop*—do you *hear* me?

LADY T. (*with hauteur*). I hear you, SIR PETER, and, not being wishful to demean myself by having a vulgar row over trifles, I shall now leave the apartment. [*Exit, with dignity.*

SIR P. (*to himself*). We lead a cat-and-dog life together—and yet, after all, there's a *something* about the girl that—(*Enter* SIR OLIVER SURFACE). What, my old pal, SIR OLIVER! Why, I thought you were at Calcutta.

SIR OLIVER. So I was. But I've come over unbeknown, to test the dispositions of my two nephews, JOSEPH and CHARLES. As they have never beheld my old dial they are not likely to recognise my identity.

SIR P. Well, JOSEPH is all right—as moral as they make 'em; but as for

* By kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

CHARLES—oh lor! he *is* a hot 'un, and no mistake! Up to his ears in debt, and—but soft! unless I'm mistaken, I hear his voice in the passage.

SIR O. He must not spot me as his Uncle OLIVER. Introduce me as a moneylender—MR. PETER PREMIUM.

CHARLES SURFACE (*enters*). Hullo—'ullo! How goes it, SIR PETER? Who's *this* old geeser?

SIR P. This gentleman, CHARLES, is MR. PETER PREMIUM, a moneylender.

CHARLES. Good biz! Just the party I was looking out for. MR. PREMIUM, can you oblige me with a temporary advance? Sorry to say I've no security left to offer you—except the family portraits.

SIR O. The family portraits! (*Aside*) The young waster! (*Aloud*) Surely you wouldn't part with *them?*

CHARLES. You can have the whole boiling for three hundred quid—that is, except the likeness of my Uncle NOLL. The old bird's always done the handsome by me, so I shall stick to his picture.

SIR O. (*aside*). He has a feeling heart after all! But I will test him further. (*Aloud*) As it happens, that is just the portrait I want most. I'll give you another three hundred for your uncle NOLL. Is it a deal?

CHARLES. Not much! Put up your dirty splosh, little PREMIUM! Uncle NOLL ain't for sale, and there you have it in a word!

SIR O. (*aside*). A noble nature! (*Aloud, offering notes*) Well, well, here is the three hundred for the others.

CHARLES. You can pass 'em on to a MR. STANLEY, who has written to me for assistance—an old chum of Uncle OLIVER's who is down on his luck. I promised I'd give him a leg over. [*Exit, whistling.*

SIR P. Well, now you see what a careless extravagant young chap CHARLES is. Parts with everything he has!

SIR O. Except my picture! (*Looks out of window.*) But who is the serious young man in black I see approaching your front door?

SIR P. Your nephew JOSEPH—who is very different to what CHARLES is—I shouldn't wonder if he was coming to call here.

SIR O. Then I will test *him* next. Introduce me to him as MR. STANLEY.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

JOSEPH. I came to inquire after your health, SIR PETER. For the man who neglects the call of friendship——

SIR P. As moral as ever, I see, JOSEPH! MR. STANLEY—MR. JOSEPH SURFACE. MR. JOSEPH SURFACE—MR. STANLEY. Now you know one another.

SIR O. I am an old friend of your Uncle OLIVER's, Sir, and, being unfortunately stoney-broke at present, I should take it very kind if you could see your way to assisting me with a trifle till the luck turns.

JOSEPH. Believe me, my dear Sir, I would willingly do so if I could. But, alas! I haven't a stiver to spare!

SIR O. Why, I thought your rich Uncle OLIVER supplied you with——?

JOSEPH. Uncle OLIVER! Oh dear no. He's very near. Why, he never sent me anything in his life—except one of those nests of painted boxes which you can buy for a bob in Oxford Street!

SIR O. (*aside*). And I've allowed this beauty five hundred a year! (*Aloud.*) Ah, I wasn't aware of *that.*

JOSEPH. No, of course not—but it's a fact. All I can do is to put in a word for you with my Uncle, if I get the chance, and I'll promise that with all the pleasure in life.

SIR O. That's uncommonly good of you! SIR PETER, a word with you in private. [*Exit with* SIR P.

JOSEPH (*alone, to himself*). That's the worst of being a good young man. Everybody expects you to help them. I am up a bit of a stick. I am really courting MARIA, who is an heiress and SIR PETER's ward—but I have, somehow, got into a serious flirtation with LADY TEAZLE. Here comes MARIA, —No, it's LADY TEAZLE. (*Enter* LADY TEAZLE.) I called to try if I couldn't get you to come and see my library this afternoon.

LADY T. What, alone? But shall I not be compromising my reputation?

JOSEPH. Not you! Don't you run away with any such idea. My reputation's good enough for two any day.

LADY T. In that case, perhaps, I may risk it. [*Exit* R.

JOSEPH (*aside*). I do not want her particularly—but she is mine—mine! [*Exit* L. *Change to :—*

SCENE II.—*A Library in* JOSEPH SURFACE'S *Flat.* JOSEPH *discovered alone.*

JOSEPH (*at window*). A motor! LADY TEAZLE at last! Those old cats opposite must not see her here. I will place this screen before the window. (*He does so. Enter* LADY T.) Why, LADY TEAZLE, you do look upset. Take a chair.

LADY T. I *am* rather put out. LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, and all that lot have been saying such nasty ill-natured things about me and your brother CHARLES. And SIR PETER is getting the hump over it. Though I'm sure he's no reason to!

JOSEPH. Believe me, the best way to preserve your reputation is to lose it. And by this hand, which SIR PETER is unworthy of——

[*Seizes her hand; a knock at the door.*

LADY T. SIR PETER's knock! I know it well! Where shall I hide? Ah, I will nip behind this screen till he is gone. [*She does so.*

JOSEPH (*seats himself at table with book as* SIR P. *enters*). Is that you, SIR PETER? Pardon me, I was so absorbed in my studies that——

SIR P. Ever the bookworm, I perceive. But I came to consult you about this gossip concerning my wife and your brother CHARLES.

JOSEPH. Dear, dear me. I shouldn't have thought it of CHARLES. It really is downright sickening!

SIR P. I knew you'd be shocked. A moral young man like you, who is courting MARIA. The fact is, LADY TEAZLE and I can't go on together any longer; but, as I can't help being fond of her, I'm going to make her a handsome allowance, and leave her everything when I go off the hooks. What a slap-up screen you've got there!

JOSEPH. It *is* rather a choice article. (*Whistling heard outside.*) Confound it —here's CHARLES!

SIR P. I've an idea. You pump him about LADY TEAZLE, and I'll get behind that screen and listen.

JOSEPH. Not *there!* Fact is, there's a little French milliner behind that. She wouldn't like *you* to see her.

SIR P. Ho-ho-ho! So you're no better than the rest of 'em, eh? All right, this cupboard will do *me*.

[*Gets into cupboard.*

CHARLES (*enters*). What-ho? So you're all alone by yourself, are you?

JOSEPH. Er—quite so. And I want to speak to you seriously, CHARLES, about the way in which you have been disturbing the domestic peace of that worthy man, SIR PETER TEAZLE.

CHARLES. What, *me!* Go along! Who are you getting at *now?* Why, it's MARIA *I'm* after. I always thought *you* were the one LADY TEAZLE——

JOSEPH. Chuck it, can't you! Sir PETER'S in that cupboard there—he'll hear you?

CHARLES. I'll soon have him out of that. (*Drags* SIR P. *out of cupboard.*) Hullo—'ullo—what are you playing at in there?

SIR P. I was only listening, but I heard quite enough to clear your character. (*A ring outside.*) Why, JOSEPH, you're not going?

JOSEPH. Visitors—I must put them off. (*Aside to* SIR P.) Mind you don't let on about the milliner. [*Exit.*

CHARLES. Regular strait-laced chap JOSEPH is, ain't he?

SIR P. Ho-ho—not so much as you fancy! Why, he's got a little French milliner behind that screen there!

CHARLES. JOSEPH has? I say, what a game! I'll have *her* out! (*Throws down screen, as* JOSEPH *returns with* SIR OLIVER.) Great Scott! It's LADY TEAZLE! (*Sensation; picture.*) So *she's* the little French——ha-ha-ha! Who's disturbing SIR PETER'S domestic peace *now*, eh, JOE?

JOSEPH. I can explain all. The truth is——

LADY T. A lie, SIR PETER. I came very near being taken in by the insidious artfulness of that canting humbug—but since I overheard your very handsome intentions towards me, I have come to my senses, and now see the error of my conduct.

SIR P. Then we will say no more about it, and never differ again!

[*They embrace.*

SIR O. Hooray—hooray!

CHARLES. Here, what's little PREMIUM hooraying for?—it's no business of *his*. Come, you hook it!

JOSEPH. Excuse me, his name isn't PREMIUM—it's STANLEY. Get out, MR. STANLEY. After this I decline to speak for you to my Uncle OLIVER.

SIR O. Do you, though? I happen to *be* your Uncle OLIVER. CHARLES, my boy, as you wouldn't part with my portrait, I will pay all your debts.

SIR P. And I will give him the hand of my ward, MARIA. As for JOSEPH——

LADY T. We will leave the white-livered sneak to his own reflections. Come, SIR PETER.

JOSEPH. One moment. The man who can endure to be misunderstood without sentiments of——

SIR P. Oh, blow your sentiments? We've had quite enough of them—and you too!

[*Exit with* LADY T., SIR O. *and* CHARLES *following.*

JOSEPH (*alone*). I begin to see, too late, that Hypocrisy is not *always* the best Policy!

(*Curtain.*)

CARTER'S GHOST

BY W. L. ALDEN

"THERE was one time, about thirty years ago," said the Judge, "when this town had what you might call an epidemic of ghosts. It began with the Davenport brothers, who came here and gave an exhibition, proving that the spirits knew more about knots than any sailorman, and that no matter how tight the brothers might be tied up, the spirits could untie them as easy as I can dissolve an injunction. There was a man in our jail at the time under sentence of death, and his relatives offered the Davenports big money for the loan of a spirit who would untie the rope when the man came to be hanged; but the Davenports said that the spirits were law-abiding folks, and couldn't be induced to interfere with the course of the law. Our people got to be mightily interested in ghosts. Women and girls took to seeing them on their way home from prayer meeting at night, and there wasn't a good-looking girl in town who considered it safe to be out after dark without a young man to protect her in case the ghosts should try to hold her up. I knew of seven men, all personal friends of mine, who signed the pledge because they were kept awake at night by ghosts that they didn't exactly see though they heard them making noises, and felt ghostly hands in their hair while they were lying in bed. An enterprizing Chicago medium hearing of the state of things in our place, came and rented a room in the Masonic Hall, and opened a ghost office, where he arranged interviews with the spirits of the departed. Folks used to flock to his office to get messages from their dead friends, all of whom seemed, from what they said, to be getting on pretty comfortably in the next world; which was considerable of a shock in some cases to those of their acquaintances who remembered the sort of lives the deceased had led, and naturally expected to hear that they had suffered from the change of climate. In the evening the medium used to produce materialized ghosts, who walked around the stage in something like white nightgowns, and were always recognized by surviving friends, though there really wasn't light enough in the room to enable a man to distinguish the ghost of George Washington from the ghost of Cleopatra. There was one particular ghost who, the medium said, was Helen of Troy, and a chap who used to live in Troy, New York, recognized her as his aunt. She came close to me one night, and I noticed that there was a flavour of onions in the air, which I mentioned to the medium. He said that according to Homer, the ancient Greeks and Trojans lived principally on onions. Maybe that was so, for I never read Homer, not being a college bred man, but if it was true that Helen of Troy lived on onions three thousand years ago, they must have been a mighty strong brand to have been perceptible to the human nose at the end of the three thousand years. I never took much stock in the spirits, though I was fool enough to buy a few shares of Chicago and St. Petersburg, because

the ghost of Oliver Cromwell told me that they were certain to rise. They went down twenty-four points within the next three days, and ever since then I've looked upon Oliver Cromwell as about the biggest fraud mentioned in English history.

"There was a worthless sort of fellow by the name of Carter, who lived with his wife and four children in a little house on Fourth Street. The house had stood vacant for several years, and tramps used to sleep in it, and chickens used to roost on the stairs. One day a speculator bought it for a song, and renovated it with fresh paint and a gravel walk in the front yard, and rented it to Carter. Soon after the ghost epidemic began Carter brought a suit against the landlord on the ground that his house was inhabited by ghosts. He argued that the landlord had rented the house to him with the implied contract that it was uninhabited, whereas it was already occupied by ghosts, the presence of which had been concealed from him. He said that he had rented the house for the exclusive use of himself and family, and that he didn't intend to give house room to ghosts left on the premises by the landlord, unless the ghosts paid at least half the rent. The landlord entered a general denial, and in his answer said that the house was perfectly clean when Carter entered into it, and as it was notorious that ghosts lived only in houses that were out of repair, and full of dirt, it was Carter's negligence in not keeping the house in good condition that had led to the presence of the alleged ghosts. The case would have been tried before me if it had ever come to trial, which it never did, owing to circumstances which I will mention presently. I was sorry that the case was never tried, for it raised an entirely new question. There isn't any decision on record which goes to show whether a tenant has a right to the exclusive possession of his house, so far as ghosts are concerned. I rather think that inasmuch as a ghost is not a material being, and hence cannot actually occupy any space in a house, a tenant cannot take the ground that the presence of a ghost is equivalent to the presence of a human being. However, we haven't got to decide the question just now.

"The ghost that haunted Carter's house used to manifest itself in Carter's bedroom. It was never actually visible, you understand, but it used to do things. For example, Carter said that it made a point of pulling the bedclothes clean off the bed in the middle of the night, in consequence of which he had a perpetual cold, for which he claimed special damages. No matter how tight the bedclothes might be tucked under the mattress, they were sure to be gently pulled out and dropped on the floor as soon as Carter and his wife were sound asleep. The presence of the ghost was always accompanied by a current of cold air, as if the door of an ice-house had been left open, and after the ghost had pulled off the bedclothes it generally woke Carter up by falling over more or less furniture. At any rate it made a lot of noise with the furniture, and always upset a chair, or a table, or two.

"Naturally this ghost attracted a good deal of attention, and folks used to come and stand round the house at night, hoping to get a sight of it and have a good solid scare. The Chicago

medium came to see Carter as soon as he heard of the ghost, and the two men soon got to be as thick as thieves. The medium said that it was about the best authenticated case of ghost that he had ever met, and that Carter was in for some special luck which the ghost had come to give him notice of. He offered to sleep in Carter's bedroom, and interview the ghost, feeling sure, so he said, that the ghost would have some very important message to give him. As he agreed not to charge anything for his services, Carter was glad to let him occupy his bedroom for a few nights. Three nights passed without anything happening, except the usual pulling off of the bedclothes, but on the fourth night pretty nearly all the furniture in the bedroom was upset with such a tremendous noise that Carter and his wife and children were, so Carter said, scared nearly out of their senses, and sat up all the rest of the night trying to calm their nerves with old Bourbon. In the morning the medium reported that he had had a most satisfactory talk with the ghost, who had told him a long and interesting story, and was so happy to meet with a person who could understand its talk that it had slung the tables and chairs all over the room, just as an expression of its delight. It seemed that the ghost had been a beautiful young woman, and that she had been brought into the house one night, many years ago, by tramps, and cruelly murdered. The tramps had buried part of her body under the kitchen hearthstone, and had thrown the rest into the river. The ghost said that her feet had been frozen the night that she came into the house, and that her reason for pulling the bedclothes off of Carter's feet was to hint to him how cold her own feet were, in the hope that he would follow up this clue, and find out all about the terrible crime of which she had been the victim. That didn't seem so very improbable, considering what silly ways ghosts usually have of trying to convey information. So far as my experience goes I am convinced that the intellects of most ghosts have been shaken loose, and they are entirely incapable of reasoning intelligently. I'm not blaming them, for I don't know the circumstances in which they are placed. I'm merely giving my idea as to what is the matter with them.

"The medium assured Carter that if he would dig underneath the kitchen hearthstone he would be sure to find the remains of the poor young woman. Carter at first declined to do this, partly because he didn't like the work of digging, and partly because he hadn't any desire to see the girl's remains. At least this was the excuse that he gave. But the medium insisted that unless Carter exhumed the girl's bones and gave them Christian burial, the ghost would continue to haunt the house, and would probably take stronger measures than merely fooling with the bedclothes, and so Carter consented. The next day he dug up the hearthstone in the presence of half a dozen invited guests, and found what looked like a full line of human bones.

"The minute the news of the discovery at Carter's house got round—and it spread like wildfire, or the influenza—two rival coroners drove up simultaneously to the house in order to hold an inquest. At that time our town didn't have any coroner of its

own, but depended upon the coroners of the two nearest towns. The one who arrived on the ground first always got the job, and his rival eased his mind with more or less language, and resolved to be a little more prompt next time. But as I said, both coroners reached Carter's house at the same moment, and both claimed the job, which of course led to an argument and in the end the coroner from Jeffersonville shot the coroner from West Monro dead on Carter's doorstep, and sat on him then and there; after which he sat on the bones that Carter had dug up and having thus secured two inquests he went to the police office and delivered himself up. His conduct was generally admired for its promptness and business efficiency, and when he was tried for killing the other coroner he was triumphantly acquitted, and the jury added to their verdict a rider to the effect that while they held that a coroner should not furnish his own subjects on which to sit, they recognized that in the case before them the defendant had acted from first to last like a clear-headed, humane, and patriotic citizen of the glorious West.

"According to the verdict of the coroner's jury, the bones found in Carter's kitchen were the original property of some person of the female sex, of unknown name, who had been murdered by certain tramps also unknown to the jury. The verdict did not say anything about the age of the victim, but the public at once made up its mind that she had been a young and beautiful girl, and indignation against all tramps rose to such a pitch that it wasn't safe for anyone of that profession to show himself in town.

"The inquest being over, the different ministers of the place put in their claims to conduct the funeral of the poor young woman. You see it was bound to be an imposing occasion, for the case had excited so much interest that people were sure to come from miles around to attend the last sad rites, and the minister who secured the job would have the chance of his life to preach a first-class funeral sermon. The Methodist minister was the first on the ground, and he insisted that inasmuch as Carter and his wife were Methodists, the funeral of the remains found in a Methodist's house ought to be celebrated in a Methodist church.

"The Baptist minister denied that Carter's way of thinking had anything to do with that of the deceased young lady, and claimed that as his church was the largest one in town, the funeral ought to take place there. The Presbyterian minister said that as a matter of fact nobody knew what had been the particular persuasion of our dear departed sister, but he rather thought that he could out-preach any other minister that could be produced. As it happened, he had a reputation for drawing tears from an audience, and he could give out a notice of a Sunday school picnic in tones that would set half the women present sobbing as if their best friends were dead. Knowing this, Carter calculated that the Presbyterian was the man for the funeral, and accordingly he put the matter in his hands. And it has always been my opinion that he made a wise selection.

"There wasn't any particular hurry about the funeral, and so Carter kept the remains for about a fortnight, and

made a good thing by exhibiting them at twenty-five cents a head. Gradually folks came to remember having seen a beautiful girl walking towards Carter's house about the time when the murder was supposed to have taken place. Two or three people went so far as to remember having spoken to the girl, and warned her to beware of tramps. I needn't say that they were all mistaken. I just mention the incident as an illustration of the fact that some folks can bring themselves to remember almost anything, if they try hard enough. The minister who conducted the funeral of the remains had a first-class memory for things that had never happened, and with what he remembered, and what other folks remembered, and with what he guessed, he managed to make out a pretty full biography of the deceased, which he incorporated into his sermon, and thereby added greatly to its interest.

"The funeral was without exception the most attractive affair of its kind that had ever taken place among us. The church was crowded, and outside of the front door and at every window, there were groups of people, eating pea-nuts, and trying to catch bits of what the preacher was saying. He preached for a full hour, and the way in which he described the beautiful character of the deceased, and the cruel death which had overtaken her, exhausted the resources of all the handkerchiefs in the church. He paid our respected fellow-townsman, Joseph H. Carter, Esq., a very pretty compliment for the public-spirited way in which he had dug up his sacred kitchen hearthstone in the interests of justice and piety; and he even had a good word for the medium, whose efforts had led to the discovery of the remains. He added that while he disapproved of consulting with witches, he was of the opinion that a conscientious man from Chicago, who did a good square business as a medium, was not to be regarded as a witch, and that if Saul had consulted such a medium, instead of dealing with the witch of Endor, he would have acted with wisdom and discretion.

"As I said, Carter had an action pending against his landlord for having falsely represented that the house was to be exclusively Carter's, while in point of fact it was already in the possession of a ghost. Carter supposed that when he had produced the bones of the alleged ghost, he would be sure of gaining his suit, but to his great disappointment his lawyer informed him that, inasmuch as the ghost had not been seen or heard since the discovery of the bones, he no longer had any claim against his landlord, and that it was not worth while to proceed with the case, especially as Carter would have no money to pay his lawyer's bill, unless he secured damages from the landlord. This made Carter pretty mad, and he went to see the medium, and abused him for having started the story about the murdered girl, and insisted on having the ghost replaced in his house before the next sitting of the court. The medium told him that this could not be done, and the upshot was that the two men had the biggest sort of a quarrel. Carter informed his friends that he had lost all confidence in the medium, and had grave doubts as to whether the bones found in his kitchen were the bones of a woman or a horse; and the medium openly said that he

believed that the bones had been planted in the kitchen by Carter himself, and that the ghost, whom he thought he had interviewed in Carter's bedroom, was nothing more or less than Mrs. Carter dressed in a bloody sheet.

"This naturally revived the excitement concerning the matter, and about three weeks after the funeral public opinion demanded the digging up of the bones of the alleged young woman, and the holding of a fresh inquest on them. By this time we had a coroner of our own; a humane intelligent man, who always said that he would sooner lose the job of an inquest on a friend, than have that friend die. And what was more he lived up to this sentiment, and when his own brother was shot and he held an inquest on him, he refused to accept any fee.

"Well, the remains were dug up, and the coroner held an inquest that lasted for the best part of a week. He had no less than four scientific men summoned as witnesses to give expert evidence as to the true nature of the bones, and in order to facilitate business he divided the bones fairly among the four, and let each man take his bone home with him to his hotel, for private examination. The result was surprising. One man, who was a Professor in our biggest university, said the bones were those of a horse. Another said that they belonged to an ox. The third said they were certainly the bones of an Australian native who had got mixed up in some way with a kangaroo, and the fourth man said they were the bones of a buffalo, who had been an habitual drunkard for years—which sounded scientific, though in my opinion it was nonsense, considering that there is no instance on record of a buffalo who was addicted to drink.

"Probably it would have been impossible for the jury ever to have arrived at any satisfactory verdict, if it had not been that the foreman of a bone-boiling establishment, situated about forty miles from our town, volunteered as a witness. He swore that just before the discovery of the bones in Carter's kitchen, he had sold him a miscellaneous lot of mixed bones, that Carter said he wanted for fertilizing his garden. That settled the matter. The jury found a verdict in accordance with the foreman's testimony that the bones were those of a variety of animals unknown to the jury, and that how the animals came to their death they did not know and did not care, but that Carter had outraged all the holiest instincts of our common nature, and they were ready and anxious to sit on his remains without further delay. That frightened Carter, and he bolted before a committee could be organized for carrying out the suggestion of the jury. The medium also came to the conclusion that his mission in our town was at an end, and he returned to Chicago just about the time that our people were coming to the conclusion that in the absence of Carter, the medium ought to be made to feel that people could not be deceived and insulted with impunity. After that, ghosts were at a discount, and from that day to this not a single ghost has put in an appearance among us, and not a single medium, male or female, has thought it safe to open a spirit exchange within twenty miles of the town.

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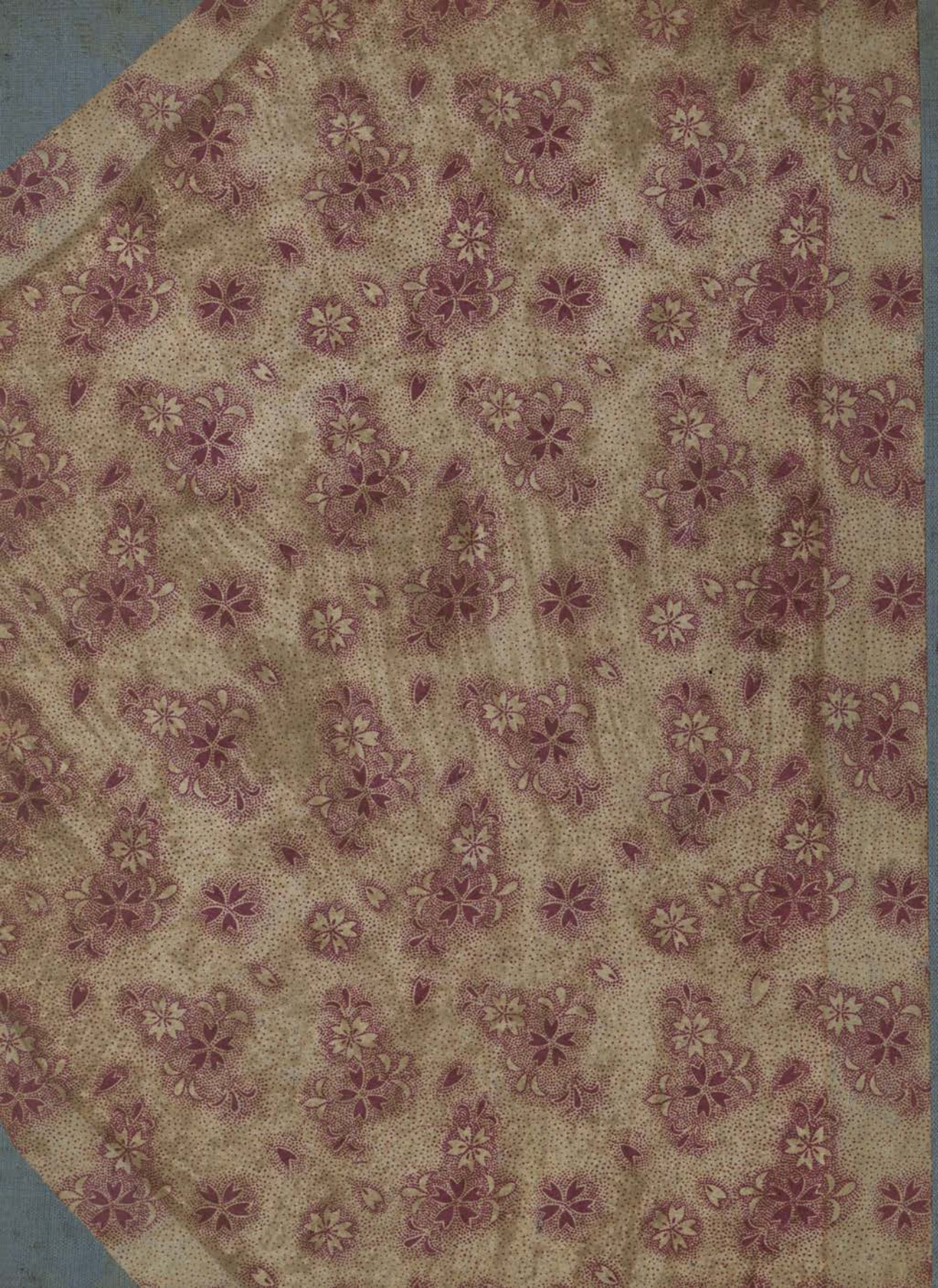
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